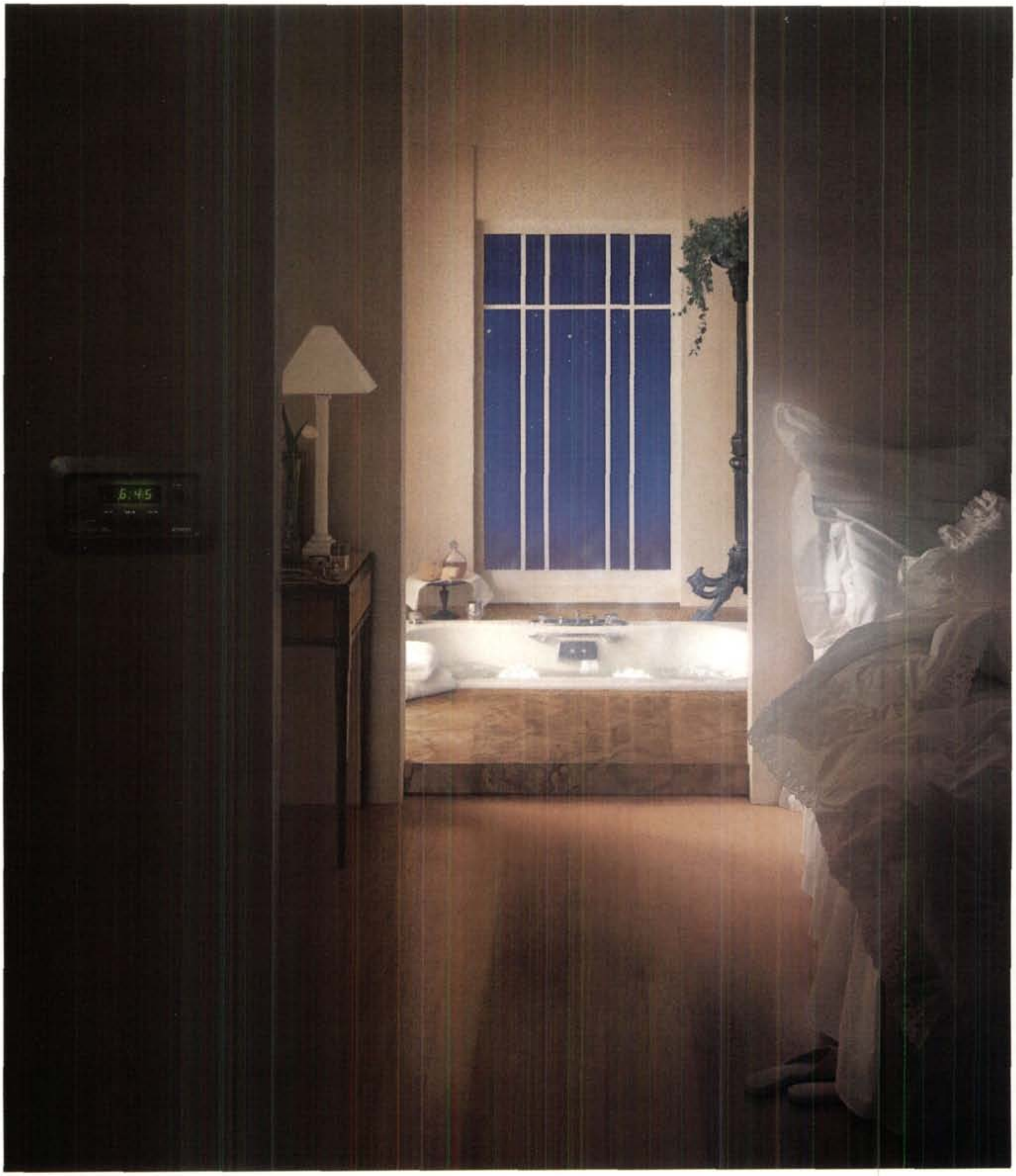
April 20, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75



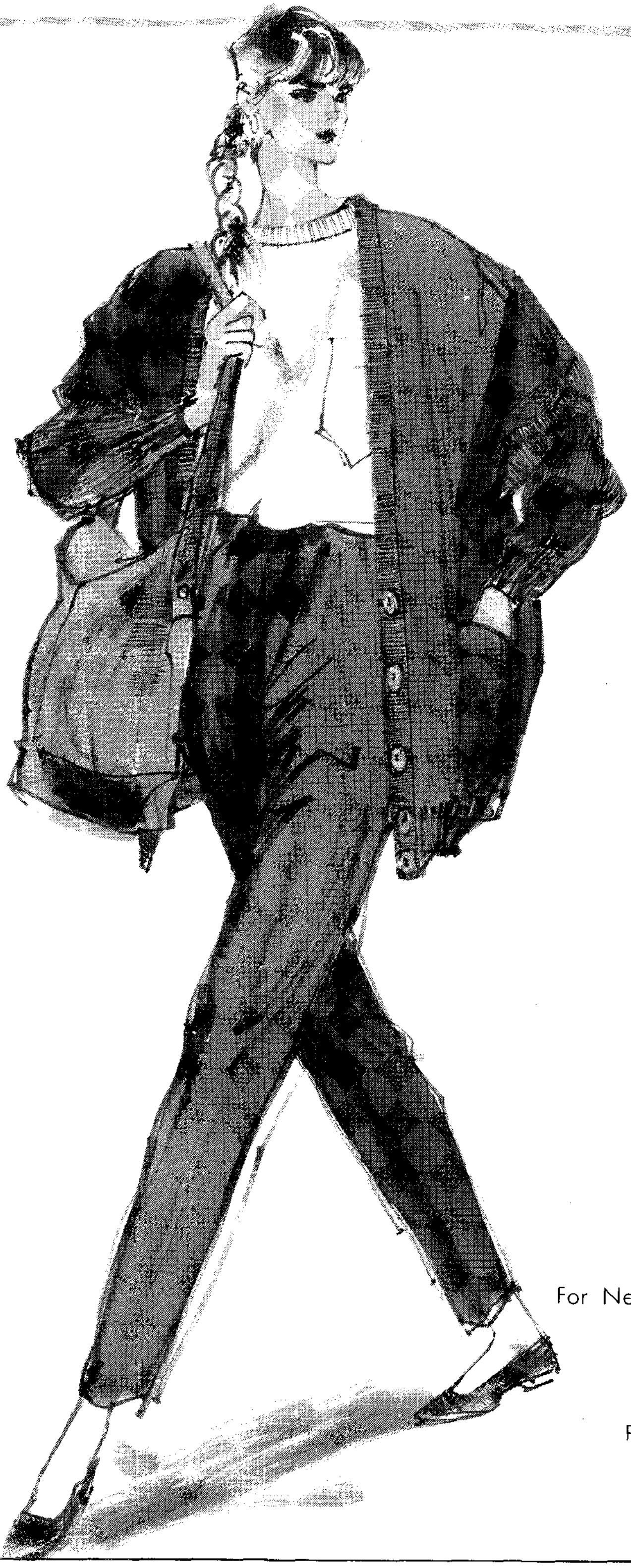
THE BOLD LOOK
OF **KOHLER**®

The ingenuity of Kohler. It's at your command. The Autofill™ Bath System gives you complete control. Pre-set both time and temperature and your bath is waiting for you anytime day or night. It is teamed with an Infinity∞Bath™ whirlpool of 5′ or 6′ length. Kohler gives you choices, the rest is up to you. See the Yellow Pages for a Kohler Registered Showroom near you, or send $3 for a consumer catalog to Kohler Co., Department AU4, Kohler, Wisconsin 53044.

C7023 Copyright 1987 Kohler Co.

Made for the life you love.
Your favorite denims deepen into indigo—
softer, shaped, knit-dashed

American Country Blues



Our breath-of-fresh-air cottons
for great American weekends.
An oversized, big-pocketed cardigan
takes a knit back and sleeves, 68.00
Pull-on jeans taper gently, 44.00
Both, rich indigo blue.
The flash of white is
our oversized top, 35.00
S, M, L, by Crazy Horse.
Lord & Taylor,
Fifth Avenue at 39th Street
call toll-free 800-223-7440
For New York City (area codes 212 and 718)
and information, (212) 391-1199
All 24 hours a day including Sunday.

Gail Kittenplan and her staff of
Personal Fashion Advisors can help you
put together a whole new season
of looks you'll love.
To make an appointment
call (212) 391-3519

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ALL MY SONS—A revival of Arthur Miller's 1947 play, with Richard Kiley. Directed by Arvin Brown. Previews Friday through Tuesday, April 17-21. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 22. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

BARBARA COOK: A CONCERT FOR THE THEATRE—A one-woman show. Opens officially Wednesday, April 15. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Opening-night curtain at 6:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Geraldine Page and Blythe Danner, among others. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/13/87.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BROADWAY BOUND—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Jonathan Silverman, Philip Sterling, John Randolph, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

COASTAL DISTURBANCES—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the able director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE COLORED MUSEUM—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE COMMON PURSUIT—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

CRACKWALKER—A play by Judith Thompson, who co-directed with James Abar. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 26.)

DRIVING MISS DAISY—A play by Alfred Uhry. Opens Wednesday, April 15, and will run through Sunday, May 3. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays and Saturday, April 18, at 8; Sundays at 7; and Saturday, April 25, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, April 18, at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Shaw's **MISALLIANCE** will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Opens on Thursday, April 16, and will run through Sunday, May 3. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which *contributions are requested, call 663-2028.*)

FENCES—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A GIRL'S GUIDE TO CHAOS—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GROUCHO: A LIFE IN REVUE—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance, and Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sun-

RECEIVED
APR 21

Property of
[illegible]SADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"BECH IN CZECH" . . . . *John Updike* 32
"APRIL GALLEONS" (POEM) . . . . *John Ashbery* 34
"WOMEN IN PROFILE: BAS-RELIEF, LEFT SECTION MISSING" (POEM) . . *Susan Mitchell* 38
PROFILES (HELEN SUZMAN) . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 50
THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver* 75
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 76
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 80
REFLECTIONS (FREUD) . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 84

COVER: *William Steig*

DRAWINGS: *Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mick Stevens, Al Ross, Henry Martin, William Steig, Eldon Dedini, Edward Koren, James Stevenson, Bernard Schoenbaum, Dana Fradon, Edward Frascino, Robert Weber, Arnie Levin, Burt Silverman, Ed Arno, Leo Cullum, Jack Ziegler, Roz Chast, Robert Mankoff, Joseph Farris, Charles Barsotti*

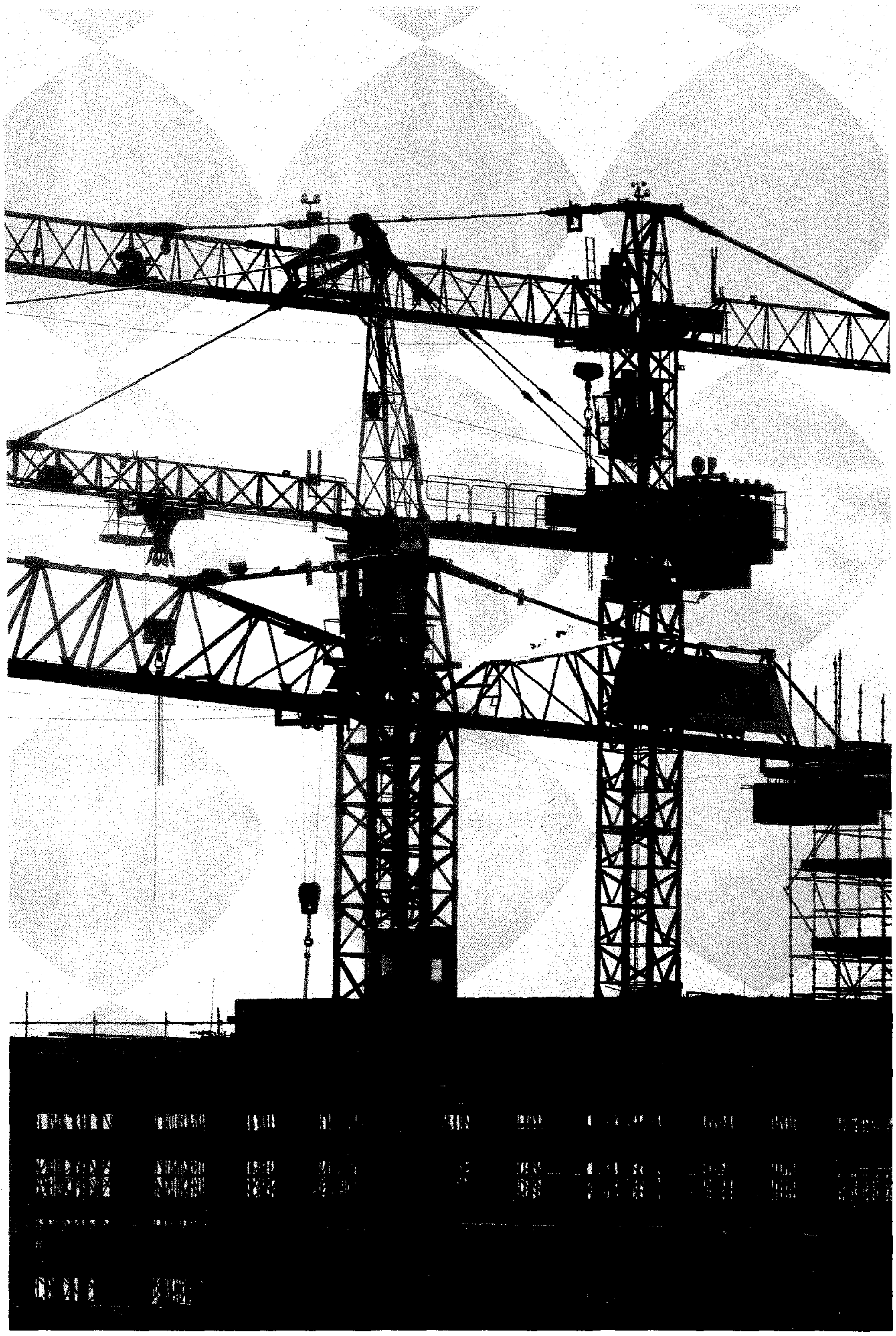
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

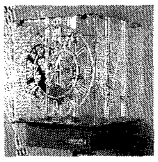
CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publisher; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Lynn W. Guthrie, advertising director; Frank Mustacato, circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXIII, No. 9, April 20, 1987. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.
© 1987 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, one year, $52.00, payable in advance. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Swissôtels go a long way to please their guests.





This typical clock is a distinctive feature of all Swissôtels: Hotel International Zurich, Hotel Président Geneva, Hotel Bellevue Palace Berne, Hotel Le Plaza Basle, Le Lausanne Palace, Le Montreux Palace, Amsterdam Ascot Hotel, The Drake Hotel New York, The Lafayette Hotel Boston, The Swiss Grand Hotel Chicago (opening summer 1988), The Crystal Palace Hotel Tianjin/ PR China, The Swiss Grand Hotel Seoul (opening late 1987). For information or reservation please contact the hotel directly, your travel agent or Swissair/ HORIS. Swissôtel – Swiss precision in hospitality.

Swissôtel is a rapidly expanding hotel group. Its main objective is to provide refined accommodation where the international executive needs it. And the underlying principle is always the same: all Swissôtels have their own specific appeal and typical charm; they are not just part of a chain of as many look-alike hotels as possible. That's why the newest Swissôtels, the Swiss Grand Hotel in Chicago and the Swiss Grand Hotel in Seoul have just a few things in common. But lots of things that distinguish them from other hotels.

swissôtel

days at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 15, at 2.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Me and My Girl—Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Meeting—A play by Jeff Stetson. Preview Wednesday, April 15. Opens officially on Thursday, April 16, and will run through Sunday, May 3. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Mikado—This marvellous production comes to us from Stratford, Ontario; it is lovely to look at, delightful to hear. Brian Macdonald was the inspired director. (4/13/87) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

A Month of Sundays—Jason Robards in a comedy by Bob Larbey. Gene Saks is the director. Previews Wednesday, April 15. Opens officially on Thursday, April 16. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A breezy whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop, recently seen at Circle Rep. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On the Verge—A diverting little comedy by Eric Overmyer, about three Victorian lady explorers who travel through time (from the eighteen-eighties to 1955) over terra incognita. Lisa Banes, Patricia Hodges, and Laura Hicks play the indomitable heroines, and Tom Robbins plays everybody they meet on their journey. Garland Wright was the able director. Scenery, costumes, and lighting, all commendable, were designed by John Arnone, Ann Hould-Ward, and James F. Ingalls, respectively. (3/30/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pygmalion—Peter O'Toole, Amanda Plummer, and John Mills in a revival of Shaw's play. Val May is the director. Previews through Monday, April 20. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 21. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Regard of Flight—*Bill Irwin, sublime clown,* acrobat, mime, and juggler, is appearing for a limited engagement with his two stalwart partners, Doug Skinner and M. C. O'Connor. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 26.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and a score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

South Pacific—This production, by the New York City Opera, is haunted by the original, and apparently irreplaceable, performance; nevertheless, the score and lyrics and book are strong enough to carry it. This time, the stars are Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan. (3/16/87) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 26.)

Staggerlee—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stardust—The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed by an engaging company of three men and three women. The composers (over the past sixty-five years or so) include Duke Ellington, Hoagy Carmichael, and Leroy Anderson. The singers include André De Shields and, most notably, Michele Bautier. (3/2/87) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 9; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

Sweet Sue—Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton play a middle-aged woman and a college undergraduate who meet one summer and fall in love, or seem to. Why four actors are required to embody two distinctly simple characters is a question that only the playwright, A. R. Gurney, Jr., is in a position to answer. (1/19/87) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tent Meeting—An extremely annoying import from Atlanta, about an evangelical preacher who ceaselessly abuses his grown son and daughter, both of them mentally defective. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux, played by Hallie Foote and Eric Stoltz. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Women Beware Women—A drama by Howard Barker, based on the seventeenth-century play of the same name by Thomas Middleton. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**big river:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **drood:** Charles Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,224 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mon-

CUSTOMER INFORMATION FROM GENERAL MOTORS

HOW TO START AN INDUSTRIAL RENAISSANCE

VISION, CAPITAL, COOPERATION, AND COURAGE

Remember 1980? America's auto industry had just come through the brutal years of the oil crisis. GM had lost money for the first time since the early Twenties, and was spending billions to meet fast changing government regulations for safety, fuel economy, and emission control, and at the same time downsize its entire line.

Then, suddenly, American business found itself in a new era of worldwide competition and technological explosion. The Eighties had dawned in Detroit.

The entire auto industry and its suppliers were in crisis. Sell-offs and bailouts began. Some companies failed, and others moved operations overseas. Great factory towns became ghost towns. The "rust belt" became a part of American geography. The choice for General Motors was to squeak by with cosmetic changes and wait for the return of business as usual. Or dare to set the pattern for an industrial renaissance in America.

We took the dare. Our basic premise was simple, our vision was clear: The future belongs to those who invest in it.

We went to work. A strategy for the Eighties was hammered out. We would:

- Build new plants and modernize or close old ones.
- Give people the opportunity to participate in managing the business, and teach them to use technology as a tool.
- Use systems engineering and worldwide computer systems to help design cars, operate equipment, and leapfrog the industry in product quality and value.
- Then reap the cost savings and earn the profits of this new production system—and pass its benefits along to every customer.

Today the strategy is paying off. Most of the capital spending is complete. Most of the parts are in place. Quality is improving, costs are coming down. A new method of production is evolving. We are integrating new technology with new social systems in a human partnership that gives people authority over machines and responsibility for their work.

We are showing that you don't have to leave the country or give up your markets if you're willing to face the future, if you dare to have a vision and the courage to see it through.

Hughes Aircraft, EDS and other acquisitions are helping in the historic transformation of General Motors. In the process, we are retraining so many employes that we have become the largest private educational institution in the world.

In General Motors, cooperation is producing quality and quality is lowering costs.

In fact, we expect to cut costs by $3 billion this year and $10 billion annually by 1990.

And most important is what you, our customer, can expect to gain. Not just better products, but the best.

In fact, based on our rigorous audit, many GM cars are already world-class. We are vying with our most formidable competitors to see who will set the standards for the world.

Our goal is to be the undisputed quality leader in every price class in which we compete. And we're on the way.

The vision is paying off.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-seventeenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 15, and Friday, April 17, at 10:30 and 2:30; Thursday, April 16, Wednesday, April 22, and Friday, April 24, all at 2 and all but April 16 at 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; Tuesday, April 21, at 7:30; and Thursday, April 23, at 10:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Grand Duke." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 15, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 16-17, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 18, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call 831-1383.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Double-bill performances of "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, April 17, at 8; Saturday, April 18, at 3 and 8; and final performance Sunday, April 19, at 4. For information about tickets, call 769-1000.)

Beehive—A musical revue featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an eight-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 13. "The Sleeping Beauty" will be presented through Saturday, April 25. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Monday, April 20, at 7:30; Tuesday, April 21, at 8; Wednesday, April 22, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 8; and Saturday, April 25, at 2 and 8.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 17—Tuesday, April 21, at 7, and Friday, April 24, at 8: "Esplanade," "Profiles," "Aureole," and "Syzygy" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 22, at 8: "Arden Court," "Private Domain," and "A Musical Offering." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8: "Roses," "Diary of a Fly" (première), "Dust," and "Airs." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8: "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala (From Soup to Nuts)," "Paean" (première), "Polaris," and "Mercuric Tidings." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Wendy Perron Dance Company—With five guest dancers, including percussionist David Van Tieghem, in a program of new and repertory works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 15-18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Bill Cratty Dance Theatre—Presenting three premières—"Muggsy," "Going Bananas," and "Andante Favori"—plus "Salome." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, April 16, at 7:30; Saturday, April 18, at 8; and Sunday, April 19, at 3.)

Jennifer Muller & the Works—A one-week engagement—Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21-22, at 7:30; Saturday, April 25, at 8; and Sunday, April 26, at 7:30: Two premières—"Interrupted River" and "Into the Life"—plus "Tub." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 8, and Sunday, April 26, at 2: "Darkness and Light." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Benefit Program—Carmen de Lavallade, Gemze deLappe, Pearl Primus, Nat Horne, Hinton Battle, and others in a benefit for Glory Van Scott's Children's Theatre. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

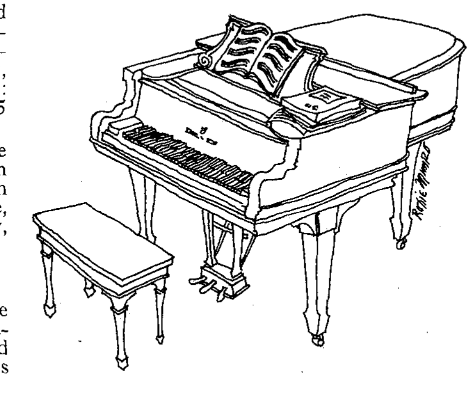
Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of the bubbly **margaret whiting,** who is singing here, in the candlelit mead hall known as the Oak Room, through Saturday, April 18. Starting Tuesday, April 21, **julie wilson** becomes a topic of discussion. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Baritone saxophonist **ronnie cuber** leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, April 24-25. Other threesomes are aboard the rest of the time. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, which is also hushed and smokeless during **blossom dearie's** early-bird concerts. Miss Dearie's voice is wee, but it's just the right medium for John Wallowitch's "Bruce" (advice to a transvestite), or the notorious (as she puts it) Bob Dorough–Dave Frishberg song "I'm Hip," or her and Jack Segal's sad "After Me." She sings her first note at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **nancy wilson** sings through Sunday, April 19; saxophonist **bob mintzer's** big band holds forth on Monday, April 20; and starting Tuesday, April 21, **sarah vaughan's** great, baroque house of a voice will be on display. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, jazz, folk, comedy, and combinations thereof. The duo called **they might be giants** is a rock-vaudeville team. **john linnell,** the handsome, wavy-haired one, sings, plays accordion, banjo, and bass saxophone, and is a straight man for **john flansburgh,** the short-haired, fashionably nerdy-looking one (black-rimmed, Elvis Costello-style glasses; white socks; stout black shoes), who sings and plays guitar while jumping and pitching himself around the stage like a really wound-up rock star. In their shows, which sometimes feature large props, the Giants use a tape machine as a rhythm section. The songs that Linnell and Flansburgh write—"I Will Date the Girl from Venus for Science," "Youth Culture Killed My Dog," "Hide Away Folk Family" (a number in which audience members are invited to "scream as if you were in hell" for sixteen bars)—have simple, catchy tunes and dense, pun-filled lyrics that are often clever and sometimes funny. They Might Be Giants perform here on Sunday, April 26, at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, along with Uncle Bonsai and Rage to Live. The rest of the lineup: Wednesday, April 15, **buster poindexter & the banshees of blue;** Friday, April 17, the **dirty dozen brass band,** a high-stepping New Orleans octet that plays everything from traditional parade-band music to Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, and Stevie Wonder; Saturday, April 18, the **john cale** band; and Friday, April 24, **john hartford.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.



Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **jim mc neely** and **rufus reid** collaborate through Saturday, April 18, and on Tuesday, April 21, dashing, versatile, whirling **roger kellaway** goes to work with Russell George. On Sunday, April 19, trumpeter **danny moore** leads a trio. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **johnny griffin,** who has been called the fastest tenor saxophonist in the West, will be out in front of his quartet through Sunday, April 19, and on Tuesday, April 21, trumpeter, flugelhornist, and singer-mumbler **clark terry** moves in with his quintet. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **bucky** and **john pizzarelli.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room; its key personnel (the musicians, the headwaiter) and some of its patrons (key personnel, no doubt, in other venues) wear tuxedos, but you needn't. **bobby short,** the room's favorite son, sings some of his favorite Porter, Coward, and Rodgers and Hart songs, with expert support from bassist **beverly peer** and drummer **robbie scott,** at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **barbara carroll** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* **ron carter's** two-bass quintet—the Master is on one of them, and **leon (boots) maleson** is on the other—performs through Sunday, April 19, and on Tuesday, April 21, Belgian harmonica whiz and whistler **toots thielemans** brings in his quartet. On Mondays, **les paul** plugs in his guitar and plays with his trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The keyboard is in **armen donelian's** hands through Saturday, April 18, and on Tuesday, April 21, **hal schaefer** takes charge. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar from which the human pageant (upper-middle East Side wing) is visible. The jukebox features Frank Sinatra, Joe Williams, Cootie Williams, and Kitt Moran, who is singing here in person, with accompaniment from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau, through Saturday, April 18. Sundays belong to pianist-singer **brooks kerr** and bass-

In just one shave, this man will change his shaving habits.

Cream Shave
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN
NET WT. 4 OZ

His skin will be smooth. Look sleek. Feel fine. Will stay that way longer than usual.

Because of a fact dermatologists have always known: You get a comfortable close shave only when you have enough vital lubricants. And a cream formulation holds more of these than a foam. That's why Clinique developed Cream Shave.

Cream Shave is full of lubricants. Allows a shave so close it lasts longer. Soothes skin during and after shaving. Cuts down cuts. Helps heal. Comes in a convenient portable tube. You'll find it—plus a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Cream Shave. Use it once, and your face will want it every day. It's habit-forming.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

© 1986 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

ist Eric Lemon, and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Music from about ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** swing it through Saturday, April 18, and **BILL MAYS** and John Goldsby set sail on Tuesday, April 21. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Thursday, April 16, a band led by bassist **RICK DANKO** (of *the* Band) and blues harpist **PAUL BUTTERFIELD;** Friday, April 17, Fat City; Saturday, April 18, honky-tonker **JOHNNY PAYCHECK;** Wednesday and Thursday, April 22-23, blues guitarist **ALBERT KING;** and Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, Western-swing revivalists **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The maître d' sometimes does a pretty good imitation of a person with a bee in his bonnet, but there's a reason to take yourself here anyway: **JOE WILLIAMS.** Mr. Williams' approach to whatever he sings—a lowdown, ribald blues; Ellington's "I Got It Bad;" "Always;" a soul number—is relaxed and unfussy. His occasional trombone growls, yodels, and bits of scatting are matter-of-fact—asides rather than events—and so are his jokes. He moves on down the line on Saturday, April 18, and Dory Previn comes in on Tuesday, April 21. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side soul-and-jazz café. The local Department of Consumer Affairs, which enforces the city's Prohibition-era cabaret law, has made trios the rule here. Consumers can listen to organist **JACK MC DUFF'S** trio on Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, and to pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND'S** threesome the following weekend, April 24-25. Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A half-century-old ballroom that presents up-to-the-minute rock. Thursday and Friday, April 16-17, the Stranglers; Saturday, April 18, the Dead Boys; Friday, April 24, the Mission UK; and Saturday, April 25, Oingo Boingo. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, Nigerian percussionist **BABA OLATUNJI;** Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Wednesday and Thursday, April 22-23, pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI** and his salsa-and-jazz ensemble; and Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, the Afro-Caribbean dance band **MIKATA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. The **JAZZTET,** a crisp hard-bop sextet that features the same fine front line it had when it débuted at the Five Spot twenty-seven years ago (**ART FARMER** on flugelhorn, **BENNY GOLSON** on tenor saxophone, and **CURTIS FULLER** on trombone), occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, **GIL EVANS'** electrified sixteen-piece orchestra plays the maestro's swirling-color arrangements of such tunes as Charles Mingus's "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Silk Blue" and Jimi Hendrix's "Up from the Skies." Shows from about ten. Dining.

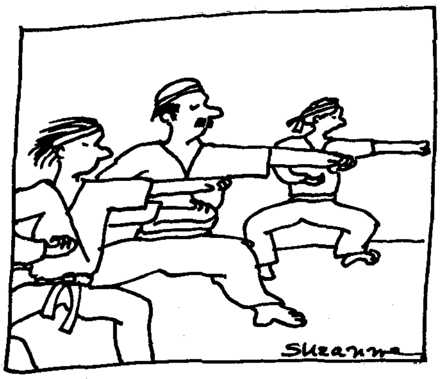
Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The schedule: Wednesday, April 15, Chill Faction and Joy Askew; Friday, April 17, loose-limbed lounge singer **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Saturday, April 18, the Cynics, the Blacklight Chameleons, and the Cellar Dwellers; Monday, April 20, the New York funk band *J. J. Jumpers;* Tuesday, April 21, a revised edition of the Almanac Singers, the folk-protest group formed by Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger in 1940, featuring Sis Cunningham and Arthur Stern; Thursday, April 23, Golden Palominos' singer Syd Straw & Friends; and Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, Chicago blues saxophonist **A.C. REED** & his Spark Plugs. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands get going in the big downstairs room on Mondays after nine; on April 20, Puerto Rico's **EL GRAN COMBO,** Colombia's Grupo Niche, and Gotham's **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to pianist **HERMAN FOSTER** and bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK** every night except Monday. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** Bach-to-blues trio. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment has been receiving jazz pilgrims from all over the world for more than half a century. Drummer **TONY WILLIAMS,** a teen-age wonder when he first played here, in 1963, with Miles Davis's quintet, is now the middle-aged master of a sleek, youthful quintet (trumpeter **WALLACE RONEY,** saxophonist **BILL PIERCE,** pianist **MULGREW MILLER,** and bassist **CHARNETT MOFFETT**), which will be around through Sunday, April 19. On Tuesday, April 21, shining bop pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** descends the stairs with his excellent assistants, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** On Mondays, the foreman of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** settles in behind his Pearl drums and Istanbul cymbals and lets his crew rip. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Former Basie-band vocalist **IRENE REID** sings through Sunday, April 19, and on Wednesday, April 22, tenor saxophonist and growly vocalist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** arrives with his quartet. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. The Philadelphia piano-bass team of **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** works out through Saturday, April 18, and on Monday, April 20, guitarist **JOE BECK** and pianist **LONNIE SMITH** dig in. On Sundays, **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.



JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Pat Irwin—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, April 20-21, at 8.

Big Audio Dynamite—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. Tuesday through Saturday, April 21-25, at 10:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.

Stanley Jordan, Bobby McFerrin, and Michel Petrucciani—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, April 25, at 8.

Greenbriar Boys and David Massengill—Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, April 25, at 8:30.

Benefit Concert—Kenny Burrell, Honi Coles, Jay Leonhart, Paquito d'Rivera, Tania Maria, and Clark Terry will be among those performing on behalf of the Leukemia Society of America. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, April 20, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Gregory Amenoff—Large, richly painted abstract canvases. Through April 29. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Guy Bardone—Brilliant-colored oils of still-lifes and landscapes, the latter including the French Riviera and the Jura Mountains. Through May 2. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Max Beerbohm (1872-1956)—Fifty-five drawings by the English belletrist and caricaturist. Through Friday, April 24. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Opens at 1. Closed Friday and Saturday, April 17-18.)

James Bishop—Fifteen sand-colored oils on paper by a minimalist. Through Saturday, April 25. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Collages by an early abstractionist. Through May 12. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael David—Impastoed canvases in subdued colors, mostly, and drawings. Through April 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Théodore Géricault (1791-1824)—Paintings, drawings, and prints, many on loan from museums and private collections. Through May 23. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gundelfinger—Rhapsodic paintings of the Delaware River Valley. Through April 29. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Raoul Hague—Eight large abstract sculptures in walnut and one in cherry. Through May 2. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941) **and Andreas Jawlensky** (1902-84)—Thirty-four paintings by the elder, and thirty-five paintings and pastels by his son. Through May 30. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Neil Jenney—New paintings that combine serial images, words, and frames. Through Saturday, April 18. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

David Levine—Paintings and caricatures. Through May 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Prints and objects (among them a porcelain tea set) in an exhibit that complements his drawing show at the Modern. Through May 2. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Constructivist works, including watercolors, photographs, drawings, and collages, mostly from the early twenties. Through May 16. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Jim Peters—Elaborate mixed-medium construc-

IT'S TIME EUROPEAN PERFORMANCE SEDANS WERE GIVEN A LESSON IN REFINEMENT.

THE PEUGEOT 505 STX V6.

While many European performance sedans are clearly models of engineering excellence, they still have a tendency to be a little rough around the edges. For their makers' inspection, we respectfully submit the Peugeot 505 STX V-6 2.8i.

A POWERFUL V-6 ENGINE AS REFINED AS THE REST OF THE CAR.

While other European performance sedans are busy getting the most out of their in-line four and occasional six-cylinder engines, the 505 STX is debuting a more refined all-alloy, twin overhead cam, 145 hp V-6. Its uncommonly high level of torque at low revs provides a wonderfully spirited feeling.

A SUSPENSION THAT WILL SHOCK MANY PERFORMANCE SEDAN MAKERS.

To say the 505 STX is roadworthy is an understatement. It features fully-independent suspension, variable power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering, and front-ventilated disc brakes enhanced by a computerized anti-lock system.

Yet despite its superb handling characteristics, the 505 STX doesn't ask you to endure the hard ride great handling cars normally have. Because it also features unique shock absorbers that have twice as many valves as ordinary shocks. And because they are designed, built and *patented* by Peugeot, no other performance sedan can have the 505 STX's refined road manners ("Perhaps the nicest all-around ride in the automotive world."— *Motor Trend*).

© 1987 Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.

A LEVEL OF CIVILITY THAT PUTS MOST LUXURY SEDANS TO SHAME.

Inside the 505 STX, amenities abound. Everything anyone could want is here including a new six-speaker Alpine-designed stereo cassette with anti-theft device and central locking with infra-red remote control. The orthopedically-designed seats that have helped earn Peugeot the distinction of being one of the most comfortable of all European sedans are enveloped in a sumptuous hand-fitted leather. (Speaking of comfort, we should note that the 505 STX is priced at a comparatively low $23,750.*)

ALL THE SOLIDITY OF A BOXY EUROPEAN SEDAN. WITHOUT THE BOX.

At Peugeot, we believe a car should be able to have the durability of a tank, without having to look like one. So in the 505 STX, solid unibody construction is incorporated into a body whose fluid lines were created by Pininfarina, legendary designer of the Ferrari 328 GTS.

THE ONLY ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE PROGRAM RATED AAA.

Only Peugeot offers you the comfort of AAA** service and protection. In the rare event of trouble arising on the road, you simply call AAA and help will be on the way from one of 15,000 locations.

To learn just how refined the 505 STX really is, call your local Peugeot dealer who will arrange to give you the ultimate lesson in refinement. A test drive. (He'll also be glad to give you information about our new convenient leasing program.)

For additional literature and the name of your nearest Peugeot dealer, call 800-447-2882.

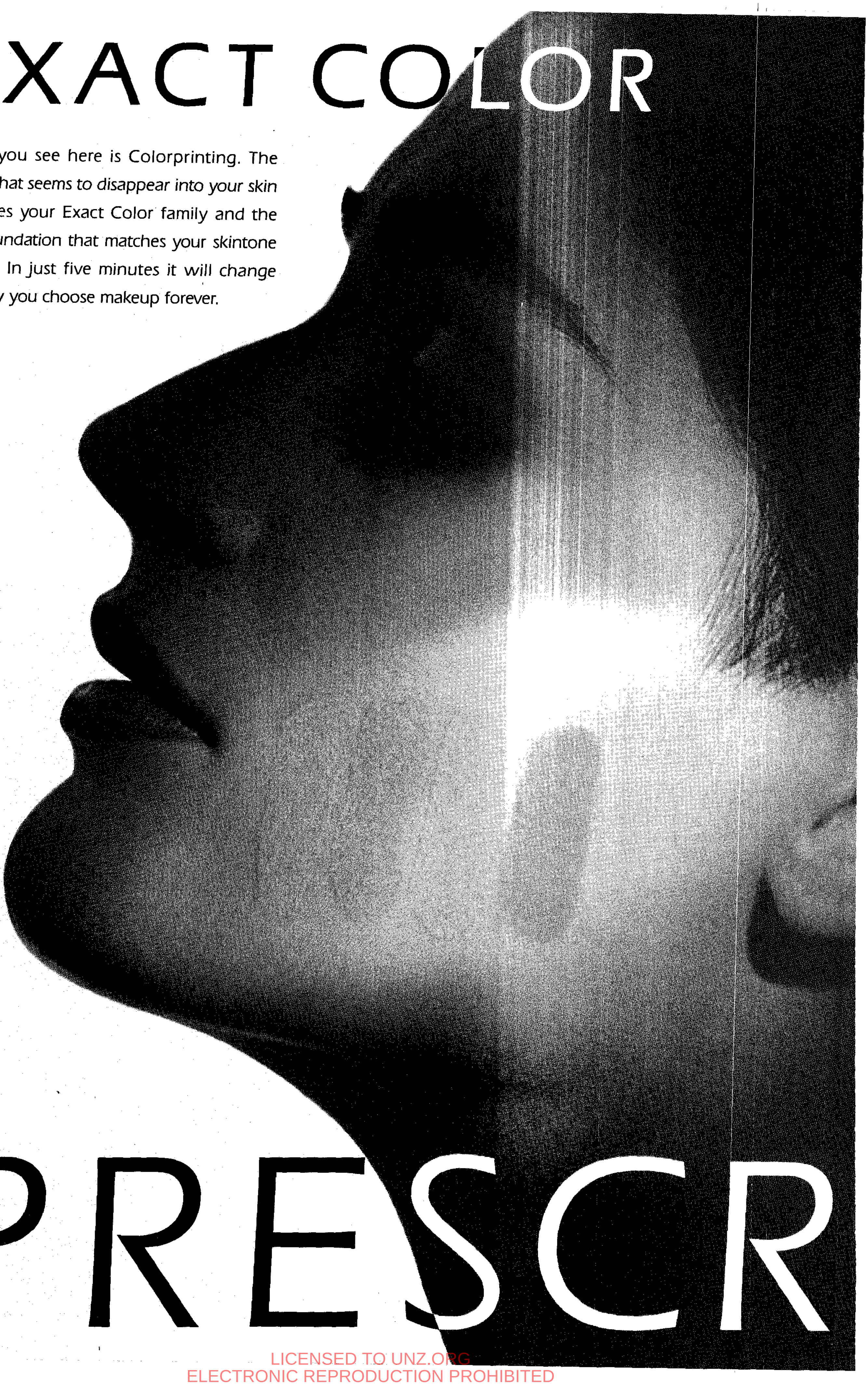
*POE Manufacturer's Suggested Retail price. Actual price may vary by dealer. Destination charges, options, taxes, dealer preparation, if any, title and license fees are extra.
**Membership subject to the rules and regulations of AAA

PEUGEOT 505
NOTHING ELSE FEELS LIKE IT.™

PEUGEOT
WORLD RALLY CHAMPION

EXACT COLOR

What you see here is Colorprinting. The *shade that seems to disappear into your skin* identifies your Exact Color family and the one foundation that matches your skintone exactly. In just five minutes it will change the way you choose makeup forever.



PRESCR

EXACT SKINCARE

Science has linked aging to 'free radicals', chemical factors which can weaken cell structure. Line Preventor works to neutralize free radicals. You can't stop all lines for all time. But Line Preventor helps prevent visible age signs right where they begin.

PRESCRIPTIVES
LINE
PREVENTOR
IPTIVES

© 1986 Prescriptives

WHEN YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR THE PERFECT FIT.

Introducing the Ex-O-Fit, from Reebok. For the man who wants a shoe that's perfectly comfortable in any situation.

And it comes in six colors to match whatever you're doing.

The Ex-O-Fit. Available at fine department and athletic specialty stores.

Reebok®
Because life is not a spectator sport.®

© 1987 Reebok International Ltd.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tions dominated by painted female figures. Through May 2. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Resika—The Provincetown Pier at sunset, and other paintings and drawings of Provincetown. Through Saturday, April 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948)—Collages and lithographs. Through May 16. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

Elaine Spatz-Rabinowitz—Paintings that juxtapose cloud-filled skies and unspecific industrial architecture. Through Saturday, April 25. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Theodoros Stamos / Bill Barrett—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Abstract metal sculptures. Through May 2. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Andrew Stevovich—Telling scenes captured in precise, stylized paintings; a jeweller showing a string of pearls to a bourgeois couple, for instance. Through Tuesday, April 21. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Tetherow—New monochromatic abstract paintings, each with a pair of incised circles (his trademark) representing eyes. Through May 2. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Group Shows—At the **center for african art,** 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Opens at noon on Sundays.) . . . **hirschl & adler folk,** a new gallery at 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: The opening exhibit here was organized by the Museum of American Folk Art and includes paintings and furniture, plus the usual quilts, weathervanes, and so forth. Through May 9.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pierre Alechinsky—Two gallery shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Recent paintings and drawings at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Through May 9. . . . ¶ Prints at Isselbacher, 41 E. 78th St. Through Saturday, April 25.

James Aponovich—Recent paintings and drawings whose subjects include still-lifes, figures, and a bird's-eye view of the Merrimack River Valley. Through April 29. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—More than a dozen highly stylized sculptures executed in his last ten years, and works on paper. Through May 9. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nell Blaine—Robust views of Riverside Park, the Hudson River, and Gloucester Harbor, plus still-lifes and garden scenes. Through Wednesday, April 22. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract paintings from the early seventies. Through Saturday, April 25. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976) / **Alfred Jensen** (1903-81)—Bronze sculptures, mostly from 1944. / Patterned abstractions. Through Saturday, April 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

John DeAndrea—A new group of his startlingly lifelike polyvinyl female nudes, these posed on pedestals just the way classical sculptures are. Through May 16. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Deutsch / Donald Sultan—New paintings. / Paintings done in 1980 and recent photographs. Through May 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Mr. Deutsch is showing paintings from 1982 at the Audiello Gallery, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Through Sunday, April 19. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Trompe-l'oeil paintings of wrinkled fabric on shaped canvases. Through May 26. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Öyvind Fahlström (1928-76)—Several of his satirical works with movable parts. Through May 16. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—New figurative drawings, pastels, and watercolors. Through April 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Red Grooms—The artist has brought his considerable energies to bear on a kind of tribute to Abstract Expressionists, which involves large color drawings of Kline, de Kooning, Rothko, Motherwell, Mitchell, and others, together with two- and three-dimensional depictions of one of their hangouts, the Cedar Tavern. Through May 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Juan Hamilton / Diane Arbus (1923-71)—Recent sculptures. / Coney Island photographs from the early part of her career. Through Saturday, April 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Willy Heeks / Rex Lau—Paintings by a young Abstract Expressionist. / Abstract relief paintings. Through Saturday, April 25. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—A new set of hard-edge paintings. Through Saturday, April 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Watercolors. Through May 2. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Jordan / Stephen Tanis—Idyllic panoramic landscapes. / Paintings of still-life objects arranged in front of either Florentine interiors or eighteenth-century Italian paintings. Through May 2. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Loren MacIver—Recent paintings and pastels. Through May 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ben Frank Moss—Recent paintings. Through May 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Natkin—Acrylic paint applied with sponges wrapped in cloth gives these bright-colored abstractions a subtly textured appearance. Through Saturday, April 25. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Pete Omlor and Nicholas Wilder—Two shows of paintings. Through May 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Carolyn Plochmann—Figure paintings in mixed mediums. Through May 2. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

William Scharf / Karl Gernot Kuehn—Fantastical paintings. / Portrait photographs combining two different images, placed side by side, of the same person. Through April 29. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Abby Shahn—Geometric abstractions in egg tempera, among other works. Through May 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Aaron Shikler—Oils and pastels of still-lifes and female figures. Through Saturday, April 25. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Harriet Shorr—Large still-life paintings. Through May 2. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kevin Sinnott—Figures rendered in thick brushstrokes—a man sitting in a beach chair and biting his nails, people engaged in deliberately enigmatic activities. Through Saturday, April 25. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Valerio / Frederic Amat—Three large oils of interiors with quirky figures, and the studies drawn for them, by a Photo-Realist. / New wax-and-ink drawings. Through April 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

BROADWAY
LIQUORS
TICKETS
Tom Funk

Robin Winters—Paintings and works on paper. Through May 2. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Early-Twentieth-Century Europeans—A loan show of paintings and sculptures, among them two Bonnard nudes, an early and a late Mondrian, and figures by Giacometti. Through Saturday, April 25. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **borgenicht,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Canadian landscape paintings by Tom Thomson, Emily Carr, Jack Bush, David Milne, and others. Through May 2. . . . **marian goodman,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by John Baldessari, Dan Graham, Lawrence Weiner, Rebecca Horn, and others. Through May 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **grand central art galleries,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by American women painters and sculptors, active before 1945, among them Malvina Hoffman and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through May 16. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Shusaku Arakawa—Recent works. Through Saturday, April 18. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Lynda Benglis / Robert Mangold—Recent wall sculptures. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, April 18. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Siri Berg—Hard-edge paintings with contrasting rough and smooth textures. Through Saturday, April 18. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

Carolyn Brady—Watercolors of the tulip beds in Baltimore's Sherwood Garden are among these floral paintings. Through April 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Hans Breder—Abstract pastel drawings. Through April 29. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Daniel Buren / Sol LeWitt—An installation by a French conceptualist. / Sculptures based on pyramids. Through Saturday, April 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Donna Byars—Six large sculptures. Through Saturday, April 18. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Michael Chelminski—Paintings, among them a canvas that concentrates on the currents of the Damariscotta River and the clouds above. Through April 29. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Robert Colescott—New paintings. Through May 2. (Semaphore, 137 Greene St.)

Chuck Connelly—Expressionist landscapes. Through April 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

William N. Copley—New mixed-medium paintings with the old irreverence—toward art, Victoriana, authority. Through May 2. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Heidi Endemann—A series of paintings of black dogs so vicious-looking they are horror-story stereotypes. Through April 29. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Joel Fisher—Two shows. Bronzes. Through May 2. (Brown, 100 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Bronzes and preparatory drawings. Through May 9. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

Aharon Gluska—Small abstractions. Through May 2. (Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Denise Green—Works on paper. Through April 30. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Don Hazlitt—Abstract paintings that evoke Russian Constructivism. Through Saturday, April 25. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Noah Jemison—Semi-abstract encaustic paintings. Through May 2. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Carla Rae Johnson / Rhea Sanders—Wood sculptures glorifying the equipment that can be found in a woodworker's studio. / Still-lifes and landscapes in egg tempera and other mediums. Through May 2. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Catherine Lee—Paintings on shaped panels. Through Saturday, April 25. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Josef Levi / Peter Saari—New paintings by an artist who likes to copy and pair off portraits by his predecessors—a Titian woman looking demurely in the direction of a Jawlensky painted lady, for instance. / Roman and Pompeian walls brought to life in casein-and-plaster on board. Through Saturday, April 25. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Carlo Maria Mariana—Neoclassical paintings: figures and portraits of contemporary artists. Through April 30. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Michael Mazur—Self-portraits in one-of-a-kind print mediums. Through Saturday, April 18. (Fawbush, 578 Broadway.)

Gerhard Merz—An installation of five small bronze skulls and five severe-looking stained-limba (a kind of mahogany) memorial tablets inscribed with the names of cities associated with the Italian Futurists. Through Saturday, April 25. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Matt Mullican—A commission made for the Dallas Museum of Art consisting of fifty-two oil-stick rubbings on canvas which contain the artist's familiar shorthand emblems for life-or-death issues. Through May 16. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Sabina Ott—Multipanel paintings of incongruous subjects—a wheelbarrow hung above a dark seascape, for instance. Through Saturday, April 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Omar Rayo—Paintings from the past twenty years by a Colombian Op artist. Through May 3. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

David Salle—Watercolors from the past five years, mainly views of nude spread legs, fore and aft, male and female. Through Saturday, April 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Joseph Santore—Paintings of abstractions that subsume some recognizable objects—a staircase, figures, fruit, a bunch of carrots. Through May 9. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Elfi Schuselka—An installation and new paintings. Through May 2. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Andrew Spence—Abstract paintings. Through May 2. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Nora Speyer—Highly textured symbolic figure paintings. Through May 2. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Terry Winters—A group of seventy-six works on paper with the over-all title "Schema." Through Saturday, April 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Michael Zwack—Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures. Through April 29. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

P.U.L.S.E.—The name of a show of very active kinetic machine sculptures that make sounds, create light, or present moving images. The artists, who use such technologies as fibre optics, neon, and computers, seem to come from the same family tree, starting with the granddaddy Marcel Duchamp, and coming on down to Jean Tinguely, James L. Seawright, Alice Aycock, and Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel. Through May 23. (420 West Broadway, ground floor.)

Drawings from France 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **einstein,** 591 Broadway: The second half of a show devoted to panoramic landscapes. Artists include Helen Miranda Wilson, Stephanie Sanchez, and Tahir Shafie. Through Saturday, April 25. . . . **gibson,** 568 Broadway: Conceptual works by Peter Halley, Bertrand Lavier, Olivier Mosset, Robert Smithson, and others. Through Saturday, April 25. . . . **wolff,** now located at 560 Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Wolfgang Laib, Gerhard Richter, Richard Serra, and others. Through Saturday, April 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

Paul Bowen—Rough-looking wood reliefs. Through May 10. (Shainman, 500 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Annette Lemieux—A two-gallery exhibit of photographs, paintings, objects, and texts in various combinations by a conceptualist. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays. Through May 3. . . . ¶ Baer, 270 Lafayette St. Through Saturday, April 25.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Bonnie Lucas—Assemblages and watercolors. Through April 26. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Randolfo Rocha—Painted silhouetted figures seen against billboard backgrounds. Some of the figures wear gas masks, and silk-screened military planes circling them add to the apocalyptic vision. Through Saturday, April 25. (Neale, 320 Lafayette St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

Robin Rose—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 26. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Row—Paintings using the double helix and other geometric forms on split canvases and diptychs. Through May 9. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Frank Stella—Paintings from 1958. Through May 30. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Taro Suzuki—Sculptural experiments in optical illusion. Through May 2. (Newburg, 44 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Zeke Berman—Black-and-white photographs of still-life and interior constructions made by the artist, who was trained as a sculptor. Through May 9. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St.)

Ruth Bernhard / Ellen Carey—Gelatin-silver prints of female nudes. / Photographs with paint and collage additions. Through Sunday, April 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Cerigo Gallery, 202 Avenue A, near 12th St., is also showing work by Miss Carey. Through May 3. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jack Delano—More than thirty prints, from Farm Security Administration work to recent pictures taken in Puerto Rico. Through Saturday, April 25. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

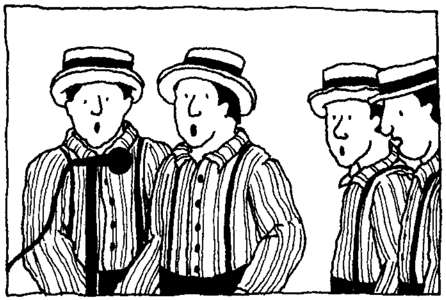
Jan Groover—A retrospective show of eighty photographs is at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Sandra Haber / Louis Faurer—Large-scale color montages of TV images. The viewer will recognize Caspar Weinberger and Max Headroom. / Photographs of street life in Philadelphia and New York a half century ago. Through May 2. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Lisette Model (1906-83)—Vacationers on the Riviera, windows of New York stores, and other subjects typical of this photographer. Through Saturday, April 25. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of forty-eight French *Impressionist and Post-Impressionist* paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Renoir's "La Loge" and Gauguin's "Te Rerioa" are among them. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A show of paintings by sixteenth- and seventeenth-century artists from the Emilia-Romagna region of Italy—Correggio, Parmigianino, the Carracci brothers. More than half of the two hundred works are on loan from Italian collections and are seen here for the first time. (There is also an exhibit of Emilian drawings and prints of the period from the museum's collections.) Through May 24. . . . ¶ Ancient Chinese bronzes, jades, and other artifacts, the gifts of Ernest Erickson, are on view. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of works by Paul Klee. Through May 5. . . . ¶ A survey of Roy Lichtenstein's drawings. Through June 2. (A complementary show is at Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.) . . . **photography:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Belgian artist Pierre Alechinsky which chronicles his use of sketches in the borders of his works. Mr. Alechinsky has taken this border motif one step further by painting a rising sun around the museum's elevator entrances. (Complementary shows are at the Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St., and the Isselbacher Gallery, 41 E. 78th St.) . . . ¶ About sixty works that Peggy Guggenheim either showed at her gallery Art of This Century (open from 1942 to 1947) or donated to American museums, in an effort to promote the avant-garde of her time. There are works by Jackson Pollock, David Hare, and Matta that haven't been seen here since the forties. Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of about two hundred works of ancient art donated to the museum by Ernest Erickson, a collector of textiles, ceramics, and metalwork from North and South America and Asia. Through May 18. . . . ¶ Sculptures, drawings, and monotypes by Mary Frank. Through June 7. . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Peter Gourfain. Through May 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. The frog was found at the turn of the century in a ceremonial chamber of the seven-hundred-room Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A loan show of Buddhist illuminated manuscripts whose decorative motifs and materials are indigenous to the ten Asian countries where the works originated. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of Chinese folk art that once decorated the homes of rural Han peasants and had the additional function of protecting their well-being. Bad luck could be warned off with, for example, a red papercut of a figure that is blowing a horn, banging a drum, and, for good measure, balancing a rooster on its head. Papercuts, embroidered garments, fabrics, and woodblocks. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show devoted to Louis Sullivan (1856-1924), the influential Chicago-school architect and mentor of Frank Lloyd Wright. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. . . . ¶ The accomplishments of a contemporaneous Spanish architect, Antoni Gaudí, seen in the context of the work of his peers in Barcelona, are the focus of an exhibit that includes architectural drawings, furniture, tiles, metalwork, and glass objects. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Starts Friday, April 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The National Academy's annual juried exhibition of paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. Prizes went to Robert Andrew Parker, Anne Poor, Gretna Campbell, Herbert Katzman, Charles Cajori, Robert Birmelin, and others. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A selection of silver collected by Sam Wagstaff, who at his death, earlier this year, was best known for his photography collections. Most of these pieces are late-nineteenth-century American hollowware and flatware. . . . ¶ Contemporary color photographs by Robert Glenn Ketchum of the Hudson River and environs. (The photographs are on the second floor; Hudson River School paintings in the society's collections are on the fourth floor.) (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit that commemorates the bicentennial of the U.S. Constitution with oil portraits, prints, manuscripts, letters, and other memorabilia from the fifteen-year period during which the Founding Fathers created the document. Starts Saturday, April 18. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

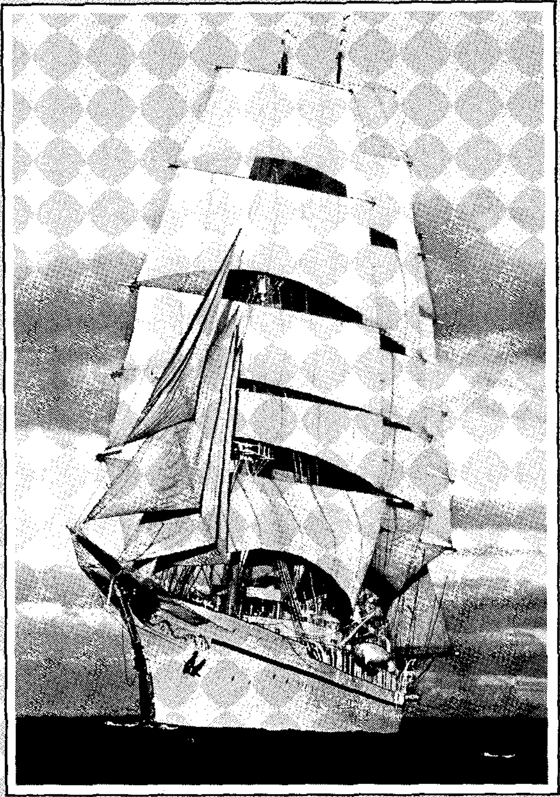
ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Music programs (starting at 9)—Thursday, April 23: Virgilio Martí, and Arthur Russell; Friday, April 24: Butch Morris and trio; Saturday, April 25: Michel Waisvisz.

NOTE—John Jesurun's film "Black Maria" plays simultaneously on five screens arranged so that the audience is in the middle of them. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Through April 26.) . . . ¶ Two programs (of dance, primarily) benefitting Movement Research, Inc. Friday, April 24, at 8: Pooh Kaye, Peter Zummo, Randy Warshaw, Bill T. Jones, Mary Lyman, and Yvonne Rainer; Saturday,

Caroline Islands, Bali, The Great Barrier Reef, Norfolk & Fiji Islands



Registry Malta

Aboard the Legendary S.Y. SEA CLOUD

In 1931 E.F. Hutton commissioned the largest private sailing ship ever built as a gift for heiress Marjorie Merriweather Post. She is 316 feet of sheer majesty, a four-masted barque which, perhaps, is the world's most beautiful ship.

Her name appropriately is SEA CLOUD.

Naturally a sailing ship of this class is not designed to accommodate a large number of guests. But the 60 who do join us will enjoy suites and staterooms which are among the most elegant and comfortable afloat.

This summer she'll set sail in waters entirely new to her special history–the South Pacific–calling at Palau, Bali, Cairns and Fiji plus many other beautiful islands in the Coral Sea.

Contact us as soon as possible and we will send you detailed information.

Sven-Olof Lindblad's
SPECIAL EXPEDITIONS
A POINT OF VIEW
720 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019
Tel: (800) 762-0003; in New York (212) 765-7740

April 25, at 8: Beverly Blossom, Mark Dendy, Jon Gibson, Lisa Kraus, Ishmael Houston-Jones, and Simone Forti. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. For tickets, call 691-5788.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—*Wednesday, April 15, at 8:* "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Dennis O'Neill, and Brian Schexnayder; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 16, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Jessye Norman, Betsy Norden, Régine Crespin, and Lucine Amara; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Friday, April 17, at 6:30: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Timothy Jenkins, Simon Estes, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Marilyn Horne, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, and Terry Cook; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Vinson Cole, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Leonard Bernstein conducting Mahler's Symphony No. 2 on Thursday, April 16, at 8; Friday, April 17, at 2; and Saturday, April 18, and Tuesday, April 21, at 8 (all with Barbara Hendricks, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; and the Westminster Symphonic Choir). . . . ¶ Andrew Davis conducting an Arnold Bax–Michael Tippett–Beethoven program on Thursday, April 23, at 8; Friday, April 24, at 2; and Saturday, April 25, at 8 (all with Emanuel Ax, piano).

National Arts Centre Orchestra—Helmuth Rilling directing, with Edith Wiens, soprano; Janice Taylor, contralto; David Gordon, tenor; Andreas Schmidt and William Parker, basses; and the Gächinger Kantorei. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 18, at 8: A Haydn-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 19, at 7: Bach's "St. Matthew Passion.")

I Musici—Performing works by Handel, Bach, Mozart, and Vivaldi. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 20, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Herbert Blomstedt conducting a Walter Piston–Dvořák–Carl Nielsen program, with Lynn Harrell, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 21, at 8.)

Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig—Kurt Masur conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 23, at 8: With Karl Mehlig, timpani. . . . ¶ Friday, April 24, at 8: With Horacio Gutiérrez, piano.)

"The St. John Passion"—*Paul Halley directing* the Massed Choirs of the Cathedral in a performance of the Bach work. With soloists and an orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday, April 17, at 7:30.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in the New York première of a work by Dave Brubeck (with Mr. Brubeck's quartet and David Arnold, baritone), Daniel Pinkham's "Easter Cantata," and a new work by McNeil Robinson. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 24, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Isaac Stern, Jaime Laredo, Cho-Liang Lin, Michael Tree, Yo-Yo Ma, and Matt Haimovitz—Performing the two Brahms sextets. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 16, at 8.)

"The Seven Last Words of Christ"—Performances of Haydn's work. The Juilliard String Quartet, with Benita Valente, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8.) . . . ¶ Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Steven Tenenbom, viola; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.) . . . ¶ The Composers String Quartet, with the Very Reverend James Parks Morton, narrator. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, April 18, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Kenneth Cooper, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8.)

Bowdoin Trio—Chamber music. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, April 18, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Spoleto Festival Chamber Music at BAM—The sixth in a seven-concert series will be performed by an ensemble that includes Kenneth Cooper and Wendy Young, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, April 18, at 8.)

Brigitte Haudebourg—Harpsichord. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, April 19, at 2.)

New York Trumpet Ensemble—Playing sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Venetian music. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, April 19, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Elizabeth Kirkpatrick—Soprano, in a program of twentieth-century music, with David Shifrin, clarinet, and William Huckaby, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Monday, April 20, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Richard Killmer, oboe, and Stephen Hough, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Monday, April 20, at 8.)

Composers' Showcase—A program of works by Steve Reich, performed by the percussion ensemble Nexus, the Manhattan Marimba Quartet, and Mr. Reich and his group. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 20, at 8.)

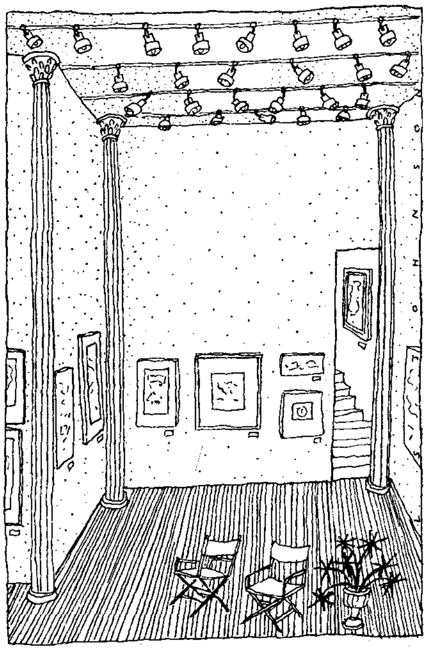
Richard Rodney Bennett and the Dorian Wind Quintet—A program that includes a new work for piano and wind quintet, by Mr. Bennett. The quintet will also perform a première by Bruce Adolphe. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, April 21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Stony Brook Contemporary Chamber Players—Performing works by Joan Tower, Charles Wuorinen, Toru Takemitsu, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, April 21, at 8.)

Aurora—With Ann Monoyios, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 21, at 9.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

André Emelianoff—*Cello, with Dawn Upshaw,* soprano; Michael Boriskin, piano; and Jonathan Haas, percussion. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)



Folger Consort—Performing vocal and instrumental music of Elizabethan and Jacobean England, with guest artists. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 22, at 8.)

Mannes College of Music—Presenting two programs of contemporary music, each performed by the Mannes Contemporary Ensemble and the Mannes Percussion Ensemble. (150 W. 85th St. Wednesday and Thursday, April 22-23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

Jan DeGaetani—Mezzo-soprano, with Gilbert Kalish, *piano.* (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

Clive Swansbourne—Playing Michael Tippett's Fourth Piano Sonata (New York première) and works by Beethoven and Bach. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, April 24, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Arleen Augér, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; Ben Holt, baritone; and Carla Bley, playing the piano for her new composition. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 24, at 8, and Sunday, April 26, at 5.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, April 25, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—With Bonnie Hampton, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 9.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Program—Pete Seeger, Betsy Norden, Peter, Paul & Mary, and the Robert DeCormier Singers will be among those honoring Mr. DeCormier at a concert for the New York Choral Society. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, April 23, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, for Shea Stadium 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—Yankees at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, April 15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Friday, April 17, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, April 18-19, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Detroit, Monday through Wednesday, April 20-22, at 7:30. . . . **Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday, April 24, at 7:35, and Saturday, April 25, at 1:35.

Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden:** Knicks vs. Washington Bullets, Friday, April 17, at 8:30. . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena:** Nets vs. Indiana Pacers, Saturday, April 18, at 7:30.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Sunday, April 19, at 1; through Monday, May 4.

Running—The Trevira Ten-Mile Twosome will start at ten-thirty on Saturday, April 25, in Central Park near the Tavern on the Green, and finish back at the same place.

Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway:** Nightly, except Sunday, April 19, at 8; through Sunday, May 3. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

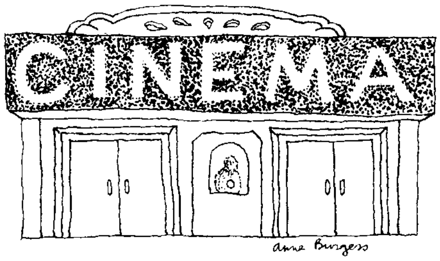
ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Joseph Brodsky reading from his own poetry, in Russian and English, and Adam Zagajewski reading from his own poetry, in Polish and English. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, April 20, at 8. For tickets, call 645-5848.) . . . ¶ Robert Stone and Russell Banks reading from their own prose. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, April 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Walking Tour—"Victorian Bastion: Brooklyn Heights," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, April 19, starting at the southeast corner of Joralemon and Court Streets, at 11. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 16: At 6, “In the Name of the Father” (1971; directed by Marco Bellocchio; in Italian); at 8, “The Connection” (1961; Shirley Clarke), with Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee, and Roscoe Lee Browne; and, at 10, “Perceval” (1978; Eric Rohmer; in French).
April 17: At 6, “Pickpocket” (1958; Robert Bresson; in French); at 8, “The Merchant of Four Seasons” (1971; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hans Hirschmuller; and, at 10, “Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000” (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau.
April 18-19: At 4, “The Lacemaker” (1977; Claude Goretta; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton; at 6, “Pickpocket;” at 8, “The Merchant of Four Seasons;” and, at 10, “Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000.”
April 21-23: At 6, “An Autumn Afternoon” (†); at 8, “The Spider’s Stratagem” (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian); and, at 10, “Peppermint Soda” (1979; Diane Kurys; in French).
From April 24: A program of over thirty film, video, and made-for-*TV* documentaries.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: “Angel Heart” (†).
Theatre 2: “Lethal Weapon” (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 3: Through April 16: “Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol” (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg. From April 17: “Hoosiers” (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
“Blind Date” (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
“Raising Arizona” (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: “The Secret of My Success” (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: “Radio Days” (†).
Theatre 3: “Platoon” (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 16: “Tin Men” (†).
From April 17: “Project X” (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
(Matinées only) “The Aristocats” (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) “Blue Velvet” (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 23: “Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol” (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
From April 24: “Extreme Prejudice” (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Powers Boothe.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through April 16: “Black Widow” (†).
From April 17: “Project X” (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
“Children of a Lesser God” (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 19: “Crocodile Dundee” (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. From April 20: Theatre temporarily closed.
Theatre 2: Through April 19: “Lethal Weapon” (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover. From April 20: Theatre temporarily closed.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through April 23: “Outrageous Fortune” (†). From April 24: “The Housekeeper” (Ousama Rawi), with Rita Tushingham.
Theatre 2: Through April 23: “Three for the Road” (B. W. L. Norton), with Charlie Sheen, Alan Ruck, and Kerri Green. From April 24: “Forever Lulu” (Amos Kollek), with Hanna Schygulla.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 19: “The Assault” (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch).
From April 20: “Lethal Weapon” (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: “Gothic” (Ken Russell).
Theatre 2: “Tin Men” (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: “The Secret of My Success” (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: “Blind Date” (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
“Raising Arizona” (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: “Radio Days” (†).
Theatre 2: “Platoon” (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
“A Room with a View” (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
“Making Mr. Right” (Susan Seidelman), with John Malkovich and Ann Magnuson.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
“Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol” (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: “Lethal Weapon” (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 2: Through April 23: “Burglar” (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg. From April 24: “Extreme Prejudice” (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Powers Boothe.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: “Angel Heart” (†).
Theatre 2: “The Secret of My Success” (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 16: “The Color of Money” (†).
From April 17: “Project X” (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: “Karen Blixen” (1953; directed by Nic. Lichtenberg; in Dutch), a short interview with Blixen; “Samuel Beckett: Silence to Silence” (1984; Sean O Mordha), a documentary; and “William Carlos Williams” (1986; Richard P. Rogers), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under “Revival Houses.”

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through April 16: “Working Girls” (Lizzie Borden). From April 17: “The Festival of Claymation,” a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton.
Theatre 2: Through April 16: “Animation Celebration,” a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries. From April 17: “Working Girls.”

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: “Raising Arizona” (†).
Theatre 2: “Tin Men” (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 16: “Some Kind of Wonderful” (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.
From April 17: “The Hanoi Hilton” (Lionel Chetwynd), with Michael Moriarty.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through April 16: “84 Charing Cross Road” (David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins. From April 17: “Crocodile Dundee” (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: “The Assault” (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 16: “Mona Lisa” (†). From April 17: “Wild Thing” (Max Reid).
Theatre 2: “Hollywood Shuffle” (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: “A Room with a View” (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 23: “Children of a Lesser God” (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin. From April 24: “The Housekeeper” (Ousama Rawi), with Rita Tushingham.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: “Making Mr. Right” (Susan Seidelman), with John Malkovich and Ann Magnuson.
Theatre 2: Through April 16: “Three for the Road” (B. W. L. Norton), with Charlie Sheen, Alan Ruck, and Kerri Green. From April 17: “Project X” (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) “The Aristocats” (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) “Outrageous Fortune” (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
“The Aristocats” (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 16: “Three for the Road” (B. W. L. Norton), with Charlie Sheen, Alan Ruck, and Kerri Green.
From April 17: Theatre temporarily closed.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
“Working Girls” (Lizzie Borden).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through April 16: “Radio Days” (†).
From April 17: “Heaven” (Diane Keaton).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through April 23: “Kangaroo” (†).
From April 24: “L’Année des Meduses” (Christopher Frank; in French).

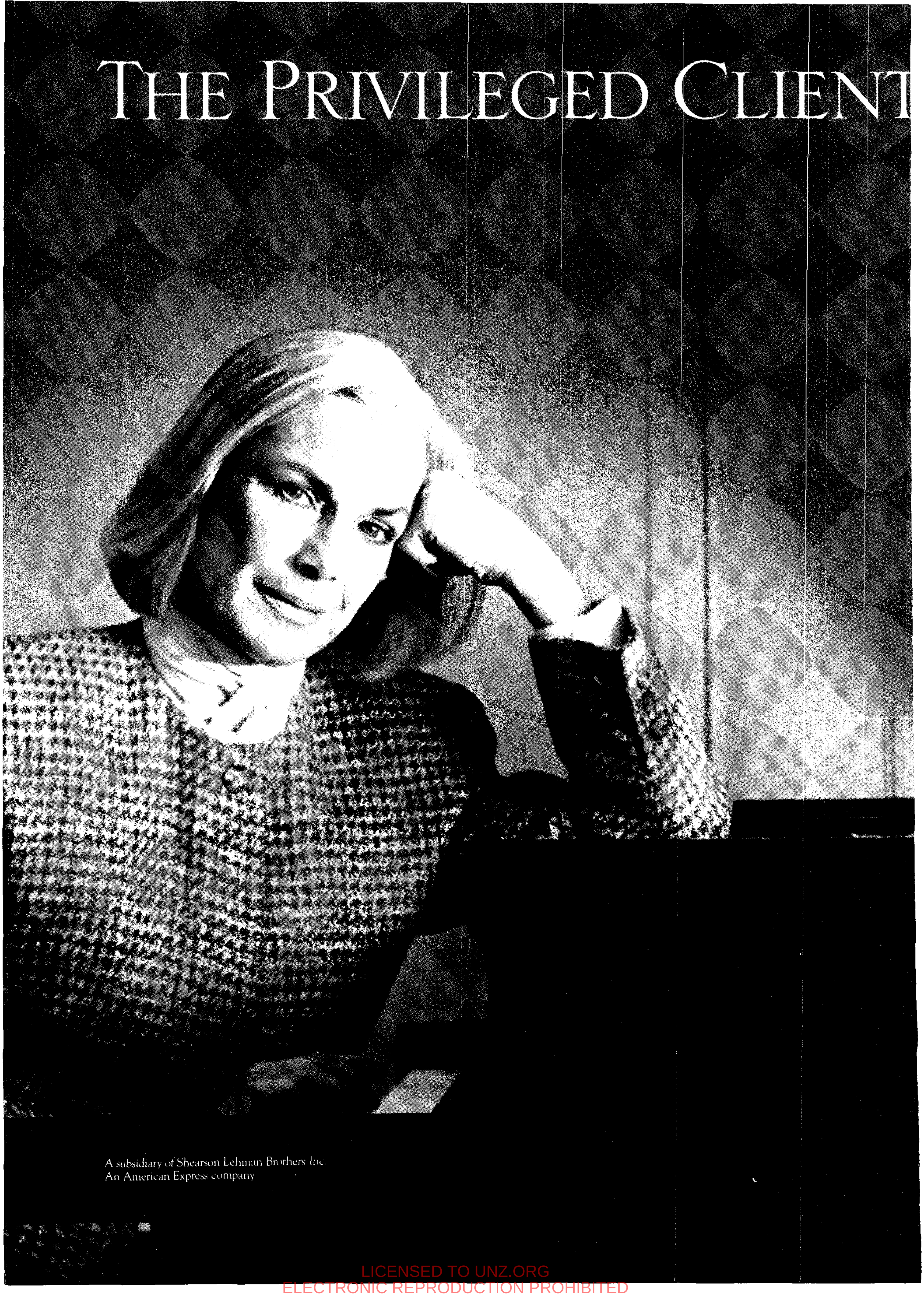
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
“Man Facing Southeast” (Eliseo Subiela; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

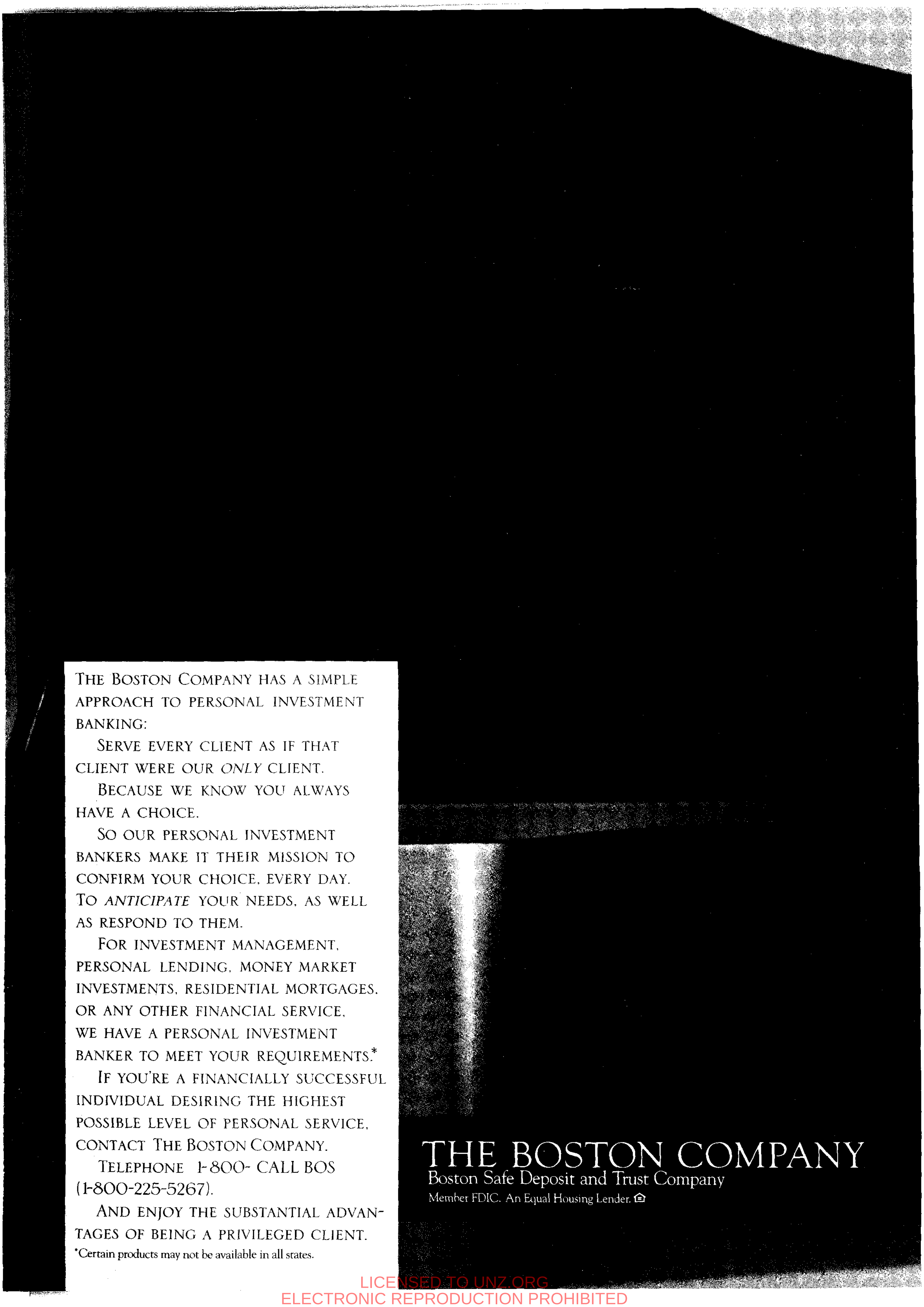
Loews Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
“Making Mr. Right” (Susan Seidelman), with John Malkovich and Ann Magnuson.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B’way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through April 16: “Scene of the Crime” (†). From April 17: “Prick Up Your Ears” (Stephen Frears).
Theatre 2: “Sorekara” (Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese).
Theatre 3: Through April 16: “Thérèse” (†). From April 17: “Prick Up Your Ears.”

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: “Law of Desire” (†).
Theatre 2: “Swimming to Cambodia” (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B’way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: “Raising Arizona” (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 21: “Outrageous Fortune” (†). From April 22: “Padre Nues-


THE PRIVILEGED CLIENT
A subsidiary of Shearson Lehman Brothers Inc.
An American Express company



The Boston Company has a simple approach to personal investment banking:

Serve every client as if that client were our *only* client.

Because we know you always have a choice.

So our personal investment bankers make it their mission to confirm your choice, every day. To *anticipate* your needs, as well as respond to them.

For investment management, personal lending, money market investments, residential mortgages, or any other financial service, we have a personal investment banker to meet your requirements.*

If you're a financially successful individual desiring the highest possible level of personal service, contact The Boston Company.

Telephone 1-800- CALL BOS (1-800-225-5267).

And enjoy the substantial advantages of being a privileged client.

*Certain products may not be available in all states.

THE BOSTON COMPANY
Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company
Member FDIC. An Equal Housing Lender.

tro" (Francisco Regueiro; in Spanish), with Fernando Rey and Francisco Rabal.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Tin Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Secret of My Success" (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.
Theatre 3: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 4: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 5: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 6: "Blind Date" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Radio Days" (†). From April 17: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Secret of My Success" (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
Theatre 3: Through April 16: "Outrageous Fortune" (†). From April 17: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 16: "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From April 17: (Matinées only) "The Aristocats;" and (evenings only) "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (directed by Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson. From April 17: "Project X" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 4: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 6: "Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn" (Sam Raimi).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Tin Men" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through April 23: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell). From April 24: "My Demon Lover" (Charles Loventhal).
Theatre 3: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 4: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Secret of My Success" (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
"The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through April 19: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg. From April 20: Theatre temporarily closed.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Theatre 2: Through April 19: "Blind Date" (†). From April 20: Theatre temporarily closed.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through April 16: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin. From April 17: "Silent Night, Deadly Night, Part 2."
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 16: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
April 17-18: "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.
April 19: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Fidelio" (1951).
April 20-21: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken.
April 22-23: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.
April 24-25: "Witness" (1985; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis, Josef Sommer, and Jan Rubeš; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford), with Edward Woodward.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
April 15: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni).
April 16: "Forty Guns" (1958; Sam Fuller), with Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan; and "Ride the High Country" (1962; Sam Peckinpah), with Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott, and Mariette Hartley.
April 17-18: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Long Goodbye" (1973; Robert Altman), with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell.
April 19-20: "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.
April 21-22: "Bonjour Tristesse" (1958; Otto Preminger), with Deborah Kerr, David Niven, and Jean Seberg; and "Bhowani Junction" (1956; George Cukor), with Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and Bill Travers.
April 23: "Some Came Running" (1959; Vincente Minnelli), with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, and Martha Hyer; and "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, and Orson Welles.
April 24-25: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964 †) and "Lola" (1962 †).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 16: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972; Woody Allen), with Allen.
April 17-18: "Sleeper" (1973) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
April 19-20: "The Kid" (†); "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "Shoulder Arms" (1918; Charlie Chaplin; a short silent film), with Chaplin, Edna Purviance, and Sydney Chaplin.
April 21: "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and two Chaplin short silent films—"The Rounders" (1914) and "Behind the Screen" (1916).
April 22: "A King in New York" (†); and three Chaplin short silent films—"The Pawnshop" (1916), "A Night in the Show" (1915), and "The Adventurer" (1917).
April 23-25: "Modern Times" (†); and four Chaplin short silent films—"One A.M." (1916), "The Immigrant" (1917), "The Rink" (1916), and "Making a Living" (1914).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
April 15: "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers; and "Shock Corridor" (1963; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best.
April 16: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones); and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
April 17-18: "Ménage" (1986; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou; and "Femmes Fatales" (1976; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Rochefort, Bernard Blier, and Brigitte Fossey.
April 19: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell; and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray.
April 20: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.
April 21: "College Confidential" (1960; Albert Zugsmith), with Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows, and Mamie Van Doren; "Let's Rock!" (1958; Harry Foster), with Julius La Rosa, Phyllis Newman, and Conrad Janis; and "Hey Boy! Hey Girl!" (1959; David Lowell Rich), with Louis Prima and Keely Smith.
April 22: "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "I Live in Fear" (1955; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
April 23: "Pee-wee's Big Adventure" (1985; Tim Burton), with Pee-wee Herman; and "Repo Man" (1984; Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.
April 24: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982; Alan Parker); and "Invitation au Voyage" (1983; Peter Del Monte; in French).
April 25: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
April 15: "Plan 9 from Outer Space" (1956; Edward D. Wood, Jr.), with Bela Lugosi; and "Maniac" (1981; William Lustig), with Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro.
April 16: "Caprice" (1967; Frank Tashlin), with Doris Day and Richard Harris; and "It's Only Money" (1962; Frank Tashlin),

with Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott, and Joan O'Brien.

April 17-18: "Remember My Name" (1979; Alan Rudolph), with Geraldine Chaplin, Anthony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; and "Choose Me" (1984; Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren.

April 19: "Beethoven" (1936; Abel Gance; in French), with Harry Bauer; and "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; in French), with Victor Francen, Jean-Max, and Renée Devillers.

April 20: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "A Place in the Sun" (†).

April 21: "Tabu" (1931; Robert Flaherty and F. W. Murnau; a silent film); and "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck.

April 22: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

April 23: "Love Happy" (1950; David Miller), with the Marx Brothers; and "Variety Girl" (1947; George Marshall), with Mary Hatcher, Olga San Juan, and William Demarest.

April 24-25: "Link" (1986; Richard Franklin), with Terence Stamp and Elisabeth Shue; and "Quest for Fire" (1982; Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Everett McGill.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 15: "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.

April 16: "The Spiders" (1919; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.

April 17-18: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

April 19: "This Gun for Hire" (1942; Frank Tuttle), with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, and Laird Cregar; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

April 20: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (†).

April 21: "Secret Six" (1931; George Hill), with Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow; and "Saratoga" (1937; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable.

April 22: "The Shopworn Angel" (†); and "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart.

April 23: "Moss Rose" (1947; Gregory Ratoff), with Victor Mature and Peggy Cummins; and "None but the Lonely Heart" (1944; Clifford Odets), with Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald.

April 24-25: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

theatre 1: April 16 at 2:30 and 6: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948; directed by Max Ophuls), with Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan. . . . ¶ April 20 at 2:30: "Salesman" (1969; David and Albert Maysles), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 20 at 6: "Grey Gardens" (1974; David Maysles, Albert Maysles, Ellen Hovde, and Muffie Meyer), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 23 at 7: "The Yoke" (1959; Oscar Torres), "The Bridge" (1954; Amilcar Tirado), and "Brainless John" (1959; Luis Maisonet), all films in Spanish, with no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 24 at 2:30 and 6: "Fort Apache" (1948; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, John Wayne, and Shirley Temple. . . . ¶ April 25 at 2: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935; Frank Lloyd), with Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ April 25 at 5: "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood" (1959; William Corrigan), a kinescope of a television special.

theatre 2: April 16 at 3 and 6:30: "A Weave of Time" (1986; Susan Fanshel), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 17 at 3: "The Banquet" (1981; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 17 at 6:30: "Lost Illusions" (1982; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles), with Gábor Máté. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2:30: "The Long Distance Runner" (1968; Gyula Gazdag), "Happy New Year" (1974; Gyula Gazdag and Elemér Ragályi), and "Selection" (1970; Gyula Gazdag), all films in Hungarian, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 18 at 5:30 and April 19 at 2:30: "The Resolution" (1972; Gyula Gazdag and Judit Ember; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 19 at 5:30: "The Long Distance Runner," "Happy New Year," and "Selection." . . . ¶ April 20 at 3 and 6:30: "Swap" (1977; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 21 at 3: "Lost Illusions." . . . ¶ April 21 at 6:30: "The Banquet." . . . ¶ April 23 at 3 and 6:30: "Tigertown" (1985; David Rosenberg) and "Burley: Growing Tobacco in America" (1985; Robby Henson and Doron Sclair), both documentaries.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—April 17 at 7:30: "Night in China" (1940; Osamu Fushimizu; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kazuo Hasegawa. . . . ¶ April 24 at 7:30: "Wild Geese" (1953; Shiro Toyoda; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

Angel Heart—There's no way to separate the occult from the incomprehensible in this Alan Parker film set in 1955. Mickey Rourke plays a private eye who is hired by a mysterious client (Robert De Niro) to search for information about a crooner of the prewar era who has disappeared. Rourke searches in the murkiest holes in America—New Orleans is almost as dim as the New York slums. Every place Rourke goes is artfully arranged to be scuzzy, and *he's* scuzzy, although women don't seem to mind. He has a cajoling, intimate manner with Elizabeth Whitcraft as a ready-for-action blonde, with Charlotte Rampling as a sullen psychic, and, especially, with the screen's newest sexpot, Lisa Bonet, as a teen-age Mambo priestess who has a penchant for smearing herself with chicken blood. This is a lavishly sombre piece of hokum—funereal and loony. Parker broods while serving up slit throats, bodies with hearts cut out (and placed nearby for your delectation), a man plunged face down in a vat of scalding gumbo, chickens being drained in voodoo rites, and assorted solemn mutilations. And it all looks fussed over. Parker simply doesn't have the gift of making evil seductive, and he edits like a flasher. With Brownie McGhee, Michael Higgins, and Stocker Fontelieu in the vat. Parker wrote the screenplay, based on William Hjortsberg's "Falling Angel." Cinematography by Michael Seresin; music by Trevor Jones. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/87.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Orpheum, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting April 17.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now-marriageable daughter, who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. —P.G. (Public Theatre; April 21-23, at 6.)

Black Widow—With Debra Winger and Theresa Russell, directed by Bob Rafelson. (2/23/87) (Gotham Cinema; through April 16.)

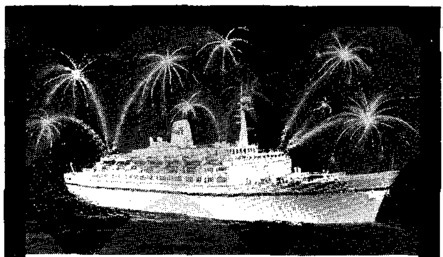
Blind Date—Blake Edwards' latest is a mixture of heartless, anything-for-a-gag slapstick, which is the director's specialty, and romantic comedy, which isn't. The screenplay, by Dale Launer ("Ruthless People"), is like something left over from the fifties: Bruce Willis, of TV's "Moonlighting," plays a bachelor businessman eager to impress his boss, and Kim Basinger is the sexy blind date who turns his big business dinner into a shambles. Edwards' set pieces, from the frenetic dinner scene to that screwball-comedy staple the lavish wedding that doesn't come off, aren't snappy enough to make up for the lack of any romantic feeling in the two leads. Willis seems game but self-absorbed (probably because the role doesn't allow him to use the charming/obnoxious frat-boy shtick that's made him popular) and Basinger is blurry: the way Edwards directs her, we never even get a good look at her face. The movie plods along with a jokey but dispirited air, like a sketch on a Bob Hope special. When things get slow, somebody falls into the pool. With John Larroquette, William Daniels, and George Coe.—T.R. (New Gramercy, Gemini, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. National Twin; through April 19.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (Eastside Cinema. Evenings only.)

The Color of Money—With Paul Newman, Tom Cruise, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Helen Shaver; directed by Martin Scorsese. (11/3/86) (86th St. East; through April 16.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Louis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid required to read Huysmans to her old, persnickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French.—P.G. (Film Forum 2; April 24-25.)

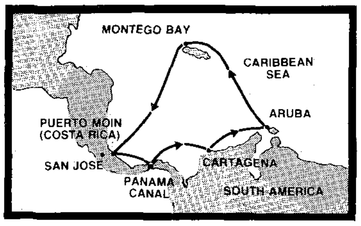
Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—Eisenstein's two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny is obviously a magnificent work and it imposes its style on the viewer, but as a movie it's static, grandiose, and frequently ludicrous, with elaborately angled, overcomposed photography, and overwrought, eyeball-rolling performers. In "Part I," released in 1945, Ivan is crowned, and then, because of the opposition of the boyars (or nobles) who, among their evil deeds, poison his wife, he is forced to abdicate. "Part II,"



DISCOVER A NEW STAR IN THE CARIBBEAN

Unique one-week Regent Star Panama Canal Cruises

Here's a new 7-day itinerary that can only be imitated by longer, more expensive cruises. You'll visit the Southern Caribbean and South America plus experience a dramatic journey through the Gatun Locks of the historic Panama Canal. And, for the first time, visit beautiful Costa Rica, known as the "Switzerland of the Americas."



European Service & Cuisine

Cruise on the newest addition to our fleet, the gracious M/V REGENT STAR, a 24,500-ton cruise ship. Enjoy fine continental cuisine and the attentive service of our European-trained staff.

Fly Free

We offer convenient Sunday departures from Montego Bay with free air from 12 U.S. gateway cities and low cost air add-ons from 58 others. Prices begin at $985 per person, double occupancy, and depend on date of departure. Ship's Registry: Bahamas. For reservations and more information, see your travel agent or contact Regency Cruises, 260 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10016; 212-972-4774.

Please send me a free 20 page color brochure on the Regent Star's unique one week Panama Canal/Caribbean cruises.

Name________________

Address________________

NY420

REGENCY CRUISES

great places. great ships. great company.

which Eisenstein called "The Boyars' Plot," was his last film. Made in 1945-46, censured by the Central Committee and suppressed, it was not released until five years after Stalin's death (the director, still in disgrace, had died in 1948). In "Part II," the boyars strike again. Ivan has been restored to power with the help of "the people" but, under the leadership of Ivan's ratty old aunt Efrosinia, who hopes to put her (crazy? homosexual? both?) son on the throne, the boyars plot to assassinate Ivan. He outwits them and destroys their power in a big, bloody purge. The conflict in Ivan is between the good man dedicated to the welfare of his people and the power-mad despot (and, given when it was made, it's easy to see a parallel to Stalin). With Nikolai Cherkassov as Ivan. Music by Prokofiev; cinematography by Edward Tisse, assisted by Andrei Moskvin on "Part II." In Russian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 20.)

Kangaroo—In this ponderous adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's semi-autobiographical 1923 novel set in Australia, director Tim Burstall seems to have put more energy into photographing the wild landscapes than into shaping the equally undisciplined dramatic material. (Lawrence is said to have written the book in just five weeks.) The hero, a self-exiled English novelist named Richard Somers (Colin Friels), disillusioned with Europe, finds in the masculine frontier society of Australia some sweaty, two-fisted embodiments of his ideals of male comradeship: fiery Socialists and muscular Fascists woo him, and he flirts shamelessly with both. The film doesn't do justice to either the drama or the comedy of Somers' situation. Burstall often cuts off scenes before the characters' ideas are clear, and Friels gives a bafflingly passive performance—he never manages to fuse Somers' foolishness and his intelligence into a single forceful personality. The radiant Judy Davis, as the writer's German-born wife, animates her scenes with her passionate, skeptical presence. With John Walton, Julie Nihill, and Hugh Keays-Byrne, hammy and uncharismatic as the Fascist leader Kangaroo.—T.R. (Paris; through April 23.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the baby to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. (Regency; April 19-20.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the saddest (and worst) movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Regency; April 22.)

Law of Desire—Directed by Pedro Almodóvar. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

Lola (1962)—This first film by Jacques Demy is like an adolescent's dream of romance, formed from old movies. Lola (Anouk Aimée), an untalented and not too bright cabaret dancer, is simple and open, a vulnerable, sentimental girl. The film gives us life rose-tinted—a lovely, quirky mixture of French-movie worldliness circa 1939 and the innocent cheerfulness of the Gene Kelly-Frank Sinatra M-G-M musicals of the forties. Characters suddenly get rich or are stranded on an island, and Lola's dreams come true—and not just her dreams but her illusions. This is a poetic world in which illusions are vindicated. Lola, abandoned by her sailor lover, brings up their son in the best sentimental, goodhearted-bad-girl movie tradition, believing all the time that her man will return, and, because she sustains her faith in this illusion, he does return, fabulously rich and still in love with her, and they drive off into a bright future as the other cabaret girls weep in unison at the soul-satisfying beauty of it all. With Marc Michel and Elina Labourdette; cinematography by Raoul Coutard; score by Michel Legrand. In French. (Film Forum 2; April 24-25.)

Modern Times (1936)—Influenced by René Clair's "À Nous la Liberté," Charlie Chaplin opens this film with a satire on the dehumanizing effects of technology, but Chaplin is far more basic and sadistic than Clair. As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental timesaving contraption. After a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women. The picture is about the social disorders of the thirties, and there are clashes between the unemployed and the police, and a gag about a Communist demonstration, yet it's one of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. This picture doesn't pull at your heartstrings—it has the spirit of a good vaudeville show, and the tramp doesn't lose out at the end. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, who also takes credit for the music. (Regency; April 23-25.)

Mona Lisa—With Bob Hoskins, Cathy Tyson, and Michael Caine; directed by Neil Jordan. (6/16/86) (Quad Cinema; through April 16.)

Outrageous Fortune—Two young New York actresses of contrasting types—Shelley Long is a lofty ditz and Bette Midler is a vulgarian-sexpot Kewpie doll—discover they've been sharing a lover (Peter Coyote). When he disappears, they chase him across the country to the cliffs and mesas of New Mexico, becoming friends along the way. Near the start, there are a few snappers for Midler, and she gets to shoot some wonderful derisive looks at Long. Though the gags aren't fresh, the screenwriter, Leslie Dixon, knows how to construct them. But with Arthur Hiller directing much of the dialogue turns into squawking, and the movie is flattened out and rackety, with Midler doing her damnedest to pump sass and energy into it. Peter Coyote gives a polished and wily performance in the first section, before he gets lost in the noise; also with Robert Prosky, George Carlin, Florence Stanley, John Schuck, Ji-Tu Cumbuka, and Jerry Zaks. (2/23/87) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad. Evenings only starting April 17. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through April 21. . . . ¶ Baronet; through April 23.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," updated to the fifties, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon. The hero's jilted working-class girlfriend is not allowed even to be attractive. Shelley Winters makes the victim so horrifyingly, naggingly pathetic that when Clift thinks of killing her he hardly seems to be contemplating a crime; it's more like euthanasia. But whatever one's reservations about this famous film, it *is* impressive, and in the love scene between Taylor and Clift physical desire seems palpable. With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. (Thalia SoHo; April 20.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Radio Days—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ New Carnegie, and Metro Cinema; through April 16.)

Raising Arizona—With Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter, directed by Joel Coen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (68th St. Playhouse, and Quad Cinema.)

Scene of the Crime—This moody provincial soap opera with thriller convolutions is largely an exercise in style by the gifted director André Téchiné ("French Provincial")—but it's a dazzling style, and there's real feeling in it. Catherine Deneuve, in perhaps her warmest and most skillful performance, plays a divorced country woman who falls in love with a young escaped convict (Wadeck Stanczak). As anyone who's ever seen a Jean Gabin melodrama from the thirties will know immediately, their affair is doomed—undone by fate, society, etc. (Deneuve's bourgeois parents, her son, her ex-husband, and the convict's jealous girlfriend are all on hand to contribute to the lovers' downfall.) The fatalistic mood is familiar, the plot is absurdly intricate, yet Téchiné's direction—mixing self-conscious homage to old movies with unself-conscious love of the landscape and the characters—gives the movie an unsettling and seductive pull, as if some strange new form of romanticism were struggling into being. With Danielle Darrieux, Nicolas Giraudi, and Claire Nebout. Screenplay by Téchiné, Pascal Bonitzer, and Olivier Assayas. Cinematography by Pascal Marti. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza; through April 16.)

The Shopworn Angel (1938)—Margaret Sullavan manages to be poetically believable in the outdated role of the cynical, chain-smoking Broadway actress who is so touched by the adoration of an innocent soldier (James Stewart) that she marries him before he goes off to war. There are too many shots of Stewart, in doughboy uniform, looking yearningly at her, and her character reformation pulls the movie down, but Sullavan and Stewart always had a special rapport—a tenderness that seemed to allow for her hard edges and conflicts. Directed by H. C. Potter, who creates the right sort of romantic atmosphere. With Walter Pidgeon, Hattie McDaniel, and Sam Levene. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 22.)

Swimming to Cambodia—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences during three consecutive evenings (and one day) in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. The result is an apotheosis of Gray, who calls himself a "poetic reporter." (He gives you old news as if it were the subject of an investigative report; it's new to him.) Cagey in his use of his naïveté, Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." Some of his material (his firsthand observations, his voice mimicry) is legitimately effective. But the high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension—his words come faster, his voice gets louder. He thinks like an actor; he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Therese—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. But Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is so measured that after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French. (1/26/87) (Lincoln Plaza; through April 16.)

Tin Men—Written and directed by Barry Levinson, this movie about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore in 1963 (the year that the state cracked down on their bunco games) is a middle-aged echo of his 1982 film "Diner." He's making essentially the same point—that guys relate better to guys than they do to girls. His basic theme here is the stunted imaginative life of the businessman who hangs out at the racetrack because he can feel good about himself when he's joking with his business pals. (The men's get-togethers are a form of consciousness-lowering.) The picture centers on a feud between two strutting tin men—Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito—who work for different outfits, and on Dreyfuss's trying to score off DeVito by seducing his wife (Barbara Hershey). The salesmen's scams are entertaining, but their spritzing is too tame, and the action is prolonged with limp, wavering scenes. Levinson wants to be on the humane side of every issue. The best work is done by the supporting players. Dreyfuss's sales team includes John Mahoney as his partner, and Seymour Cassel, Matt Craven, Richard Portnow, Alan Blumenfeld, and Michael Tucker as the boss. DeVito's team includes Jackie Gayle as his partner, and Stanley Brock, Bruno Kirby, and J. T. Walsh as the boss. (4/6/87) (Cinema II, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through April 16.)

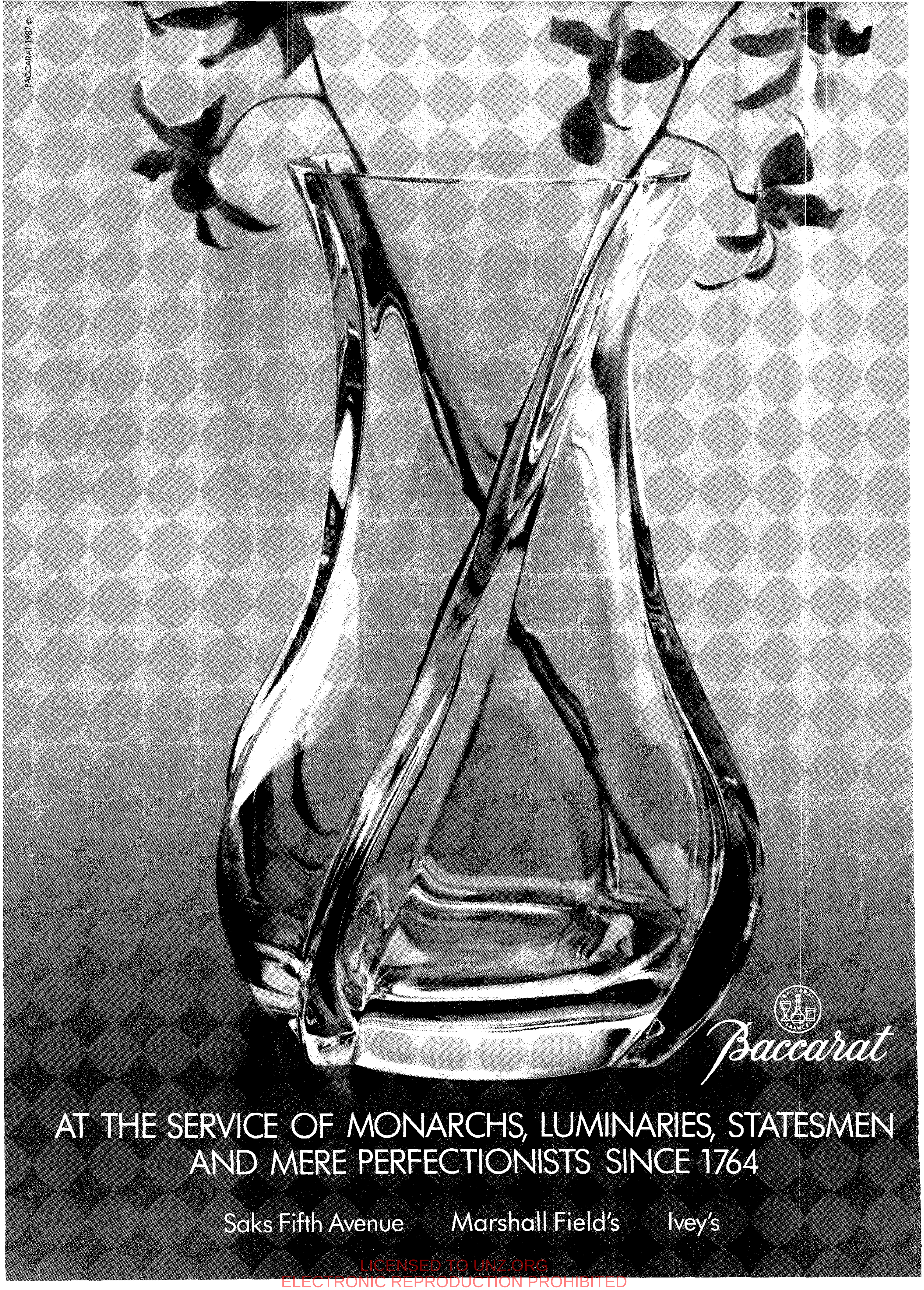
From our workrooms

We offer a comprehensive selection of lightweight sport jackets in silk, silk-wool and silk-wool-linen. Each is tailored in our own workrooms of cloths woven exclusively for us in England. In all, an excellent choice for warm weather. $355

Prices slightly higher from Denver west

Use your Brooks Brothers card, American Express, Diners Club, MasterCard or Visa

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Furnishings for Men, Women & Boys
346 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



BACCARAT 1987 ©

Baccarat

AT THE SERVICE OF MONARCHS, LUMINARIES, STATESMEN
AND MERE PERFECTIONISTS SINCE 1764

Saks Fifth Avenue Marshall Field's Ivey's

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FROM a writer friend:

You could watch the fight (if you watch fights) at about a hundred different places around town—everywhere from the Harlem Movie Center, on West 125th Street (where a seat cost twenty-five dollars), to the old Latin Quarter (where a hundred and twenty-five dollars bought a seat and a buffet dinner, too) or Maxwell's Plum (where dinner and the fight cost two hundred dollars). An earnest student of popular culture might point out that this multiplication of sites reflects the disappearance of authentic public events in the city—that in just forty years we have gone from championship fights held outdoors at stadiums, where all the classes of the city showed up and had to confront and accommodate each other, to championship-fight broadcasts over closed-circuit TV at the big arenas, where the spectacle itself may have been at a distant remove but, at least, the audience still represented the city's diversity, and on to championship fights shown in restaurants. Now we can all watch a big fight in a place where not only won't we encounter anyone who isn't of our own class but we won't encounter anyone who isn't of our particular *subdivision* of that class. A performance artist or an East Village painter who happens to like fights, for instance, can simply choose to watch at the Palladium, among other performance artists and East Village painters.

I watched the fight at Town Hall, in part because it was a place I know well, and in part because I suspected that it would be a likely gathering place for the more high-minded kind of fight fan, and I might therefore be able to borrow some material: steal a hot metaphor while looking over Norman Mailer's shoulder or lift a pungent simile from Joyce Carol Oates. Inside Town Hall, though, it was impossible to tell whether there were any writers around or not. The auditorium was illuminated only by the depressingly familiar blue-white light of the giant screen. I had somehow overlooked that what we were really doing was assembling to *watch television.* The image on the screen was fuzzy, and, for some reason, when the fight started the boxers were outlined with a kind of prismatic aureole, so that they had the look of lunging ectoplasm. (Ah, there, Joyce Carol.)

As my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, I began to talk to the people in the rows around me. Not only were they not writers but many of them had never before been either to Town Hall or to a championship fight. We may live in a culture of spectacle, where many of us are willing to shell out forty dollars to watch a highly publicized event on television, but it turns out that we no longer have much of a living, ongoing pugilistic culture. We no longer really know or care a lot about fights, and we don't get much practice in acting like fight fans—the way we can still practice being baseball or hockey fans. At Town Hall, we were all watching a championship fight and at the same time gallantly trying to learn how to behave like a championship-fight crowd.

"Now, uh, Sugar Ray is like a *cat,*" the guy on my right was explaining to his date, "whereas Hagler is, uh, more of a puncher."

"They're scoring with the ten-point-must system," the man behind me explained to *his* date, "which means that the referee must award a total of ten points all told to the fighters in each round—seven-three, six-four, five-five, and so on. That's why they call it the ten-point-*must* system." This seemed about right, and we all grunted in affirmation, but I found out the next morning that it's as wrong as can be. (The ten-point-must system means that the winner of each round must get ten points, while the loser gets less.)

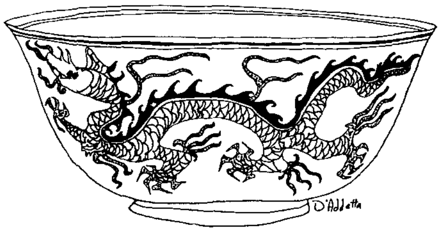
"It's a classic big-guy-little-guy matchup," someone to my left said tentatively. "Hagler's got the height and reach, but Leonard's got the quickness."

Now, it happened that, by rigorous study of that day's *Post,* I had discovered that Leonard is in fact taller than Hagler. So I pointed that out, and went on to point out (I had picked this up in the *Post,* too) that Leonard's problem would be the additional pounds he had had to put on to move up in weight class, and that he would need a lucky early knockdown or a cut on Hagler's much-scarred brows to have any chance at all. The whole row listened in respectful silence. That every word of this forecast turned out to be the direct reverse of what actually happened does not alter my pride in the moment. For half a minute in my life, I was the Smart Money at a big fight.

"Well, anyway," someone in the row said, "you know what they say. It's not how big the dog is, it's how big the fight is, uh, when the dog . . ."

"Not the *size* of the dog but the fight in the dog," a friend said, trying to help out. It took us about a minute—hunting in a pack, like Pygmies after an elephant—to chase down the cliché and drop it to the ground.

Hagler started out as the crowd's



favorite, but after Leonard's success in the early rounds the fans turned around—turned on a dime—and began to shout insults at Marvelous Marvin's televised image. I was taken aback by this impassioned fickleness, but also found it vaguely familiar. Then I realized where else I had seen heartfelt support turn to jeering disdain at the first sign of possible failure. Town Hall was obviously where all the Yankee fans had come to watch the fight.

After seven rounds, one of my new friends asked the rest of us how we had the fight—how we had scored it so far. I hadn't been scoring the fight properly, with pencil and paper, but I totted it up quickly in my head and made a vague stab. "I've got it five-two Leonard," I said.

"Yeah?" said the man who had asked. "I've got it five-two Leonard, too." The guy next to him also had it five-two Leonard. We looked at each other with the startled pleasure of a garage band that has just hit a G chord in unison.

By now, everybody knows what happened, and a lot of people who didn't see the fight have questioned the justice of the judges' taking Hagler's title away, against boxing custom, in a split decision. But the feeling among us at Town Hall, even those who remained Hagler supporters, was that justice had indeed been served. Leonard had clearly won on the letter of the law—he had landed more punches and dominated more rounds. Hagler, on the other hand, clearly had precedent on his side: a champion shouldn't ever lose his title in a close decision, because this ultimately devalues the championship. But natural justice suggested that this particular case somehow wasn't covered by the precedent—that if a champion retires as champion, as Leonard did, and chooses to return after a long layoff, and *then* wins according to the letter of the law, the spirit of the law demands that he should be champion once again. I think that all of us, as we left Town Hall, felt this but had a hard time articulating it, and so most of us hung around outside the theatre for a while trying to explain it to each other.

An exceptionally handsome older man held forth to a little circle that had gathered around him. "Now, Sugar was doing a lot of showboating, it's true," he said. "But, still, with all the showboating, he was landing the majority of the punches. Now, the punches weren't hurting Marvin any, while Marvin's punches *were* hurting Sugar, but not enough to keep him from showboating. So while Marvin was winning the fighting there wasn't enough fighting for Marvin to win the *contest*." That about summed it up, I thought, and I told him I agreed with him. "I'm in show business," he volunteered unexpectedly. "I'm up for the lead in the Nat King Cole story, and I'm going out to California for the screen test." He really did look a lot like Nat King Cole, and I hope he gets the part.

I had to walk to Grand Central to find a taxi, and while I walked I began to realize that I enjoy talking about fights more than I enjoy watching them. As luck would have it, my cabby had grown up in Brockton, Massachusetts, home both of Hagler and of Rocky Marciano, and he participated in the Golden Gloves about the same time as Hagler. In one sentence, I told him what had happened—Leonard by a split decision—and he immediately offered an exegesis of the entire match, like an archeologist reconstructing a temple on the basis of two fragments of marble. Oddly, he didn't seem the least bit disappointed at having missed the fight. "They want a rematch, and this is the only way to get one," he said. "If Leonard loses, it's all over. Marvin will be depressed and angry tomorrow, but not because he lost the fight. He's just tired. Do you realize how old he is? I know the guys who came up in the Gloves with Marvin. Johnny Desmond, he's one, just turned thirty-nine, and John Desmond—this is the *other* Johnny Desmond—just turned forty. These were the guys Marvin came up with. Marvin is *old*, and his body hurts, and that's the only reason he'll talk like he's angry. He wishes he didn't have to fight anymore, but he will."

I have no idea whether he knew what he was talking about, but even if it was all fantasy it was the right kind of fantasy. It *sounded* right. I was glad that there was at least one real fight fan left in New York.

• •

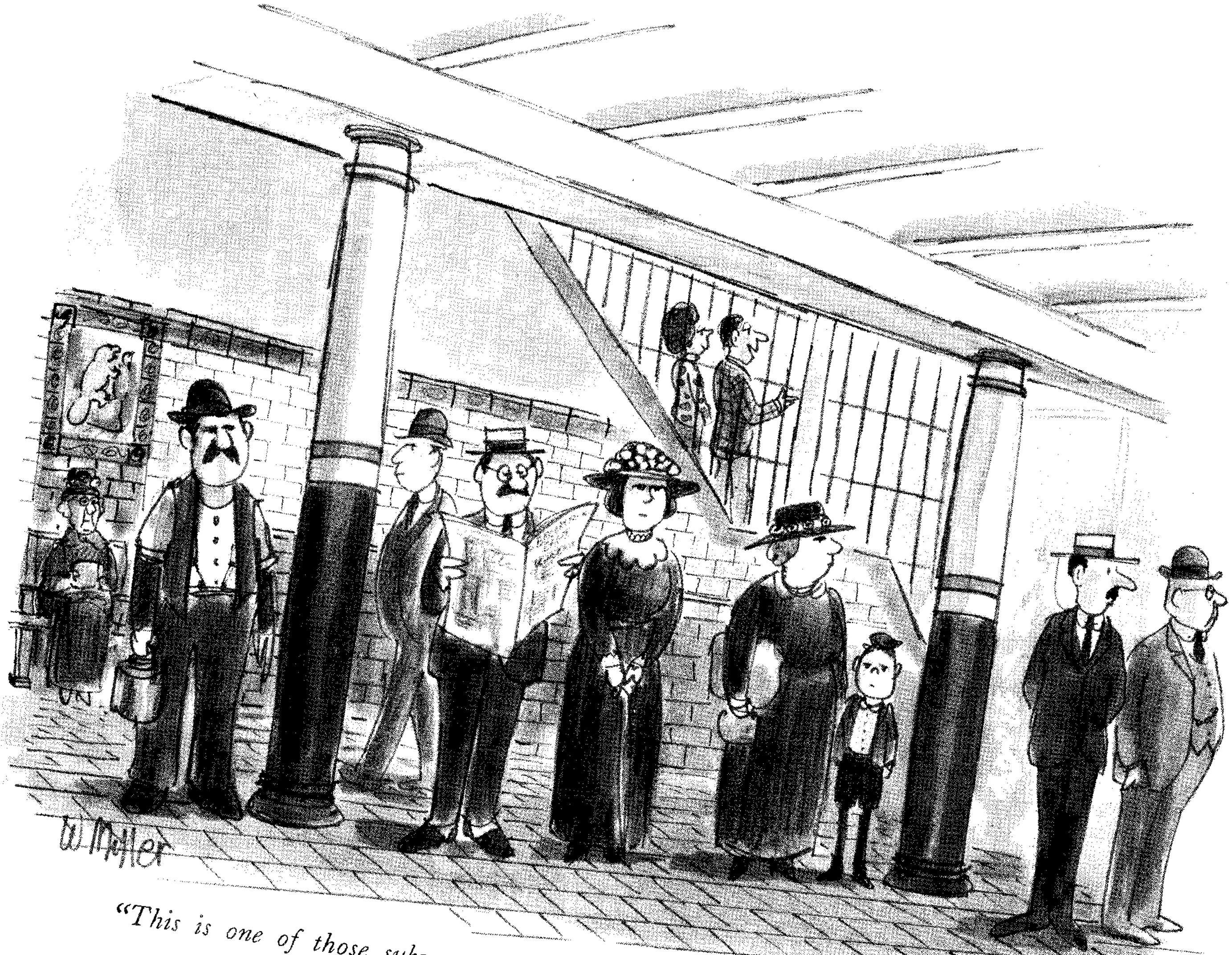
Balloons

On Monday, April 6th, at 10 A.M., it was drizzling at 74 degrees west longitude, 41 degrees north latitude—a falling mist of a drizzle with a high ceiling that was subtly varied and mottled, like a Florentine stucco wall. Seventy-four degrees west longitude, 41 degrees north latitude is the site of (among other things) P.S. 41, an elementary school in Manhattan that also likes to call itself the Greenwich Village School. April 6th was the first day of National Science and Technology Week, and the drizzle meant that plans for kicking off this special week had to be changed. The speeches would be in the auditorium. Then Miss Boriotti, the assistant principal, would check to see if it had started to rain seriously, and if it hadn't the school would troop out into the schoolyard to release eight hundred balloons (one per child) into the skies of Greenwich Village. The school would be doing this along with five hundred and ninety-nine other schools across the country, as part of the Triangle Coalition National Balloon Launch—1987. A quarter of a million balloons would be launched, each with a card attached bearing the name of a child and the school, and the address of the American Geological Institute, to which any finder could mail the card postage-free. The institute would return the card to the school of origin, thus providing material for discussions on, as the message from the Triangle Coalition put it, "weather, winds aloft, properties of helium, the uses of latitude and longitude to identify places on the surface of the earth, and how to predict possible recovery sites of balloons."

In the auditorium, Lawrence Maltz, who had been introduced as a member of the Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics and the British Interplanetary Society and a computer specialist to boot, told the children that the big industries, such as steel, had been succeeded by industries manufacturing small technological devices like lasers, and said, "America must keep her place. Japanese children have far more science and math than you do." From the rear of the auditorium, the children's heads, some of them just barely showing over the backs of the auditorium chairs, looked like a piebald hummocky field. Large bunches of balloons—red, pink, white, blue, and yellow, each with a pink card attached to its string—floated at intervals above them. "The first satellite was called Sputnik," Mr. Maltz said. "What country launched it? Was it the United States?"

"Russia," said a faint voice somewhere in the audience.

"And who was the first man in space?" asked Mr. Maltz.



"*This is one of those subway stations they've restored to their original state.*"

"Yuri Gagarin" came the answer.

"And what country did he come from?"

"Russia."

Our view of Mr. Maltz was partly obscured by balloons, but he gave the impression of caring passionately about his subject. "Eventually, we began to catch up," he said. "We sent probes to Mars and Venus, and then we sent our own man into space. Who was the first American in space?"

"John Glenn" came the answer. We couldn't tell if it was the same child who knew all these answers.

"John Kennedy set the tone, and the American space program blasted forward," Mr. Maltz said. "Then came the space shuttle. Some people were not in favor of that, because it meant giving up our large rockets, but the program was successful until the terrible failure of the Challenger. There will always be risks. No matter how many accidents there are, we must keep on. We must go back to the moon. . . . We must have a space station. . . . And we could develop a space plane. We should have a man landing on Mars. And we should set our next goal, which is reaching for the stars. The survival of the human race may well depend upon our reaching the stars."

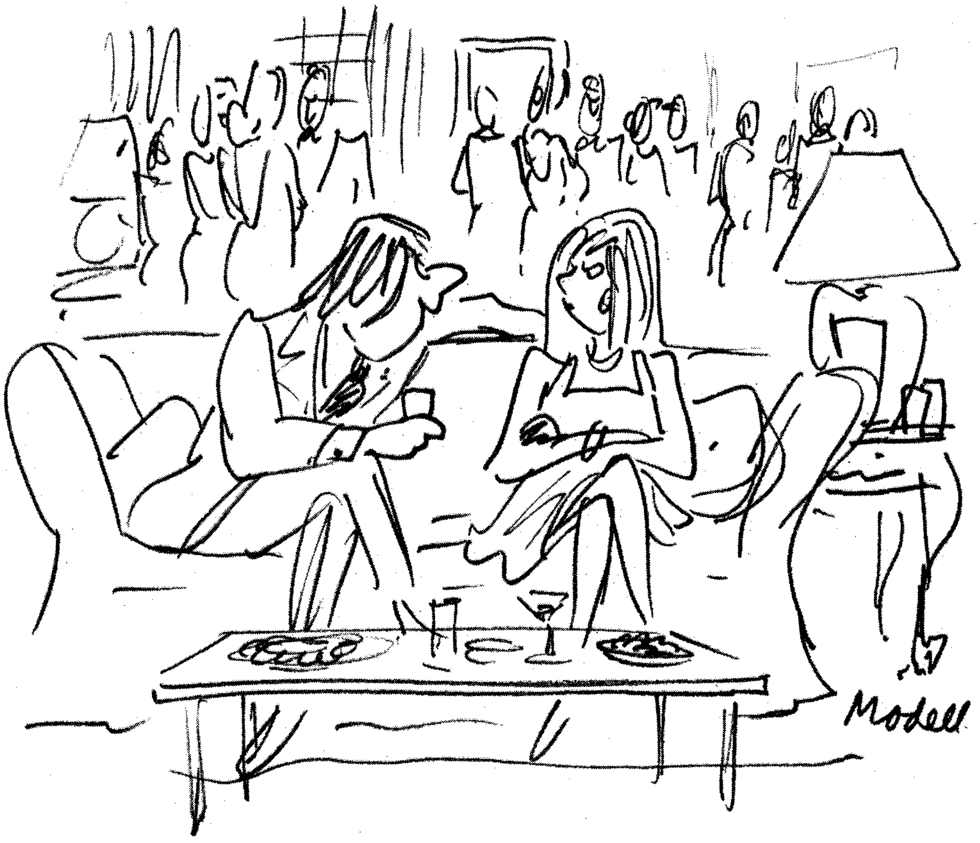
Elliott Koreman, the principal, then took the floor. "Remove those sunglasses, please. Thank you," he said to someone in the audience. "We asked President Reagan to send us a representative of his government to speak to us," he went on, and he introduced Elias Schutzman, from the National Science Foundation. Mr. Schutzman was a big, gray-haired man with an easygoing style, and he spoke of work being fun, but a red balloon had got loose from one of the bunches, and there was a rustle and a murmur and a lot of pointing fingers, and, in general, the attention span in the auditorium was coming to its natural end.

Soon thereafter, Miss Boriotti reported that it wasn't raining, and Mr. Koreman said, "The bottom line is that we are at seventy-four degrees west longitude, forty-one degrees north latitude," and the school trooped out.

The schoolyard of P.S. 41 is a large, wavily paved area enclosed along Greenwich Avenue by a high chain-link fence. The children were grouped in phalanxes, by class. Mr. Koreman and Mr. Schutzman were in their midst, and there was a scattering of mothers, some in snappy outfits with briefcases, others in jeans and jogging shoes, but all looking miscellaneous and out of place in this world of school, with its known-by-everyone routines, rules, and customs and its special kind of lost-to-the-outside-world time. The balloons were passed out by the teachers, and then Mr. Koreman said "One. Two. Three. Go!" and the balloons went up. Some went right into the trees, giving the schoolyard the look of a site of debauch, and others—leaky ones, low on helium—hovered in the air just out of reach, like timid souls, and still others went as far as the roofs of the houses across Greenwich Avenue, where, like slightly less timid souls, they chose to alight. But most went straight up. They rose at different speeds, and soon became a spattering of different-sized dots—hard-edged dots, at first, with a heavily pigmented, wet-paint quality against the subtle grays of the sky. Then, as the balloons got higher, the colors faded and the differences in size disappeared; there were just dots that drifted around, slowly and independently, like creatures under a microscope. A tow-headed first grader standing near us said in a passionate whisper, "I hope mine is found," and, looking down, we saw that his blue eyes were faintly bloodshot with the awful strain of exerting wish power. When we looked back at the sky, the balloons were gone.

Zoo Update

WALK over to what was once, and will be again (someday), the Central Park Zoo, and in the Arsenal you will find Richard Lattis, the director of the City Zoos Project, in his office. At the drop of a hard hat, he will explain to you the purpose of all the busy construction that is going on at the zoo right now, as he did for us on a recent weekday. "New York City has five zoos," he explained. "Two of them, the Bronx and the Staten Island, are private, and the three others—Prospect Park, Flushing Meadow, and Central Park—used to be operated by the Department of Parks and Recreation. Anyway, as you may remember, there were a lot of protests about conditions in the city zoos. We made improvements at Prospect Park and Flushing Meadow to bring them up to standard until we could renovate, and we closed this one down. Back in 1982, we began dismantling things, moving out the animals gradually—they went to other boroughs and to zoos all over the country—and by 1983 the last specimen was gone and demolition began. Now, here"—he held up a large colored picture—"is what the designers, Kevin Roche John Dinkeloo & Associates, have come up with as a plan. As you can see, we're rebuilding the zoo completely. The old garage is being extended to include maintenance space and an animal kitchen. We'll have a clinic for the animals there, too. There will be a zoo school, for adults as well as children—we're very interested in education. The sea-lion pool will be much enlarged—and walled with glass, so you can watch the animals swimming and playing underwater. The polar-bear exhibit will be far bigger than the old one, with waterfalls and other things that bears like, and near it will be a refrigerated penguin house—I'm pretty sure we've never had penguins before. We're getting some from the Antarctic that are most unusual—chinstraps and gentoos. We'll have the lights arranged to give the feel of the South Pole—during our summer, they'll have long, dark winter nights, so they'll feel at home.



"Right away I spotted you as a hard nut to crack."

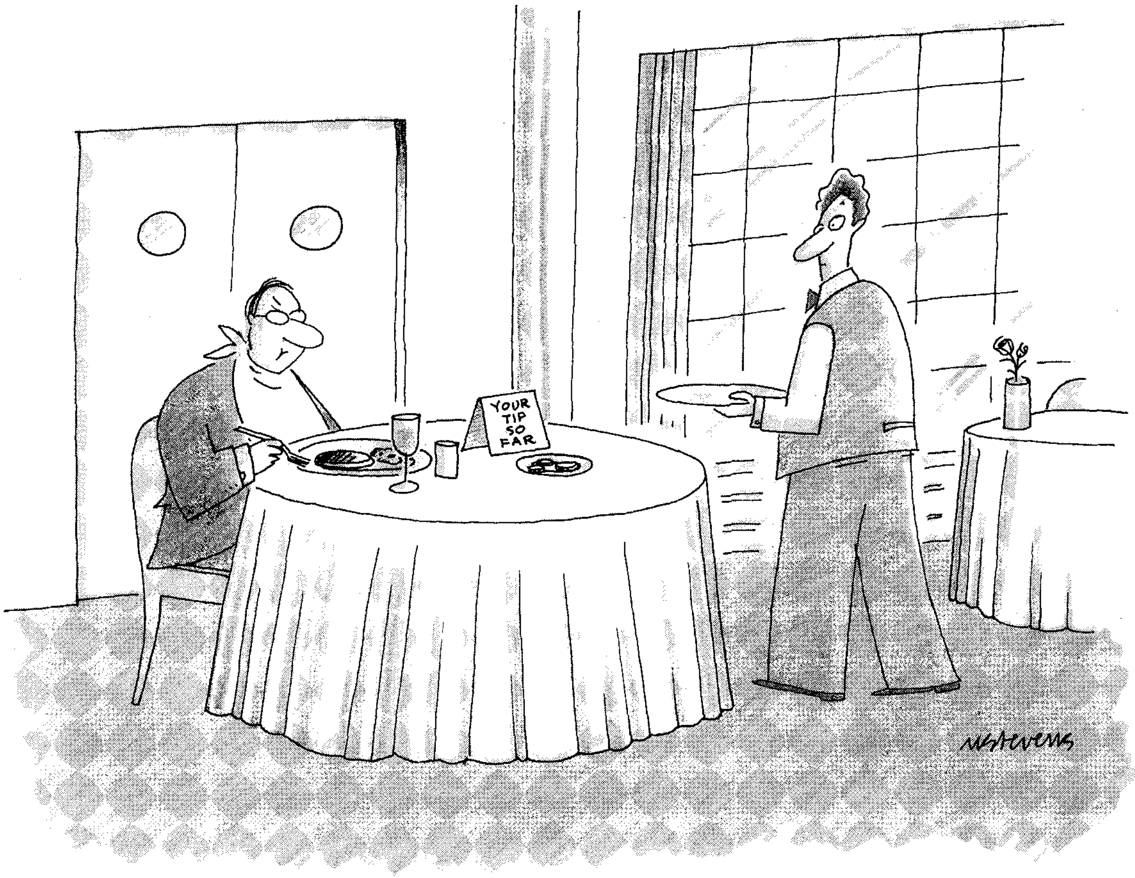
"Monkeys? We're going to have Japanese macaques, or maybe Barbary apes—it hasn't been decided which—but I think macaques are probably better, because they love water. They'll have a pool. We're also going to put in colobus monkeys, those beautiful black-and-white animals, and tamarins and squirrel monkeys. Plenty of primates, because everybody likes them. You see, this place won't be only for kids. It's a small zoo as zoos go—only five point five acres—but it's going to seem much larger than it used to. If you want, you can just drop in and *rest*. Or eat. It's a city zoo, for city people.

"We haven't closed the Children's Zoo, because we felt that at least something should be retained for the public while we were remodelling, but as soon as the main zoo opens we're going to close the Children's Zoo for renovation. We haven't got very far yet with those plans, but we want to do something like what they have in the Bronx. We'll call it something like the Enchanted Forest, and the idea is to make it a really magical place for children, where they can see the world from the animals' viewpoint: from a bird's nest or a spider's web—something like that. Well, shall we look around?"

It was a day devoted to pouring concrete: hoses lay underfoot in multicolored tangles, and we moved about on shaky planks. The polar-bear exhibit seemed almost ready, but Mr. Lattis explained that a lot of water would have to be channelled in before bears could safely swim.

"We're representing just three biomes," he said as we picked our way along. "Tropical, temperate, and polar. For the tropics, we'll have to put in special plants. For the temperate—well, we *are* in the temperate biome. For the polar, we have two environments—refrigeration for the penguins and a simulated glacial coast for the bears. If you remember, we used to have two species of bear—the grizzly and the polar—but the grizzlies have gone to Prospect Park for good. We'll have a few ocelots—they'll be the only cats—but the bears will be our largest animals. Elephants are really too big for us. Still, we'll have plenty of species.

"This is the arrangement now: the three zoos that were run by the Parks Department are going to be operated by the New York Zoological Society, which also runs the Bronx Zoo. They're the outfit I work for, by the way. I should add that all the design work was paid for by the Society, but we've had an enormous amount of help from private donations. Our most generous donor was the late Lila Wallace and her *Reader's Digest*, but there have been many others. I suppose you've heard of the ancient Chinese emperor who had a collection of rare animals in one of his imperial parks. He called it the Garden of Intelligence. When we open up again, we're going to have a sign at the entrance saying, 'The Central Park Zoo, operated by the New York Zoological Society for the Department of Parks and Recreation.' But I like to think that what we're really building is a modern Garden of Intelligence."



• •

Diplomats

HIROSHI FURUSAWA, a young vice-consul of the Consulate General of Japan, invited us to join him on a recent Tuesday evening for an "unofficial meeting" of consulate diplomats. When we arrived at the consulate, on Park Avenue, we found seven Japanese men, including Mr. Furusawa, gathered in an unmarked conference room. They proceeded to loosen their ties, plant a bottle of good Scotch whiskey and a bucket of ice on the table, and unveil two electric guitars, a saxophone, and a set of drums. All around was audio and video equipment in various states of readiness; the room had the atmosphere of a high-tech garage. What we were about to witness, we discovered, was a rehearsal of the musical combo known as the Diplomat Samurai Band. According to protocol, we were introduced first to Itaru Umezu, the Deputy Consul-General and the bandleader. He told us that in keeping with the upcoming occasion—a party for the opening of an exhibition by Japanese painters living in New York and Brazil—he had hit on a theme for the band's program. " 'Around the World,' " he said, drawing out the song title until it seemed to echo.

"We use Japanese-style consensus to decide on what we're going to play," Mr. Umezu explained. "We take into consideration the size of the audience, the proportion of Japanese to Americans, what the purpose of the function is, and where it's being held. We all have different musical tastes and abilities, so the solution is to pick one or two songs each and hope everybody gets a chance to shine." He showed us a list of the songs that the consensus had chosen this time; it included "La Bamba," "Speedy Gonzales," "Take Me Home, Country Road," and the theme from "Route 66."

"This band is really good for us, because it can give another image to the Japanese," Mr. Umezu went on. "The Consulate General is considered by Japanese people a rather stiff place, so it softens that image, but, more important to us, we're showing American people that we're not 'all work.' With the Diplomat Samurai Band, we're presenting not only our musical skills but the way we enjoy our lives—the happy aspects of life." The other members of the band were respectfully silent during Mr. Umezu's speech and for a moment afterward.

"We know we're pretty much weird," Mr. Furusawa admitted, and the other band members laughed and poured drinks.

Mr. Umezu then ceremonially introduced us to the rest of the Diplomat Samurai Band: Tsuyoshi Minamoto, who is a consulate administration officer, the lead vocalist, and a guitarist (tall, has a thin mustache, is also known as the Thunderbolt, likes Bill Evans and Joe Williams); Norimichi Ishikawa, the visa officer and saxophonist (small, friendly, nicknamed the Swordmaster, likes Coltrane and Ornette Coleman); Mamoru Yamada, a Kawasaki Heavy Industries executive and the lead guitarist (glasses, bankerish, called the Ninja, likes Led

• •

Zeppelin and Cream); Vice-Consul Furusawa, who sings and plays guitar (boyish, deferential, nicknamed Fruchinski, likes the Monkees and Japanese pop groups called the Tempters and the Golden Cups); Katsuya Kidachi, administration officer and drummer (round and ruddy-faced, nicknamed Teddy Bear, likes New Rock and Fusion); and Mitsunori Sassa, the president of Sankei Fuji-TV and the bassist (the eldest, the most conservative-looking, known as the Smiling Admiral, likes cool and bebop jazz).

"The band was originally formed by three of us—Minamoto, Furusawa, and my predecessor, Seiichiro Ohtsuka—for a Christmas party four years ago," Mr. Umezu told us. "It was then known as the Trio Los Diplomaticos, and, true to their name, they would dress like Mexicans, with sombreros and false mustaches, and play mariachi music. It started informally, but soon it became very famous, because a man from the Kyodo News Service in Japan heard of it and then there were requests for public performances. So the band was in existence before I was transferred from Tokyo, last July. In fact, I was told by the head of personnel in Japan that anyone who replaced Ohtsuka had to play guitar, sing songs, and lead the band. When I took over, we had become the Trio Los Diplomaticos Plus Three, but *I* didn't know any mariachi songs. My favorites were country-and-Western, and I liked 'Speedy Gonzales,' which was No. 1 in the U.S. in 1962, when I was an exchange student in Anderson, Indiana—it's part of my American nostalgia. Most of us are from the same office, so we renamed ourselves the Diplomats Band. But then I also wanted to show that we were Japanese, and 'samurai' is a word that's typically Japanese, so we finally became the Diplomat Samurai Band, and we now play music of every style from around the world. We are all *fairly* accomplished musicians, so the transition was *fairly* easy."

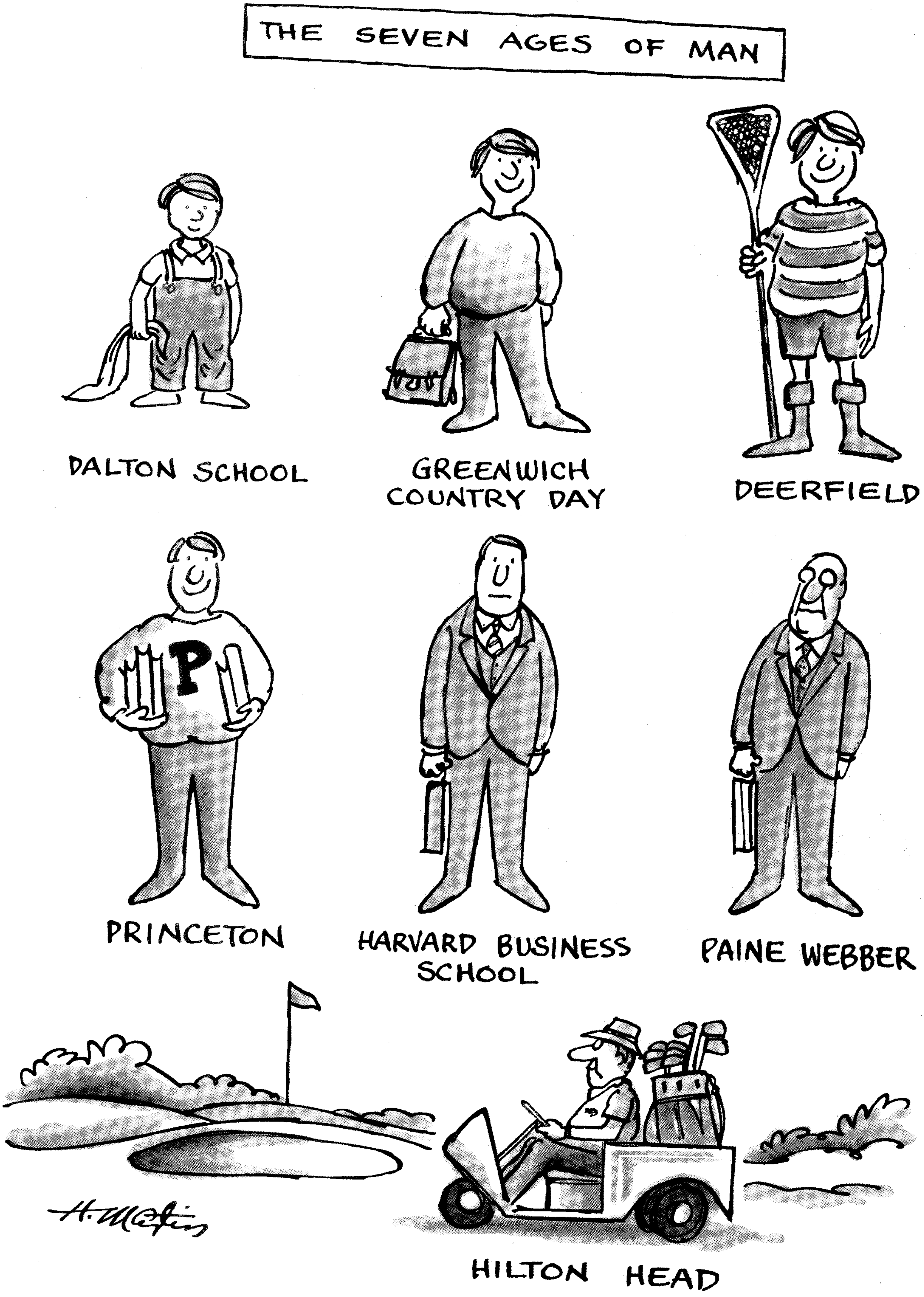
Public appearances have been plentiful, Mr. Umezu continued. Since Mr. Umezu's installation as bandleader, the Diplomat Samurai Band has played at the Saint discothèque, in the East Village; at the Party Club, at the Franklin Furnace, in Tribeca; at a New Year's party for the Japanese National Tourist Organization at the Essex House; and at several private parties. It has made an appearance on television (singing "Danny Boy" on St. Patrick's Day on Channel 5's "A Current Affair") and has given an impromptu performance of "Around the World" and "Speedy Gonzales" on a radio call-in show in Schenectady, where the band had gone to discuss United States–Japanese relations.

"The responses have been favorable, and very warm," Mr. Umezu said, filling a plastic-foam cup with ice and Scotch. "And we're not aware of any negative sentiment within the office. We try to do this strictly off-business. We get together after hours. But even though our appearances are not meant to be official, they often come about as a result of our official duties, and I think they're looked upon favorably at the consulate."

"The cleaning woman enjoys us," Mr. Yamada, the lead guitarist, added, with a grin.

Later in the week, we attended the gala opening of the Japanese-American-Brazilian exhibition, at the Nishi NoHo Gallery, in the basement of the Nishi NoHo restaurant, just below Astor Place. The basement was full of people, mostly Japanese, milling about, bowing to each other in greeting, and drinking cold *sake* served in vessels designed to look like miniature wooden crates. When the Diplomat Samurai Band was announced, the group entered the room dressed in gold headbands and *jinbaori* coats—ritual uniforms that samurai warriors wore on the way to the battlefield. After a few introductory words from Mr. Umezu, who had been introduced as the Singing Shogun, the band ripped into "Around the World," which was followed by a spirited rendition of "La Bamba." We noticed that a number of people in the audience seemed to be surprised by the group's choice of music and by its demeanor, and at times during the set some of these people became intensely involved with the paintings. But most of the guests politely bopped and swayed to the international beat. Afterward, we waited for Mr. Umezu to change back into street clothes and watched well-wishers greet him and then retreat after an exchange of compliments in Japanese.

"The reception had its own purpose," Mr. Umezu said when we asked him to assess the band's performance. "Americans enjoy life, and they're open to *responding*. The Japanese can be very friendly and informal, too, but it takes them a little more time."


THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN
DALTON SCHOOL
GREENWICH COUNTRY DAY
DEERFIELD
P
PRINCETON
HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL
PAINE WEBBER
H. Martin
HILTON HEAD

BECH IN CZECH

THE American Ambassador's Residence in Prague has been called the last palace built in Europe; it was built in the late twenties by a very rich Jewish banker whose family within a decade of its construction had to flee Hitler. They had made their money in coal mining. The Americans had acquired the building and its grounds after the war, before Czechoslovakia went quite so Communist. The whole building gently curves—that is, it was built along the length of an arc, and a walk down its long corridors produces a shifting perspective wherein paintings, silk panels, marble-topped hall tables, and great metallized oaken doors all slowly come into view, much as islands appear above the horizon to a ship at sea and then slowly sink behind it, beyond the majestic, roiling, pale-turquoise wake.

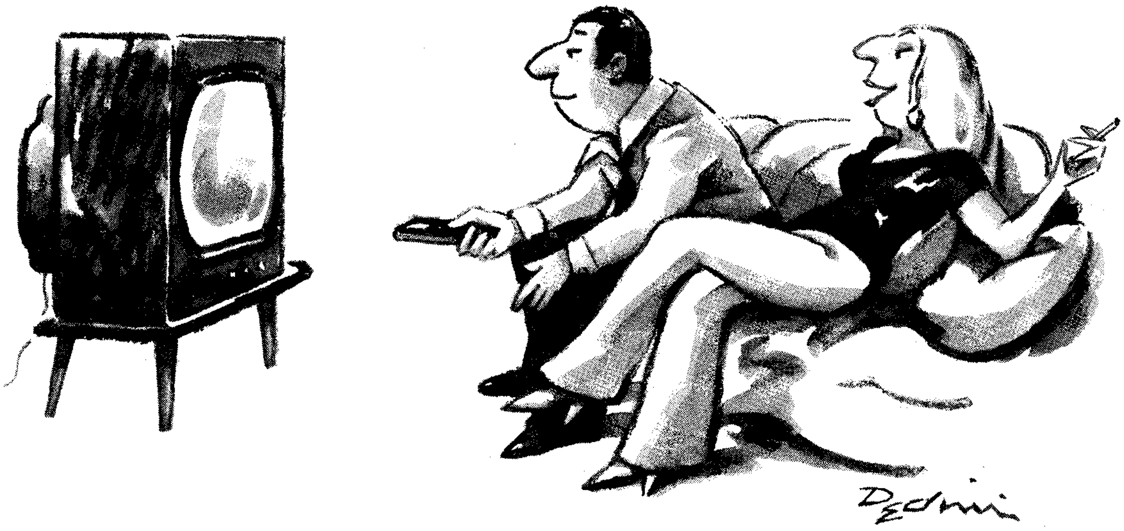
Henry Bech, the semi-obscure American author, now in his early sixties, felt majestic and becalmed in the great Residence, where, at one end, he had been given a suite for the week of his cultural visit. As a Jew himself, he was conscious of those others, those vanished plutocrats, no doubt very elegant and multilingual, who with such pathetic trust, amid the tremor of the Diaspora's Middle European golden age (not to be confused with the golden age in Saracen Spain, or the good times under the Polish princes), had built their palace on what soon became a heap of cinders. For a Jew, to move through postwar Europe is to move through hordes of ghosts, vast animated crowds that, since 1945, are not there, not there at all—up in smoke. It makes a great hole that no one mentions. The feathery touch of the mysteriously absent is felt on all sides, and in the center of old Prague the clock of the Jewish Town Hall—which, with the adjacent synagogues, Hitler intended to preserve as the relic of an exterminated race—still runs backwards, to the amusement of tourists from both sides of the Iron Curtain. The cemetery there, with its four centuries of dead crowded into mounds by the pressures of the ghetto, and the tombstones jumbled together like giant cards in a deck being shuffled, moved Bech less, as he stood amid the clicking, clucking, half-reverent German tourists, than the newer Jewish cemetery on the outskirts of town, where the Ambassador felt that Bech should see Kafka's grave.

The Ambassador was an exceptionally short and peppy man with sandy thin hair raked across a freckled skull; he was an Akron industrialist and Republican fund-raiser who had believed in Reagan when most bigwig insiders still laughed at the notion of a movie actor in the White House. For his loyalty and prescience the Ambassador had been rewarded with this post, and there was an additional logic to it, for he was Czech by ancestry; his grandparents had come to Pittsburgh from the coalfields of Moravia, and the language had been spoken in his childhood home. "They love it when I talk," he told Bech with his disarming urchin grin. "I sound so damn old-fashioned. It'd be like in English somebody talking like the King James Bible." Bech fancied he saw crossing the Ambassador's broad and pleasant face, as the shadow of a bird flits across a cliff, the thought that Jews didn't have much to do with the King James Bible. The little man quickly added, for absolute clarity, "I guess I sound quaint as hell."

Bech had noticed that the Czechs tended to smile when the Ambassador talked to them in their language. It was all the more noticeable because Czechs found rather little to smile about. The Ambassador made Bech smile, too; having spent most of his life in the narrow precincts of the Manhattan intelligentsia, with its poisonous envy and reflexive intolerance and basic impotence, he was charmed by the breezy and carefree ways of an authentic power broker, this cheerful representative of the triumphant right wing. In entrepreneurial style, the Ambassador was a quick study, quick to pounce and quick to move on. He must have skimmed a fact sheet concerning his cultural guest, and it was on the basis of this information that he took Bech, with the jet engines still ringing in his ears, to Kafka's grave. "It's the kind of thing that'll appeal to you." And he was right.

The official limousine, with its morosely silent and sleepy-eyed chauffeur, wheeled along steep cobblestoned streets, past the old parapets and trolley tracks of Prague, and came, in what had once been outskirts, to a long ornate iron fence. The tall gate was locked and chained. The Ambassador rattled at the chains and called, but there was no answer.

"Hello, cutie pie."



"Find something dumb. Really dumb. I'm in the mood."

"Try the flag, honey," said the Ambassador's wife, a leggy blonde considerably younger than he, with a pleasant, scratchy Midwestern voice.

Bech, who had travelled in Africa and Latin America and seen the Stars and Stripes attract rocks and spittle, winced as the Ambassador plucked the little American flag from the limousine's front fender and began to wave it through the gate, shouting incomprehensibly. He noticed Bech's wince and said in quick aside, "Relax. They love us here. They love our flag." And, indeed, two young men in plaster-splattered overalls shyly emerged, at the patriotic commotion, from within a cement-block shed. The Ambassador talked to them in Czech. Smiling, they came forward a few steps and spoke words that meant the cemetery was closed. The flag was given a few more flutters, but the boys continued, bemusedly, to shake their heads and speak the soft word "*Ne.*" The Ambassador, with a playful and shameless aggressiveness that Bech had to admire even as he blushed for it, had a new inspiration; in his next spate of words Bech heard his own name, distinct in the flow of inscrutable Czech.

The polite, denying smiles on the faces of the young men gave way to open-eyed interest. They looked away from the Ambassador to the American author on the other side of the bars.

" 'Travel Light,' " the taller one said in halting English, naming Bech's first novel.

" 'Big Idea,' " said the other, trying to name his last.

" 'Think Big,' " Bech corrected, his blush quite furious by now; he wouldn't have guessed he had so much spare blood left in him as was making his cheeks burn, his palms tingle. This was absolutely, he vowed, his last appearance as a cultural poster.

"Ahhhh!" the two boys cried in unison, enraptured by the authentic correction, out of the author's mouth. With cries of jubilation from both sides, the locks and chains were undone and the three Americans were welcomed to the Strašnice cemetery.

It was an eerie, well-kept place. Impressive and stolid black tombstones stood amid tall trees, plane and ash and evergreen, and flourishing ivy. The vistas seemed endless, lit by the filtered sunlight of fairy-tale woods, silent with the held breath of a thousand halted lives. Most of the inhabitants had been shrewd enough to die before 1939, in their beds or in hospitals, one by one, before the Germans arrived and death became a mass production. The visitors' party walked along straight weeded paths between grand marble slabs lettered in gold with mostly Germanic names, the same names—Strauss, Steiner, Loeb, Goldberg—that still march through the Manhattan telephone directory. The Ambassador and the two young workmen led the way, conversing in Czech—rather loudly, Bech thought. To judge from the Ambassador's expansive gestures, he could be extolling the merits of the free-enterprise system or diagramming the perfidy of Gorbachev's latest arms-reduction proposal.

"I find this very embarrassing," Bech told the Ambassador's wife, who walked beside him in silence along the lightly crunching path.

"I used to, too," she said, in her scratchy voice. "But then, after a couple of years with Dick, nothing embarrasses me. He's just very outgoing. Very frontal. It's his way, and people here respond to it. It's how they think Americans ought to act. Free."

"These young men—mightn't they lose their jobs for letting us in?"

She shrugged and gave a nervous little toss of her long blond hair. She had a thoughtful, dry American mouth, with flaking lipstick. "Maybe they don't even have jobs. This is a strange system." Her eyes were that pale Scandinavian blue that Bech thought uncanny, having seen it, through his Brooklyn youth, mostly in department-store mannequins.

"How well," Bech said, gazing about at the elegant and silent black stones, "these people all thought of themselves."

"There was a lot of money here," the Ambassador's wife said. "People forget that about Bohemia. Before the Communists put an end to all that."

"It was the Germans put an end to all *this*," Bech said, gesturing at the haunted wood around them. There were, curiously, a few death dates, in fresh gold, later than 1945—Jews who had escaped, he supposed, and then asked to be brought back here to be buried, beneath the tall straight

APRIL GALLEONS

Something *was* burning. And besides,
At the far end of the room a discredited waltz
Was alive and reciting tales of the conquerors
And their lilies—is all of life thus
A tepid housewarming? And where do the scraps
Of meaning come from? Obviously,
It was time to be off, in another
Direction, toward marshlands and cold scrolled
Names of cities that sounded as though they existed,
But never had. I could see the scow
Like a nail file pointed at the pleasures
Of the great open sea, that it would stop for me.
That you and I should sample the disjointedness
Of a far-from-level deck, and then return, some day,
Through the torn orange veils of an early evening
That will know our names only in a different
Pronunciation, and then, and only then,
Might the profit-taking of spring arrive
In due course, as one says, with the gesture
Of a bird taking off for some presumably
Better location, though not major, perhaps,
In the sense that a winged guitar would be major
If we had one. And all trees seemed to exist.

Then there was a shorter day with dank
Tapestries streaming initials of all the previous owners
To warn us into silence and waiting. Would the mouse
Know us now, and if so, how far would propinquity
Admit discussion of the difference: crumb or other
Less perceptible boon? It was all going
To be scattered anyway, as far from one's wish
As the root of the tree from the center of the earth
From which it nonetheless issued in time to
Inform us of happy blossoms and tomorrow's
Festival of the vines. Just being under them
Sometimes makes you wonder how much you know
And then you wake up and you know, but not
How much. In intervals in the twilight, notes from an
Untuned mandolin seem to coexist with their
Question and the no less urgent reply. Come
To look at us but not too near or its familiarity
Will vanish in a thunderclap and the beggar girl,
String-haired and incomprehensibly weeping, will
Be all that is left of the golden age, our
Golden age, and no longer will the swarms
Issue forth at dawn to return in a rain of mild
Powder at night removing us from our boring and
Unsatisfactory honesty with tales of colored cities,
Of how the mist built there, and what were the
Directions the lepers were taking
To avoid these eyes, the old eyes of love.

—John Ashbery

• •

planes with their mottled trunks and the shiny green ivy spread everywhere like a tousled bedspread.

"Here he is, your pal," the Ambassador loudly announced. Bech had seen photographs of this tombstone—a white stone, relatively modest in size, wider at the top than at the bottom, and bearing three names, and inscriptions in Hebrew that Bech could not read. The three names were those of Dr. Franz Kafka; his father, Hermann; and his mother, Julie. In his last, disease-racked year, Kafka had escaped his parents and lived with a woman, Dora Dymant, in Berlin, but then had been returned here, and now lay next to his overpowering father forever. A smaller marker at the foot bore the names of his three sisters, who had vanished into concentration camps. It all struck Bech as dumbfoundingly blunt and enigmatic, banal and moving. Such blankness, such stony and peaceable reification, waits for us at the bottom of things. No more insomnia for poor hypersensitive Dr. Franz.

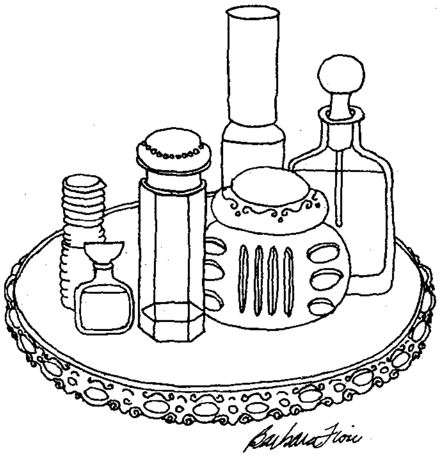
Bech thought he should try a few words with their young hosts, who had shown some knowledge of English. "Very great Czech," he said, pointing to the grave.

The broader-shouldered young man, who had wielded the key that let them in, smiled and said, "Not Czech. *Žid. Jude.*"

It was a simple clarification, nothing unpleasant. "Like me," Bech said.

"You"—the other boy, more willowy, with plaster even in his hair, pointed straight at him—"wonderful!"

The other, his eyes merry at the thought of talking to an internationally famous writer, made a sound, "R-r-r-r-rum, *rrroom*," which Bech recognized as an allusion to the famous rubber-faced motorcyclists of "Travel Light," with its back-seat rapes and its desolate roadside cafés—Bech's homage, as a young West Side nobody, to the imaginary territory beyond the Hudson. "Very *americký*, *amerikanisch*," the young man said.



"*Un peu*," Bech said and shrugged, out of courtesy abandoning English, as his conversational companions had abandoned Czech.

"And 'Big Thinking,' " the shorter boy said, emboldened by all this pidgin language to go for an extended utterance. "We love very much. It makes much to laugh: TV, skyscrapes." He laughed, for absolute clarity.

"Skyscrapers," Bech couldn't help correcting.

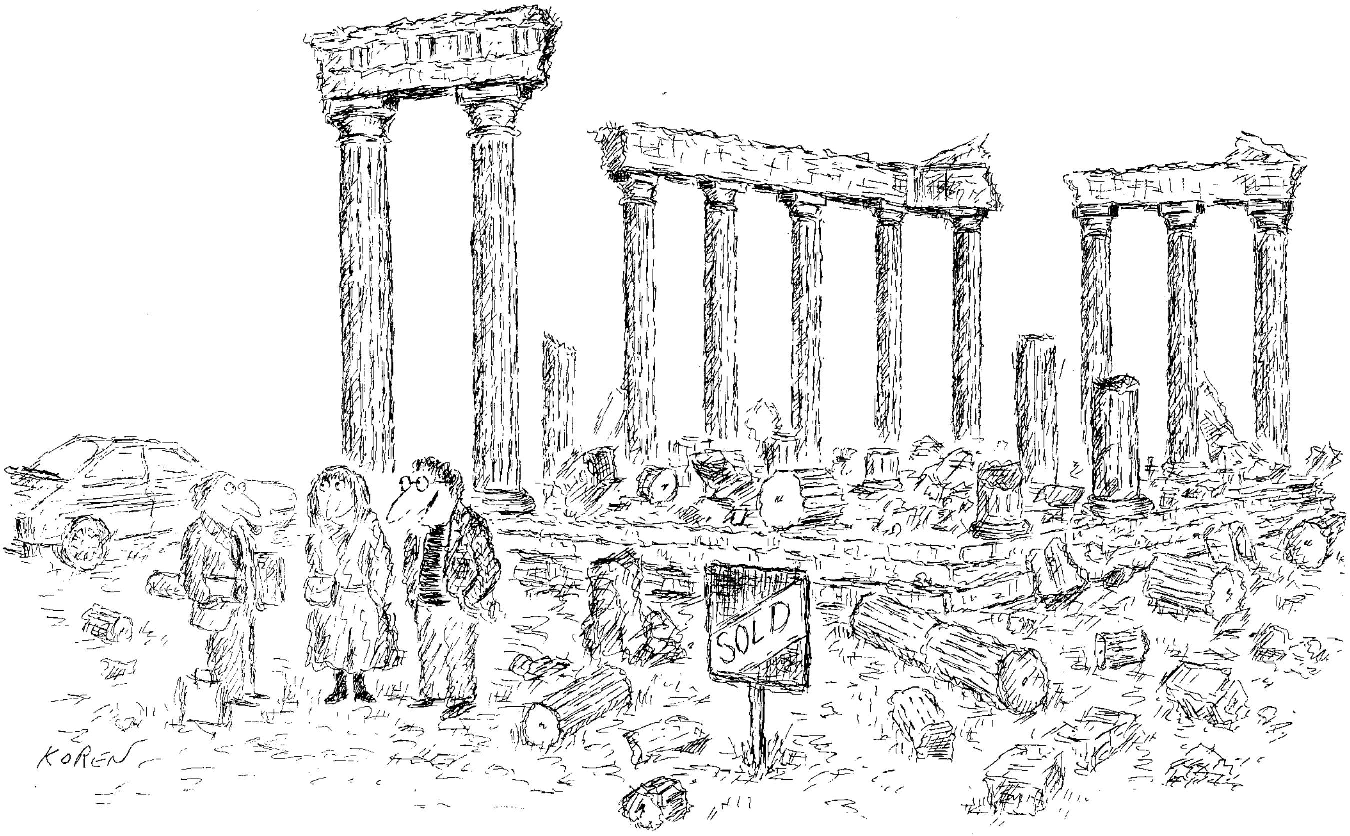
"I loved Olive in that novel," the Ambassador's wife said huskily at his side.

This, Bech felt, was a very sexy remark: Olive and the entire television crew, under the lights; Olive and her lesbian lover Thelma, in the West Side apartment as the tawny sun from New Jersey entered horizontally, like bars of music. . . .

"Kafka more *Schmerz*," his Czech fan was going on, as if the buried writer were standing right there, with his quizzical smile and dark suit, for comparison. "You more *Herz*. More—" He broke down into Czech, turning to face the Ambassador.

"More primitive energy," the Ambassador translated. "More raw love of life."

Bech in fact had felt quite tired of life ever since completing his last—his



"Our goal is to modernize it but retain the historical flavor."

• •

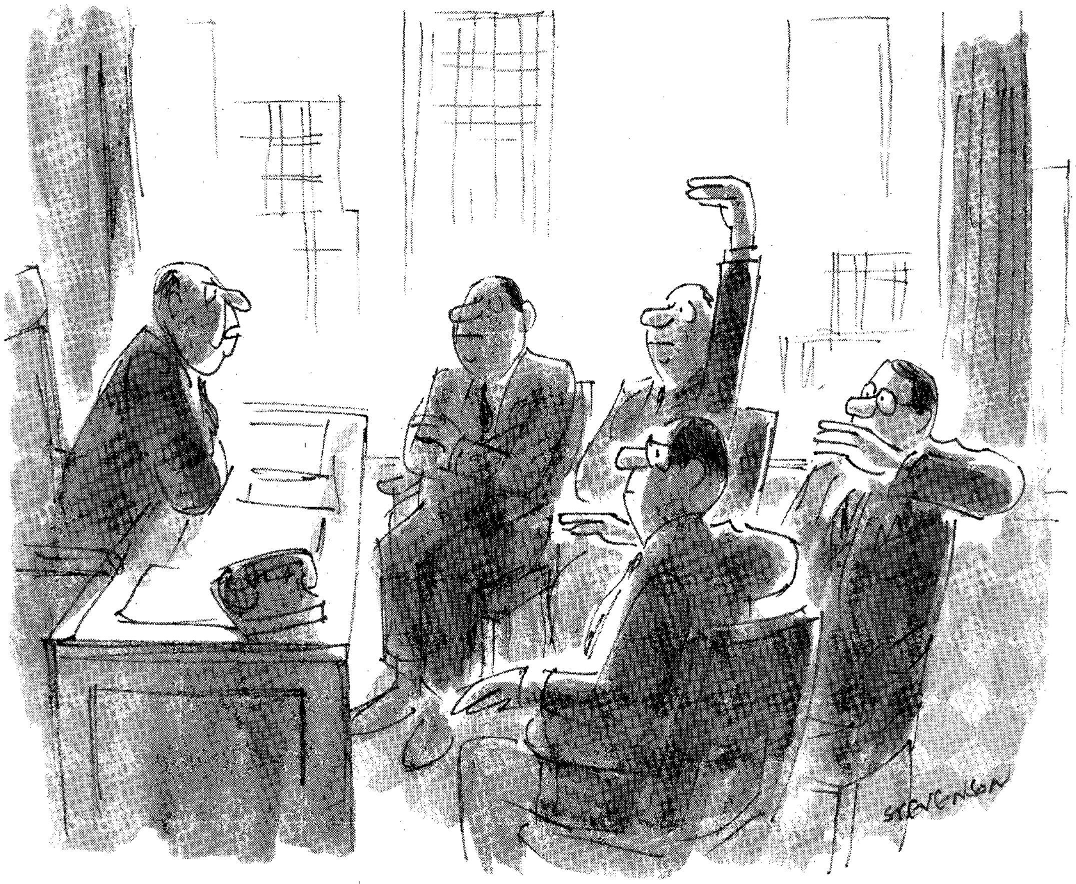
final, as he thought of it—and surprisingly successful novel, whose publication coincided with the collapse of his one and only marriage. That was why, he supposed, you travelled to places like this: to encounter fictional selves, the refreshing false ideas of you that strangers hold in their minds.

IN Czechoslovakia he felt desperately unworthy; the unlucky country seemed to see in him an emblem of hope. Not only had his first and last novels been translated here ("Lehká Cesta," "Velká Myšlenka") but a selection of essays and short fiction culled from "When the Saints" ("Když Svatí"). All three volumes carried—not on the back of the jacket but inside, opposite the title page—the same photo of the author, one taken when he was thirty, before his face had bulked to catch up to his nose and before his wiry hair had turned gray; his hair sat on his head then like a dark turban pulled low on his forehead. The rigors of Socialist photogravure made this faded image look as if it came not from the nineteen-fifties but from the turn of the century, the time when Proust was posing in a wing collar and Kafka in a bowler hat. Bech had ample opportunity to examine the photo, for endless lines formed when, at a Prague bookstore and then a few days later at the American Embassy, book-signing sessions were scheduled, and these Czech versions of his books were presented to him over and over again, open to the title page. His presence here had squeezed these tattered volumes—all out of print, since Communist editions are never replenished—up from the private libraries of Prague. Flattered, flustered, Bech tried to focus for a moment on each face, each pair of hands, as it materialized before him, and to inscribe the names, spelled letter by letter, that were shyly pronounced. There were many young people, clear-eyed and shy, with a simple smooth glow of youth rather rarely seen in New York. To these fresh-faced innocents, he supposed, he was an American celebrity—not, of course, a rock star but with a touch of that same diabolic glamour, smashing guitars and sobbing out his guts as the violet and magenta strobes pulsed and the stadium hissed and waved like a huge jellyfish. Or perhaps they were students, American Lit. majors, and he something copied from a textbook, and his signature a passing mark. But there were older citizens, too—plump women with shopping bags, and men with pale faces and a pinched, pedantic air. Clerks? Professors? And a few persons virtually infirm, ancient enough to remember the regime of Tomáš Masaryk, hobbled forward with a kindly, faltering expression like that of a childhood sweetheart whom we cannot quite recognize. Most of the people said at least "Thank you;" many pressed a number of correctly shaped, highly complimentary English sentences upon him. Bech said "*Děkuji*" and "*Prosím*" at random and grew more and more embarrassed. Embassy underlings gleefully whispered into his ear that, across the street, Czech policemen were photographing the line; so all these people were putting themselves at some risk—were putting a blot on their records by seeking the autograph of an American author. Why? His books, it seemed to Bech as he repeatedly handled them, were petty and self-indulgent. In Third World countries, he had often been asked what he conceived to be the purpose of the artist, and he had had to find ways around the honest answer, which was that the purpose of the artist is to indulge himself, to amuse himself, to get his books into print with as little editorial smudging as he can, to slide through his society with minimal friction. The abrasive question did not arise in a Communist country. Its citizens understood well the heroism of self-indulgence, the political grandeur of irresponsibility. They were voting, in their long lines, for a way out, just as Bech, forty years before, fresh from the Army, had composed his fantastic *hommages* to an imaginary America as a way out.

The Ambassador and his minions arranged for Bech to attend a party of unofficial writers. "Oh, those sexy female dissidents," the Ambassador's wife softly exclaimed, as if Bech were deserting her. But she came along. The party, and the apartment, somewhere off in the unscenic suburbs that visitors to historic Prague never see, and that Bech saw only that one night, by the veering, stabbing, uncertain headlights of the Ambassador's private little Ford Fiesta, were reminiscent of the fifties, when Eisenhower presided over a nervous global truce and the supreme value of the private life was unquestioned. Bookshelves to the ceiling, jazz murmuring off to itself in a corner, glossy-haired children passing hors d'oeuvres, a shortage of furniture that left people sprawling across beds or hunkered down two to a hassock. The hostess wore a peasant blouse and skirt and had her hair done up in a single thick pigtail; the bald host wore a kind of dashiki or wedding shirt over bluejeans.

Bech felt taken back to the relatively innocent days in America when the young were asking only for a little more freedom, a bit more sex and debourgeoisation, a whiff of pot and a rock concert in a borrowed meadow. These people, however, his hosts and their guests, were not young; they had grown middle-aged in protest, in dissidence, and moved through their limbo world with a practiced weariness. Bech could see only a little way into the structure of it all. When husbands could not publish, wives worked and paid the bills; his hostess, for instance, was a doctor, an anesthesiologist, and in the daytime must coil her long amber pigtail into an antiseptic cap. And their children, some of them, were young adults, who had studied in Michigan or Iowa or Toronto and talked with easy American accents, as if their student tourism were as natural as that of young Frenchmen or Japanese. There was, beyond this little party flickering like a candle in the dark suburbs of Prague, a vast dim world of exile, Czechs in Paris or London or the New World who had left yet somehow now and then returned, to visit a grandmother or to make a motion picture, and émigré presses whose products circulated underground; the Russians could not quite seal off this old heart of Europe as tightly as they could, say, Latvia or Kazakhstan.

The wish to be part of Europe: the frustration of this modest desire formed the peculiarly intense Czech agony. To have a few glass skyscrapers among the old cathedrals and castles, to have businessmen come and go on express trains without passing through pompous ranks of barbed wire, to have a currency that wasn't a sham your own shop owners refused, to be able to buy fresh Sicilian oranges in the market, to hang a few neon signs in the dismal Prague arcades, to enrich the downtown with a little pornography and traffic congestion, to enjoy the harmless luxury of an antinuclear protest movement and a nihilist avant-garde—this was surely not too much to ask after centuries of being sat on by the Hapsburgs. But it was denied: having survived Hitler and the anti-Hussites, the Thirty Years' War and the Counter Reformation, the Czechs and Slovaks had become ensnared in the Byzantine clutches of Moscow Communism, that bad spell which never lifts. Two dates notched the history of dissidence: 1968, the year of Prague Spring (referred to so often, so hurriedly, that it became one word: Pragspring) and of the subsequent Russian invasion, and 1977, when Charter 77 was promulgated and caused many of its signatories to go into exile or to jail.



"What's the matter, Epley? Can't you decide where you've had it up to?"

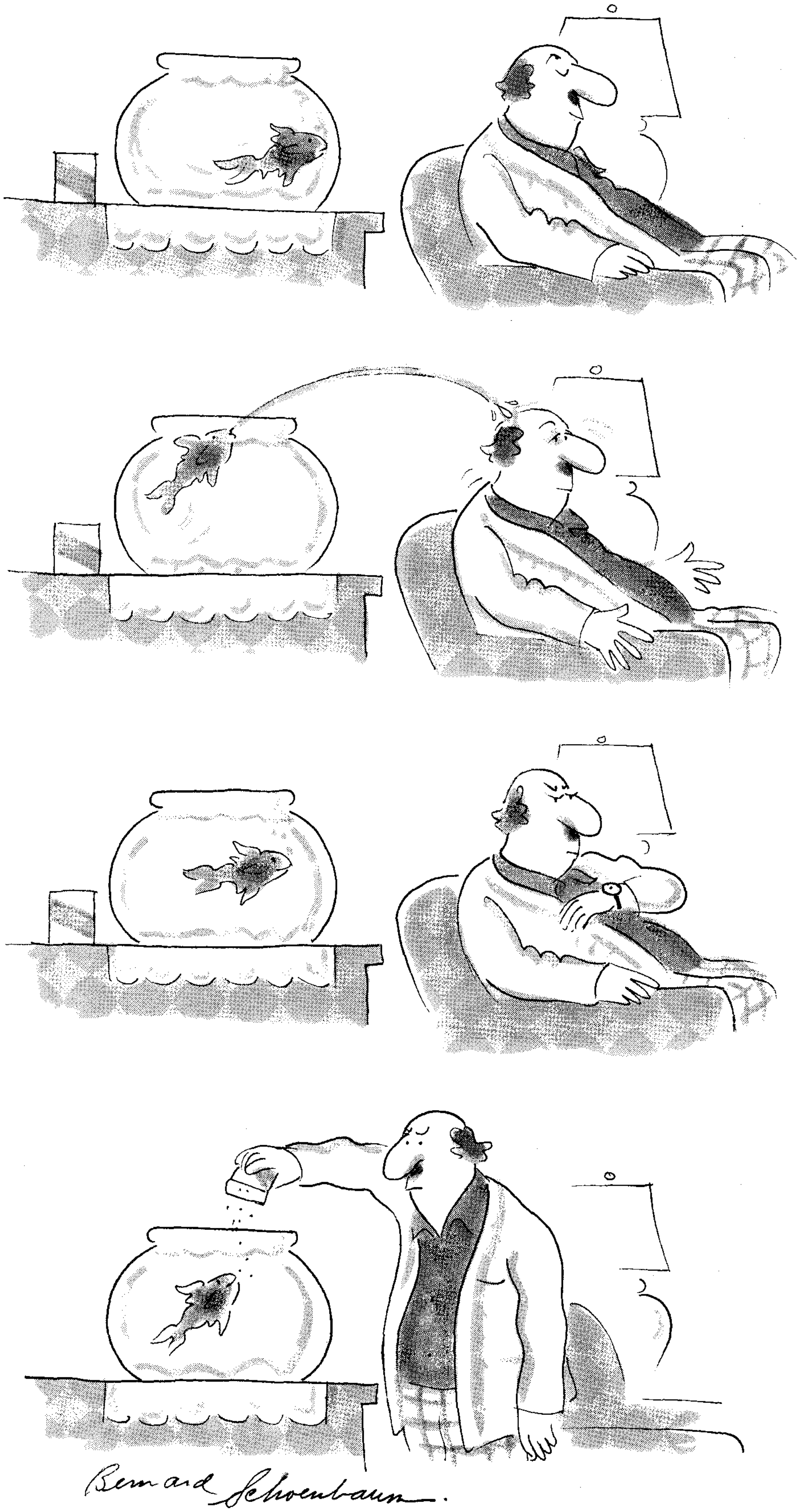
Jail! One of the guests at the party had spent nearly ten years in prison. He was dapper, like the café habitués in George Grosz cartoons, with a scarred, small face and slicked-down hair and shining black eyes and an unceasing, meaningless smile. He spoke so softly Bech could hardly hear him, though he bent his ear close. The man's hands twisted under Bech's eyes, as if in the throes of torture. How would Bech, Bech asked himself, stand up to having his fingernails pulled? He could think of nothing he had ever written that he would not instantly, gladly recant.

Another guest at the party, wearing tinted aviator glasses and a drooping, nibbled mustache, explained to Bech that the Western media always wanted to interview dissidents and he had become, since released from two years in prison, the one whom the avid newsmen turned to when needing a statement; he had sacrificed not only his safety but his privacy to this endless giving of interviews, which left him no time for his own work. Perhaps, he said with a sigh, if and when he was returned to jail he could again resume his poetry. His eyes behind the lavender lenses looked rubbed and tired.

What kind of poetry did he write, Bech asked.

"Of the passing small feelings" was the considered answer. "Like Seifert. To the authorities, these little human feelings are dangerous like an earthquake; but he became too big, too big and old and sick, to touch. Even the Nobel could not hurt him."

And meanwhile food was passed around, the jazz was turned up, and in the apartment's other room the Ambassador and his wife were stretched out on the floor, leaning against a bookcase, her long legs gleaming, in a hubbub of laughter and Czech. The sight of her American legs came to Bech, within his cluster of persecuted writers, as a glint of reality, something from far outside yet unaccountably proceeding, as birds continue to sing outside barred windows and ivy grows on old graves. The Ambassador had his coat off, his tie loosened, a glass in his hand. His quick eyes noticed the other American peering at his wife's legs, and he shouted out, in noisy English, "Show Bech a book! Let's show our famous American author some *samizdat!*"



Everyone was sweating now, from the wine and pooled body heat, and there was a hilarity somehow centered on Bech's worried, embarrassed presence. He feared the party would become careless and riotous, and the government police surely posted outside the door would come bursting in. A thin young woman with frizzy black hair—a sexy dissident—stood close to Bech and showed him a book. "We type," she explained, "six copies maximum; otherwise the bottom too blurred. Xeroxing not possible here but for official purposes. Typewriters they can't yet control. Then bound, sometimes with drawings. This one has drawings. See?" Her loose blouse exposed, as she leaned against Bech to share the book with him, a breadth of her shoulders and a scoop of her chest, lightly sweating. Her glazed skin was an interesting tint, a matte greenish-gray.

Bech asked her, "But who binds them so nicely? Isn't that illegal?"

"Yes" was her answer. "But there

are brave men." Her reproachful, inky eyes rolled toward him, as she placed the book in his hands.

The page size was less than that of American typewriter paper; small sheets of onionskin thickness, and an élite type, had been used, and a blue carbon paper. The binding was maroon leather, with silver letters individually punched. The book that resulted was unexpectedly beautiful, its limp pages of blue blurred text falling open easily, with an occasional engraving, of Picassoesque nudes, marking a fresh chapter. Placed in Bech's hands, it felt lighter than, from the thickness of it, he had expected. Only the right-hand pages held words; the left-hand held mirrored ghosts of words, the other side showing through. He had been returned to some archetypal sense of what a book was: it was an elemental sheaf, bound together by love and daring, to be passed with excitement from hand to hand. Bech had imagined the pathos, the implied pecking of furtive typewriters, but not the defiant beauty of the product. "How many such books exist?"

"Of each, six at least. More asks more typing. Each book has many readers."

"It's like a medieval manuscript," Bech said.

"We are not monks," said the young woman solemnly.

In the Ford Fiesta, the Ambassador's wife teased him, saying to her husband, "I think our celebrated author was rather taken with Milena."

The Ambassador said nothing, merely pointed at the ceiling of the car.

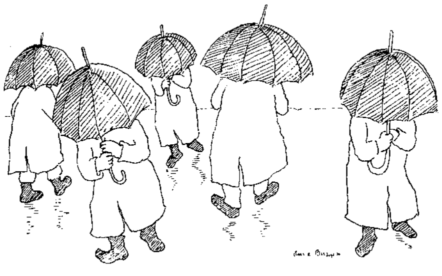
Bech, not understanding the gesture, repeated, "Milena?" He knew the name from somewhere—one of Kafka's correspondents, his many semi-girlfriends. "Is she Jewish?" The bushy hair, the sallow matte skin, the tension in her slender shoulders, the way she forced meaning through her broken English.

The Ambassador's wife laughed, with her scratchy lighthearted voice. "Close," she said. "She's a Gypsy."

"A Gypsy," Bech said, as if he and she were playing a game, batting words back and forth in the car's interior. He was sitting in the back seat and the Ambassador's wife in the front. Feeble Socialist street light intermittently shone through her pale hair, which had been fluffed up by the fun of the dissident party. "They have those here?" he asked.

"They have those here," she said. "The French word for Gypsy is '*bohémien*.' Many are assimilated, like your new friend. Hitler killed quite a few, but not all."

Hitler. To come to Europe is somehow to pay him a visit. He was becoming a myth, like the golem. Bech had been shown the Old-New Synagogue, where the cabalist and alchemist Rabbi Löw had read from the Talmud and concocted a golem whose giant clay remains still wait in the synagogue attic to be revived; and the Pinkas Synagogue, its walls covered with the names of seventy-seven thousand concentration-camp victims; and the nearby hall filled with the drawings Jewish children did while interned at Terezín, houses and cows and flowers such as children draw everywhere, holding their crayons tight, seizing the world. Communists can always say in their own defense that at least they're not Hitler. In alternation with the light on the filaments of the American woman's hair, vague black dread penetrated Bech's stomach, a sudden feeling he used to get, when six or seven, of being in the *wrong place*, a disastrously wrong place. "Those poor guys," he abruptly said. "The one with the slicked-down hair had been ten years in jail, and I glanced at a couple of his stories he showed me. They're like Saki, harmless arch little things. Why would they put him in jail for trying to write those? I was looking at him, trying to put myself in his shoes, and he kept giving me this sweet smile and modest little shrug. You know the one I mean—old-fashioned suit and vest, one of those names full of consonants—"



The Ambassador cleared his throat very noisily and pointed again at the low ceiling of the little car. Bech understood at last. The car was bugged. They spoke hardly a word all the rest of the way back to the Residence, through the gabled and steepled profile

WOMEN IN PROFILE: BAS-RELIEF, LEFT SECTION MISSING

Whatever it was they were celebrating
broke away, sheered off like ice

from a cliff. So they stand: three women
raising their glasses, toasting the air.

They might be sisters, they look so much alike,
or best friends, still inseparable,

hair sleeked back, their fluted skirts
grazing the stone that holds them in

perpetual festivity. They drink
to honor what is missing. Or they drink

to call it toward them, its music
still so far away no one has heard yet

its horns and timbrels. Or perhaps it's they
who have broken off, suddenly freed

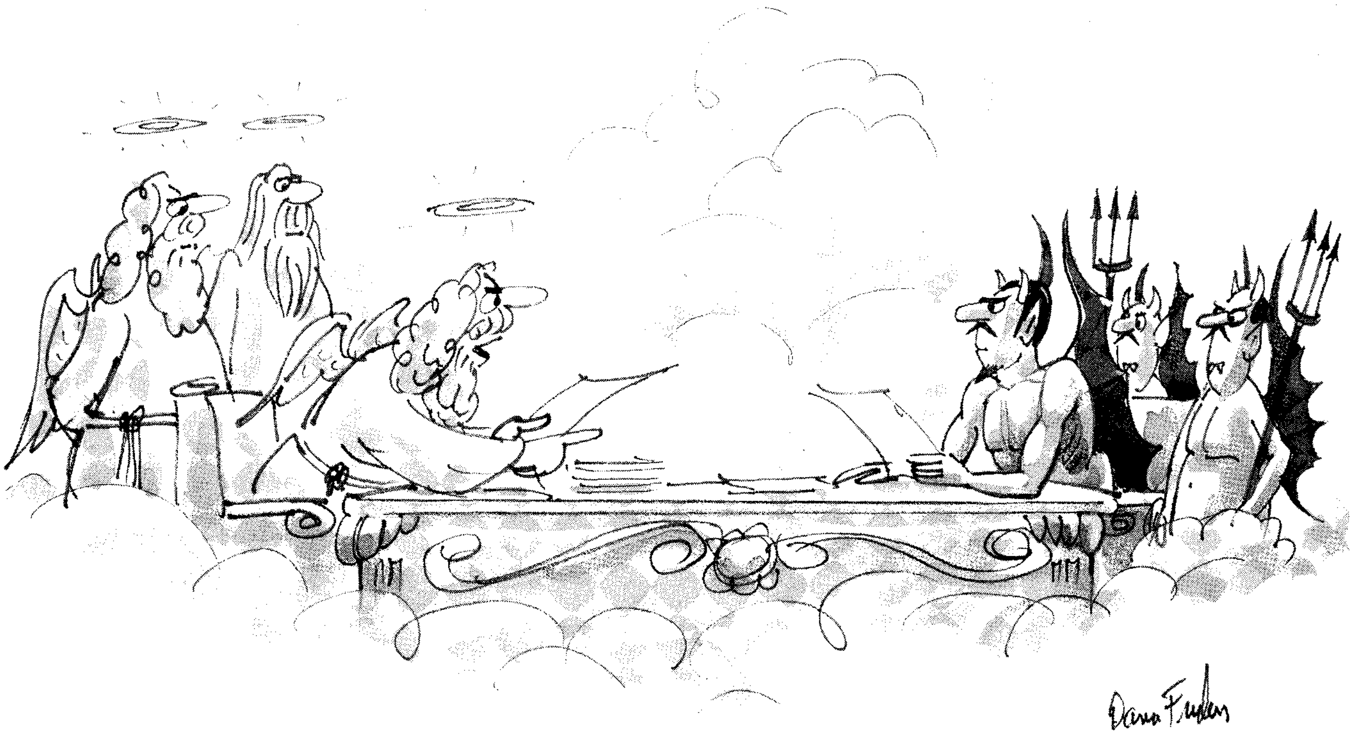
like guests departed, their pockets stuffed
with cake wrapped carefully in paper

lace, turning one last time to toast
the musicians who have started up again, the pianist

playing the small bracelet of light someone
dropped in a corner, its endless variations.

—Susan Mitchell

• •



"Then it's agreed. Watson, Smith, Teller, and Wilson go to Heaven; Jones, Paducci, and Horner go to Hell; and Fenton and Miller go to arbitration."

• •

of midnight Prague. There was never, it seemed to Bech, any moon.

AT the Residence, in the morning, how nice it was to awake to the sound of birds and of gardeners working. One crew was raking up the winter leaves; another crew was getting the tennis court ready for the summer. Bech's bathroom lay many steps from his bed, through the sunny parqueted living room with its gently curved walls. Mammoth brass fixtures, the latest thing in 1929, gushed water over Art Deco shower tiles or into porcelain basins big enough to contain fountains. The coal baron had bought only the best. Breakfast appeared at a long table in a dining room next door, where timid women brought Bech what he had checked off on a printed form the night before. "*Prosím*," they said, as Italians say "*Prego*."

"*Děkuji*," he would say, when he could think of the word, which he found an exceptionally difficult one. "Jakui" is how the Ambassador's wife pronounced it, very rapidly. She was never at breakfast; Bech always ate alone, though sometimes other place settings hinted at other guests. There were others—a suave plump Alsatian photographer, with a slim male assistant, was photographing the place, room by room, for *Architectural Digest*, and some old friends from Akron came by on the way to Vienna, and the Ambassador's wispy daughter by a former marriage was taking school vacation from her Swiss lycée—but in the mornings all this cast of characters was invisible, and Bech in lordly solitude took his post-breakfast stroll in the garden, along the oval path whose near end was nestled, like an egg in a cup, into the curve of the palace and its graceful flagstone patio, past the raking gardeners and the empty swimming pool, around to where three men in gray work clothes were rolling and patting flat the red clay of the tennis court, just this side of the pruned and banked rose garden, from which the warming weather had coaxed a moist scent of humus. He never met another stroller. Nor did he ever see a face at any of the many windows of the Residence.

It seemed that this was his proper home, that all men were naturally entitled to live in luxury no less, amid parquet and marquetry, marble hall tables and gilded picture frames; it needed only a young wife whose fair hair would flash and chiffon-veiled breasts gleam when, in an instant, she appeared at a window, to call him in. As on a giant curved movie screen Bech projected on the Residence the idea of domestic bliss. What a monster I am, he thought—sixty-three and still covetous, still a king in my mind. Europe and not America, he further thought, is the land of dreams, of fairy-tale palaces and clocks that run backwards. And Hitler kissed the princess and made all her bad dreams come true. But then, there have been many holocausts. Bech had been shown the window of Hradčany Castle from which the Defenestration of Prague had occurred in 1618; though the emissaries defenestrated had landed unharmed on a pile of manure, the incident had nevertheless commenced the Thirty Years' War, which had decimated Central Europe. He had been shown the statue of Jan Žižka, the one-eyed Hussite general who had piously slaughtered the forces of pope and Holy Roman emperor for five years, and the statue in the Baroque church of St. Nicholas that shows a tall pope with beatific expression gracefully crushing with the butt of his staff the throat of a pointy-eared infidel. For centuries, conquest and appropriation piled up their palaces and chapels on the crooked climbing streets of Prague, and the accumulation remained undisturbed, though the Nazis, ever faithful to their cleansing mission, tried to blow things up as they departed. The mulch of history, on these mornings when Bech had the oval park to himself, was deeply peaceful; the dead and wronged in their multitudes are mercifully quiet.

A young citizen of Prague had thrust himself upon the cultural officers of the Embassy and was conceded an appointment to meet Bech. He bravely came to the Embassy, past the U.S. Marine guards and the posters of the dismantled Statue of Liberty, and had lunch with Bech in the cafeteria. He was so nervous he couldn't eat. His name was unpronounceable, something like Syzygy—Vítězslav Syzygy. He was tall and dignified, however, and less young than Bech had expected, with a dusting of gray in his sideburns and that pedantic strict expression Bech had come to know as characteristically Czech. He could have worn a pince-nez on his high-bridged narrow white nose. His English was impeccable but halting, like a well-tooled but slightly rusted machine. "This is very strange for me," he began, "physically to meet you. It was twenty years ago, just before Pragspring, that I read your 'Travel Light.' For me it was a revelation that language could function in such a manner. It is not too much to say that it transformed the path of my life."

Bech wanted to say to him, "Stop sweating. Stop trembling." Instead he dipped his spoon into the cafeteria *bramborovka* and listened. Syzygy, officially silenced as translator and critic since his involvement nearly two decades ago in Pragspring, had spent these past years laboring with monkish patience upon an impossibly good, dizzyingly faithful yet resourceful translation into Czech of a Bech masterwork, "Brother Pig," not yet favored by a version in his language. "Bratr Vepř" was at last completed to his satisfaction. Never, in his severely, precisely stated opinion, had there been such a translation—not even Pasternak's of Shakespeare, not Baudelaire's of Poe, constituted such scrupulous and loving *hommage*. The difficulty . . .

"Ah," Bech said, wiping his lips and wondering if it would be gross etiquette to dip his spoon into Syzygy's untouched bowl of milky, spicy *bramborovka*, "so there is a difficulty."

"As you say," Syzygy said. Bech knew now the code: the lowered voice, the eyes darting toward the ubiquitous hidden bugs—as great an investment of intramural wiring here as burglar alarms in the United States. "Perhaps you remember, in the middle chapter, with the amusing title 'Paradoxes and Paroxysms,' how the characters Lucy and Marvin in the midst of the mutual seduction of Genevieve make passing allusions to the then-new head of the Soviet state, a certain Mr.—" Syzygy's eyes, the gentle dull color of the non-inked side of carbon paper, slid back and forth helplessly.

"Begins with 'K,' " Bech helped him out.

"Exactly. Our friends, how can I say—"

"I know who your friends are."

"Our friends would never permit such an impudent passage to appear in an official publication, even though the statesman in question himself died in not such good official odor. Yet I cannot bring myself to delete even a word of a text that has become to me, so to speak, sacred. I am not religious but now I know how certain benighted souls regard the Bible."

Bech waved his hands magnanimously. "Oh, take it out. I forget why I popped it in. Probably because Khrushchev struck me as porcine and fitted the theme. Anything for the theme, that's the way we American writers do it. You understand the word 'porcine'?"

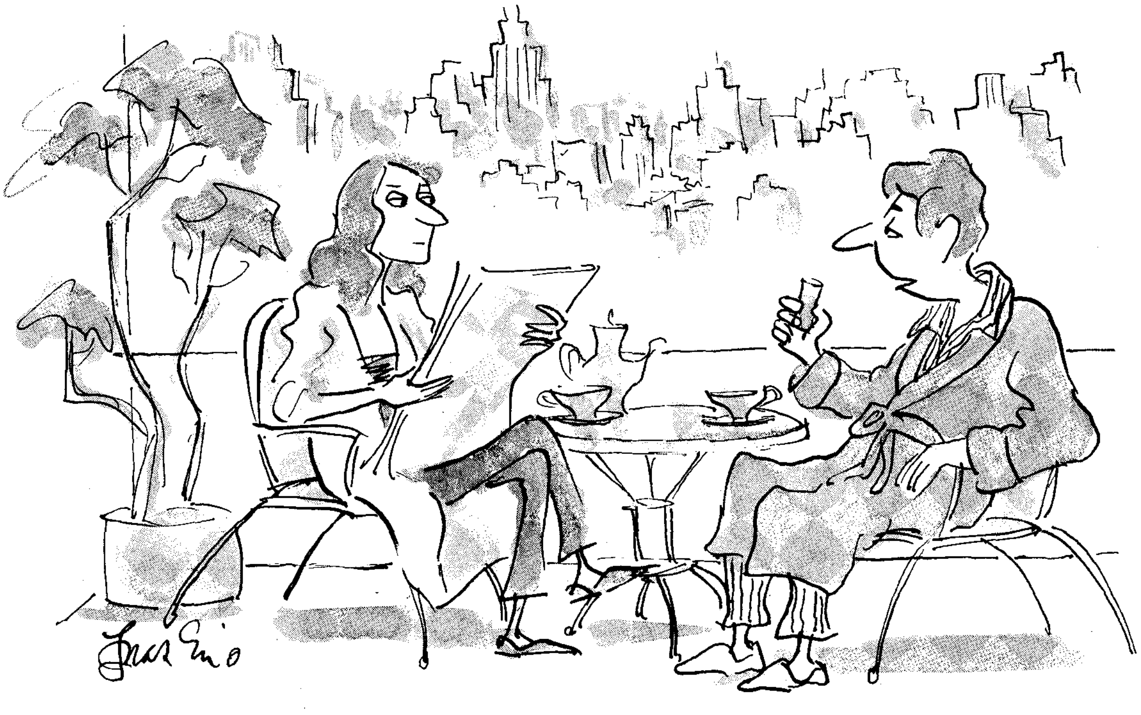
Syzygy stiffened. "But of course."

Bech tried to love this man, who loved him, or at least loved a version of him that he had constructed. "You take anything out or put anything in that will make it easier for you," Bech said. But this was bad, since it implied (correctly) that how he read in Czech couldn't matter to him less. He asked, apologetically, "But if you are in, as we say, not such good odor yourself with our friends, how do you expect to get your translation published?"

"I *am* published!" Syzygy said. "Often, under fictitious names. Even the present regime needs translations. You see," he said, sensing Bech's wish to peer into the structure of it all, "there are layers. There is inside and outside, and some just this side of outside have friends just on the inside, and so on. Also, it is not as if—" His very white hands again made, above his untouched soup, that curt helpless gesture.

"As if this was all your idea," Bech concluded for him, by "your" meaning Czechoslovakia's.

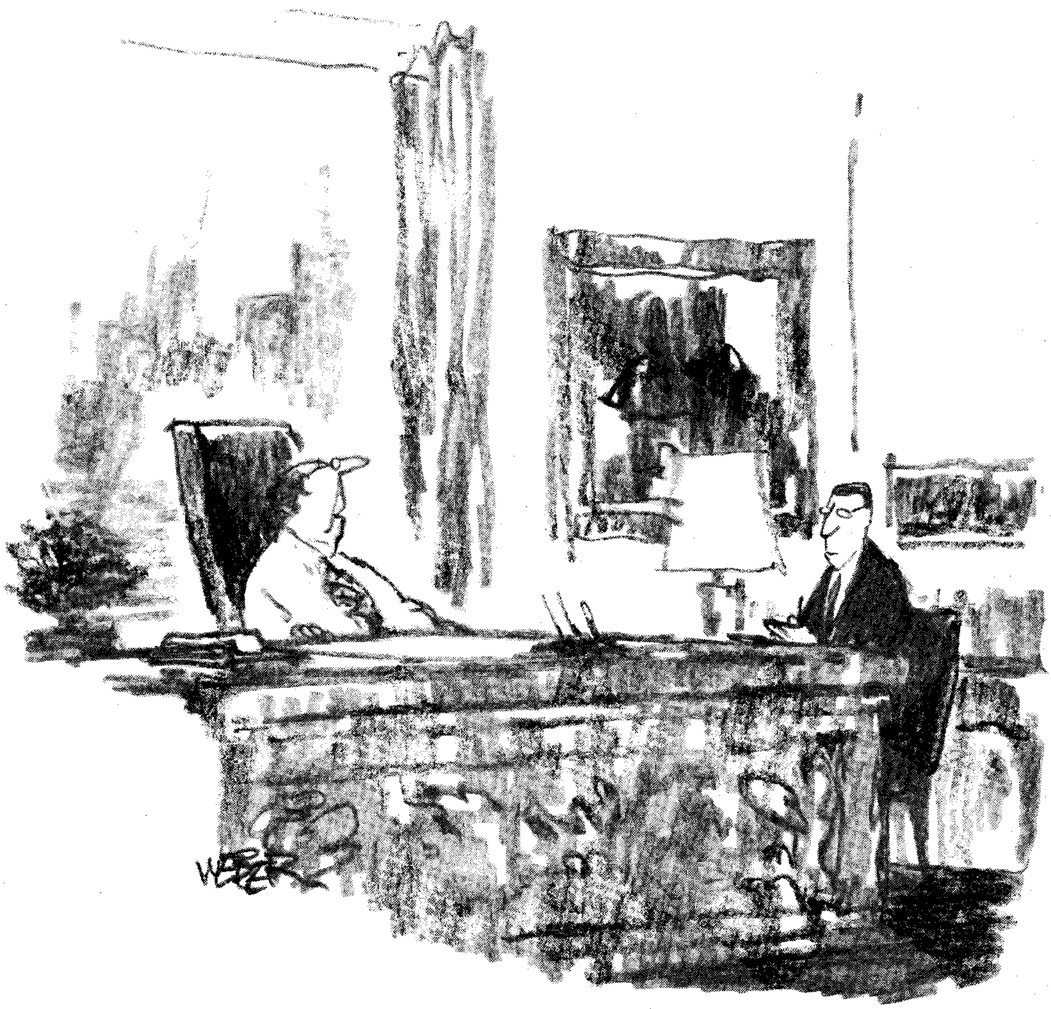
The Ambassador, as they walked along cobblestones one night to a restaurant, felt free outdoors to express his opinion on this very subject. "Up until '68," he said in his rapid and confident entrepreneurial way, seeing the realities at a glance, "it was interesting to be an intel-



"You weren't actually in the dream, but you did do the voice-over."

lectual here, because to a degree they had done it to themselves: most of them, and the students, were for Gottwald when he took over for the Communists in *for*ty-eight. They were still thinking of *thir*ty-eight, when the Germans were the problem. But after *six*ty-eight and the tanks, they became an occupied country once more, as they were under the Hapsburgs, with no responsibility for their own fate. It's just a matter of power, of big countries versus little ones, and there's nothing intellectually interesting about that, now is there?"

Bech hesitated, trying to picture the situation. In his limited experience—and isn't it a characteristic of American experience that it *is* limited, intrinsically, by something thin in the air, in the number of available referents?—power was very boring, except when you yourself needed it. It was not boring to beat Hitler, but it was boring to outsmart, or be outsmarted by, the Russians. Reagan was no doubt President because he was the last American who still found it exciting.



"I've taken to working in my shirtsleeves. We might mention that in our annual report."

"I mean," the Ambassador said impatiently, "I'm no intellectual, so tell me if I'm way off base."

Bech guessed the little man simply wanted flattery, a human enough need. Bech sopped it up all day in Czechoslovakia while the Ambassador was dealing with the calculated insults of European diplomacy. "You're right on, Mr. Ambassador, as usual. Without guilt, there is no literature."

The Ambassador's wife was walking behind, with the wife of the Akron couple and the fashionable photographer's young assistant; their heels on the cobbles were like gunfire. The wife from Akron, named Annie, was also blond, scratchy-voiced, and sexy with that leggy flip shiksa sexiness which for Bech was the glowing center of his American patriotism. *For purple mountain majesties* raced through his mind when the two women laughed, displaying their healthy gums and even teeth, *for amber waves of grain*. He was happy—happy tears crept into his eyes, aided by the damp wind of this Prague spring—to be going out to a restaurant without having to sign books or talk to students about Whitman and Melville, the palefaces and red men, the black-humor movement, imperial fiction, and now the marvellous minimalists, the first wave of writers raised entirely within the electronic global village, away from the malign influences of Gutenbergian literacy. Idolized Bech loved, at the end of a long day impersonating himself, being just folks: the shuffle around the table as he and his fellow-Americans pragmatically tried to seat themselves, the inane and melodious gabble, the two American women sinking their white teeth into vodka fizzes, the headwaiter and the Ambassador enjoying their special, murmurous relationship. The husband from Akron, like the Ambassador a stocky businessman, sat nodding off, zombified by jet lag. They had flown from Cleveland to New York, New York to London, London to Frankfurt, rented a Mercedes, driven through the night, and been held six hours at the Czech border because among their papers had been discovered a letter from their hostess that included a sketchy map of downtown Prague. Communists hate maps. Why is that, Bech wondered. Why do they instinctively loathe anything that makes for clarity and would help orient the human individual? He wondered if there had ever before been regimes so systematically committed to perpetuating ignorance. Then he thought of another set: the Christian kingdoms of medieval Europe.

The Ambassador announced, "My friend Karel here"—the headwaiter—"informs me that several busloads of Germans have made reservations tonight and suggests we might want to move to the back room." To Bech he explained, "This is the only country in Europe both West Germans and East Germans have easy access to. They get together in these restaurants and drink Pilsner and sing."

"Sing?"

"Oh boy, do they sing. They crack the rafters."

"How do the Czechs like that?"

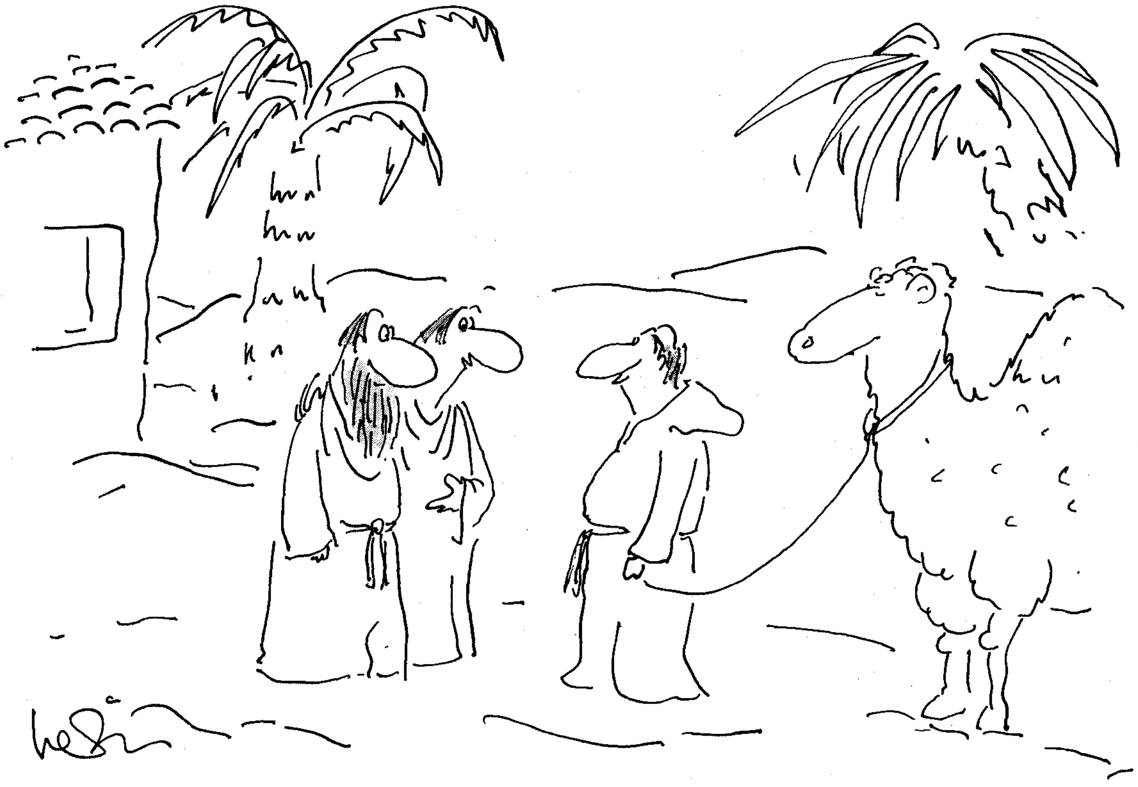
"They hate it," the square-faced man said with his urchin smile.

The restaurant was in a vast wine cellar once attached to somebody's castle. They woke up the dozing Akron husband and moved to a far recess, a plastered vault where only the Ambassador could stand upright without bumping his head. Whereas Mr. Akron kept falling asleep, his wife was full of energy; she and the Ambassador's wife had sat up till dawn catching up on Ohio gossip, and then she had spent the day seeing all the available museums, including those devoted to Smetana and Dvořák and the one, not usually visited by Americans, containing all the diabolical items of espionage confiscated at the border. Now, though a little lipstick flaked off each time she laughed, Annie still maintained high animation, goading the Ambassador's wife into a frenzy of girlish glee. They had gone to the same summer camp and private school, come out at the same country-club cotillion, and dropped out the same year of Oberlin to marry their respective Republican husbands. Bech felt it a failing in himself, one further inroad of death, that he found there being *two* of them, these perfect Midwestern beauties, somehow dampening to his desire: it halved rather than doubled it. The thought of being in bed with four such cornflower-blue eyes, a quartet of such long scissoring legs, a pair of such grainy triangular tongues, and two such vivacious, game, fun-loving hearts quailed his spirit, like the thought of submitting to the gleaming apparatus in Kafka's story about the penal colony. Annie, on her second vodka fizz, was being very funny about the confiscated devices displayed in the border museum—radio transmitters disguised as candy bars, poison-dart fountain pens, old *Playboys* with the pubic hair airbrushed out—but gradually her lips moved without sound emerging, for the Germans had begun to sing. Though they were out of sight in another part of the subterranean restaurant, their combined voices were strong enough to make the brickwork vibrate as the little low nook cupped the resonating sound. Bech shouted in the Ambassador's ear, "What are they singing about?"

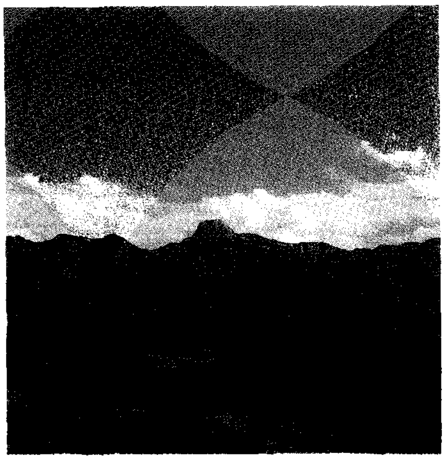
"The Deutschland!" the answer came back. "Mountains! Drinking!"

When the united German chorus began to thump their beer mugs on the tables, and then thump the tables on the floor, circular vibrations appeared in Bech's mug of Pilsner. The noise was not exactly menacing, Bech decided; it was simply unconsciously, helplessly huge. The Germans in Europe were like a fat man who seats himself, with a happy sigh, in the middle of an already crowded sofa. The Czech waiters darted back and forth, wagging their heads and rolling their eyes in silent protest, and a Gypsy band, having made a few stabs at roving the tables, retreated to a dark corner with glasses of brandy. Gypsies: Bech looked among them for the curly head, the skinny shoulders of his dissident friend who had talked so movingly about books, but saw only mustachioed dark men, looking brandy-soaked and bored.

NEXT day—there seemed to be endless such days, when Bech awakened at his end of the palatial arc, shuffled in his bare feet across the parquet, through a room in which fresh flowers had always been placed, to the brassy, rumbling bathroom, breakfasted in enchanted solitude like a changeling being fed nectar by invisible fairies, and then took his proprietorial stroll along the oval path, bestowing terse nods of approval upon the workmen—he had an appointment to meet some literary officials, the board of the publishing house that dealt with foreign translations. Out of loyalty to the dissidents he had met earlier in his visit, he expected to be scornful of these apparatchiks, who would no doubt be old, with hairy ears and broad Soviet neckties. But in truth they were a young group, younger by a generation than the weary dissidents. The boy who seemed to be chairman of the board had been to U.C.L.A. and spoke with an oddly super-American accent, like that of a British actor playing O'Neill, and his associates, mostly female, stared at Bech with brighter eyes and smiles more avidly amused than any that had greeted him among the dissidents—to whom he had been,



"This is Mozab. I've known him since the year one."



The calm. The charm. The casinos.
The climbing. The spring.

The hiking. The history. The heights.
The hospitality. The summer.

NY 4/20

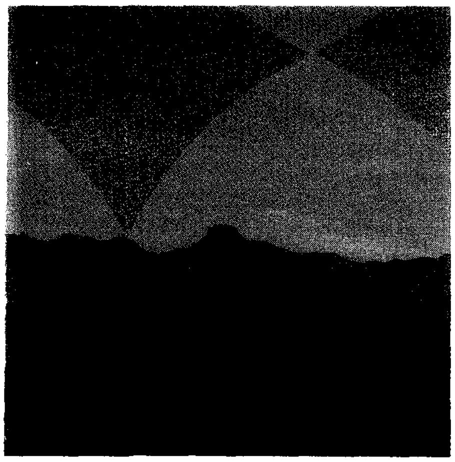
The ALPS.

No matter what the season, you'll always get a warm reception in the Alps. You'll find everything you come to Europe for all year round. In the Alps of Austria, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Yugoslavia.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________ Zip ____________

For a brochure, write: The Alpine Tourist Commission, P.O. Box 1137, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10101

The museums. The music.
The meadows. The markets. The fall.



The sun. The snow. The shopping.
The sleigh rides. The winter.

of course, as curious in his insignificant freedom as they to him in their accustomed state of danger and melancholy indignation. Whereas these young people were experts in foreign literature and knew him and his context well. They boasted to him of American writers they had translated and published—Bellow, Kerouac, Styron, Vidal—and showed him glossy copies, with trendy covers.

"Burroughs, too, and John Barth," a young woman proudly told him; she had a mischievous long-toothed smile and might, it seemed to Bech, have Gypsy blood. "We like very much the experiment, the experimental. William Gaddis, Joan Didion, the abrupt harsh texture. In English can you say that? 'Abrupt texture'?"

"Sure," said Bech. "In English almost anything goes." It embarrassed him that for these young Czechs American writing, with its square dance of lame old names, should appear such a lively gavotte, prancing carefree into the future.

"Pray tell us," another, shyer young woman said, "of whom we should be especially conscious among the newer wave."

"I'm not sure there is a new wave," Bech admitted. "Just more and more backwash. The younger writers I meet look pretty old to me. You know about the minimalists?"

"And how," the chairman of the board said. "Abish, Beattie, Carver—we're doin' 'em all."

"Well," Bech sighed. "You're way ahead of me. Newer wave than that, you'll have to dig right down into the fiction workshops. There are thousands of them, all across the country; it's the easiest way to get through college."

" 'Less Than Zero,' " the blonde pronounced, "was evidently composed in one such class of instruction."

The chairman laughed. "Like, really. He does a fantastic job on that sick scene."

"Good title," Bech admitted. "After the minimalists, what can there be but blank paper? It'll be a relief, in a way."

The long-toothed woman laughed, sexily. "You talk the cynic, as Mortimer Zenith in 'Velká Myšlenka.' Perhaps, we think here, this novel, with its ironical title 'Think Big,' departs your accustomed method. Is your first attempt at post-literary literature, the literature of exhaustion."

"It seemed that bad to you?" Bech asked.

"That good, man," interposed the chairman of the board.

"Whereas 'Travel Light' was your experiment in the Beatnik school," pursued the mischievous dark woman, "and 'Brother Pig' your magic realism."

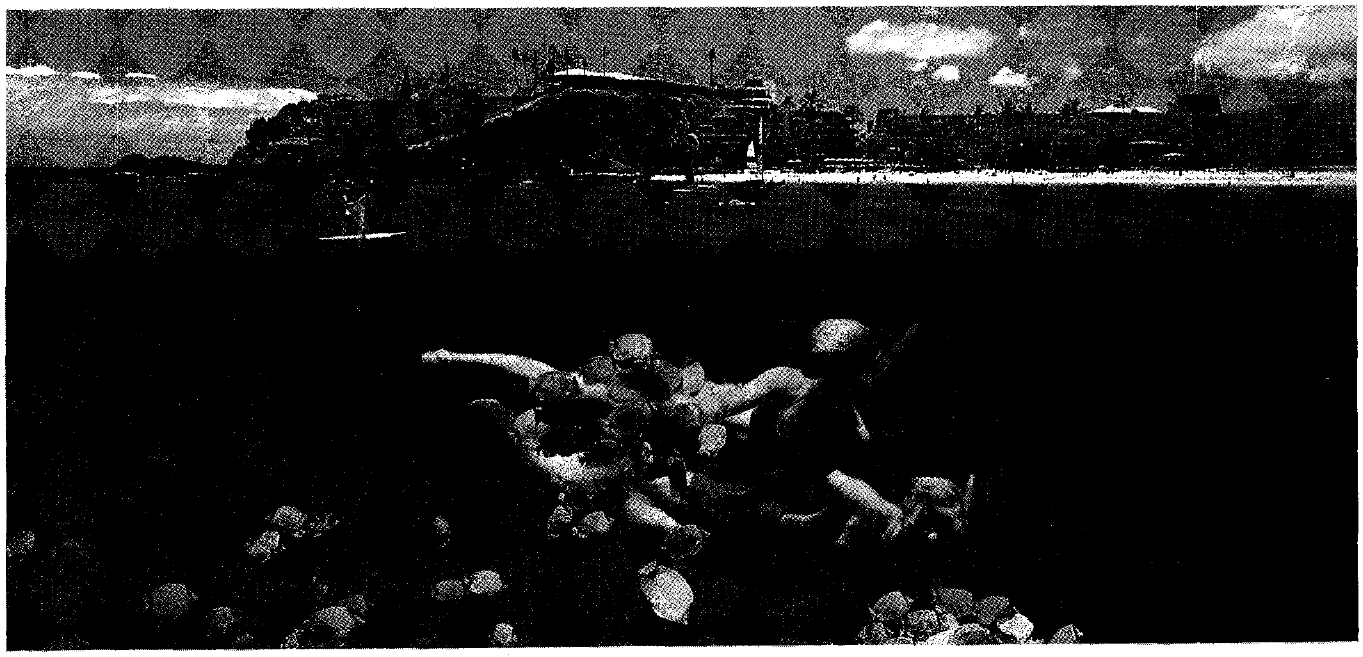
"Speaking of 'Brother Pig'—"

"Is ready to print!" she interrupted gaily. "We have fixed the pub date—that is the expression?—for this autumn that is coming."

Bech continued, "I've met a man, a translator—"

The next interruption came from a slightly older man, nearly bald and so thin-skinned as to appear transparent, at the far end of the table. Bech had not hitherto noticed him. "We know and value the work," he smilingly said, "of your friend Comrade Syzygy."

Bech took this to mean that they were using Syzygy's labor-of-love translation, and the Pragspring lambs were lying down with the Husák lions, and the levels of this fractured society were melding and healing beneath his own beneficent influence. With so pleasant a sensation warming Bech's



Come to Maui. The resort that began a legend.

The hotel wraps around a huge natural lava rock formation as it rises impressively above the blue waters of the Pacific. Here the legend of Kaanapali Beach began. Cliff divers at sunset. Romantic dinners and spectacular shows. Come to the Sheraton Maui.

See your Travel Planner or call Sheraton toll-free 800-325-3535
(throughout the Continental United States, Hawaii, Alaska and Canada)

Sheraton Maui Hotel
The hospitality people of ITT

Come to Sheraton for AAdvantage® Miles
Applicable on SET and rack rates only.

veins, he was emboldened to say, "There's one novel of mine you never mention here. Yet it's my longest and you could say my most ambitious."

The members of the board glanced at one another. " 'Vyvolení,' " the sexy long-toothed girl, dropping her smile, explained to the nearly bald, thin-skinned man.

In the face of their collective silence, Bech blushed and said, "Maybe it's a terrible book. A lot of American critics thought so."

"Oh, no, sir," the little blonde said, her own color rising. "Henry Bech does not produce terrible books. It is more a matter—" She could not finish.

The dark one spoke, her smile returned but the sparkle banished from her eyes by a careful dullness. "It is that we are feeling 'Vyvolení' is for the general Czech reader too—"

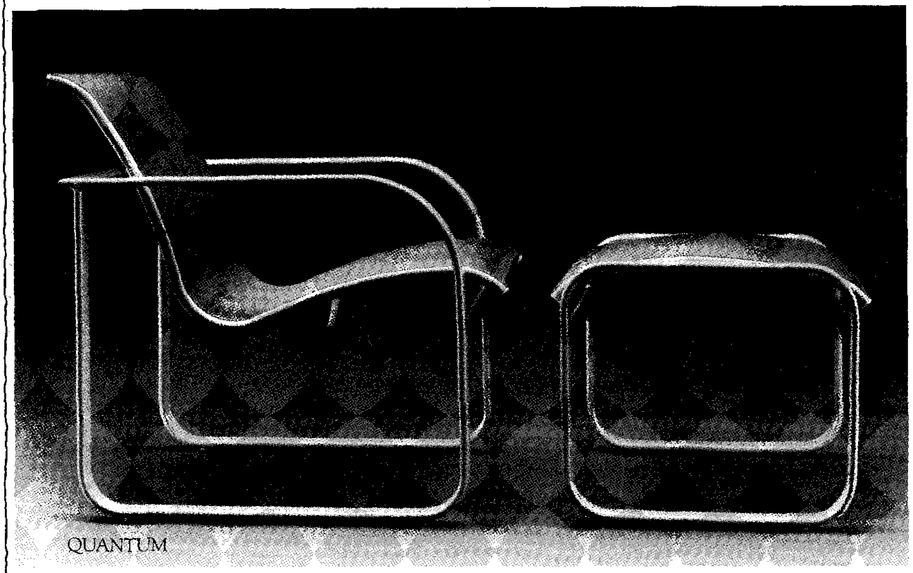
"Too special," the chairman of the board supplied, quite pleased at having found the exact shade of prevarication within the English language.

"Too Jewish," Bech translated.

In chorus, somewhat like the Germans singing, the board reassured him that nothing could be too Jewish, that modern Czechoslovakia paid no attention to such things, that the strain of American-Jewish literary expression was greatly cherished in all progressive countries. Nevertheless, and though the meeting ended with fervent and affectionate handshakes all around, Bech felt he had blundered into that same emptiness he had felt when standing in the crammed old Jewish cemetery, near the clock that ran backwards.

He knew now why he felt so fond of the Ambassador and his wife, so safe in the Residence, and so subtly reluctant to leave. He was frightened of Europe. The historical fullness of Prague, layer on layer, castles and bridges and that large vaulted hall with splintered floorboards where jousts and knightly elections used to be held, museums holding halls of icons and cases of bluish Bohemian glass and painted panoramas of the saga of the all-enduring Slavs, tilted streets of crumbling plasterwork masked by acres of scaffolding, that clock in Old Town Square where with a barely audible whirring a puppet skeleton tolls the hour and the twelve apostles and that ultimate bogeyman Jesus Christ twitchily appear in two little windows above and one by one bestow baleful wooden stares upon the assembled tourists, the incredible visual pâtisserie of Baroque church interiors, mock-

BROWN JORDAN



Beauty and comfort that last.

The beauty and comfort are obvious. What is not so obvious is that our furniture is built to last. The frames are exceptionally strong – made of welded, rustproof, heavy-gauge aluminum, reinforced at stress points. Our UltraFuse® finish and distinctive seating materials are unsurpassed for weather and wear resistance. Everything is meticulously crafted for added value – for years.

At leading stores and interior designers. Write for free brochure and address of your nearest dealer. Or send $4 for 76-page, full-color catalog with a broad range of Brown Jordan furniture. Brown Jordan, Dept. GY031, P.O. Box 5688, El Monte, CA 91734.

"Played a week of golf on a spectacular course in Vermont . . . hook the first drive and you're in Lake Champlain. Had our own cottage—and wonderful food."

"Oh, so you've found out about the Basin Harbor Club. My grandfather learned golf there. We've been going back ever since. Let's keep it to ourselves, shall we? And welcome to the club."

The Basin Harbor Club, 700 acres on a secluded cove on Lake Champlain. Charming country cottages and two main guest houses. Owned and run by the Beach Family for over 100 years. Golf, tennis and water sports. (800) 622-4000. In Vermont (802) 475-2311.

New England's standard of hospitality since 1886.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

Vergennes, Vermont

I would like to know more about the club.

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ____ Zip ______

Phone ______

Please mail to: Basin Harbor Club, Box 8G
Vergennes, VT 05491 NY2

Shhhhh
hhhhh.

The $55
Tuscany weekend
is back.

Amazingly, we're still one of New York's best-kept secrets. A small, luxury hotel located on a charming, tree-lined Murray Hill street. Our weekend package includes continental breakfast, free parking, complimentary N.Y. Times or N.Y. Sunday Times and, of course, our celebrated personal service. All at a rate you'll want to celebrate. Quietly.

DORAL TUSCANY HOTEL
120 East 39th Street, East of Park Avenue
New York 10016 • 212-686-1600
Toll-free: 800-847-4078. Telex: 640243
Rate: per person, double occupancy daily.
Friday or Saturday arrival. Tax additional.
Offer limited & based on availability.
Price subject to change.

Quiet
Quality

THE TIDES INN
Box 339, Irvington, VA 22480
Mobile ☆☆☆☆ AAA◇◇◇◇
1-800-TIDES INN • VA: 800-552-3461

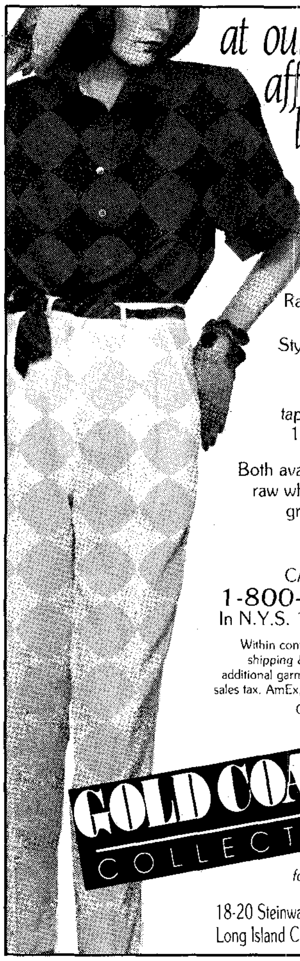
IN SAN FRANCISCO
Just two blocks west of Union Square enjoy gracious simplicity in warm intimate surroundings. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe. $66 to $96

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Call for Brochure
(800) 227-4742 • (415) 563-6877
In California (800) 622-0557

marble pillars of paint-veined gesso melting upward into trompe-l'oeil ceilings bubbling with cherubs, everything gilded and tilted and twisted and skewed to titillate the eye, hideous wedding-cake interiors meant to stun Hussite peasants back into the bosom of Catholicism—all this afflicted Bech like a void, a chasm, which he could float across in the dew-fresh mornings as he walked the otherwise untrod oval path, but which, over the course of each day, like pain inflicted under anesthesia, worked terror upon his subconscious. America has its rough spots—if the muggers don't get your wallet, the nursing homes will—but it's still a country that never had a pogrom.

More fervently than he was a Jew, Bech was a writer, a literary man, and in this dimension, too, he felt cause for unease. He was a creature of the third person, a character, and a character suffers from the fear that he will become boring to the author, who will simply let him drop, without so much as a terminal illness or a dramatic tumble down the Reichenbach Falls in the arms of Professor Moriarty. For some years now, Bech had felt his author wanting to set him aside, to get him off the desk forever. Rather frantically hoping still to amuse, Bech had developed a new set of tricks, quite out of character—he had married, he had written a best-seller. Nevertheless, and especially as his sixties settled around him as heavily as an astronaut's suit, he felt boredom from above dragging at him; he was—as H. G. Wells put it in a grotesquely cheerful acknowledgment of his own mortality that the boy Bech had read when everything in print seemed sacred—an experiment whose chemicals were about to be washed down the drain. The huge bowls in his palace bathroom had voracious drains, gulping black holes with wide brass rims, like greedy bottomless bull's-eyes. *Ne, ne!*

AROUND him in Czechoslovakia things kept happening. Little Annie Akron came back from a shopping expedition in the countryside with an old-fashioned sled, of bright yellow wood, with the fronts of the runners curved up like a ram's horns. Her children back home would love it. The photographer and his assistant had a fearful spat in French and German, and the boy disappeared for a night and came creeping back to the Residence with a black eye. The Ambassador, taking his wispy daughter



at our always affordable low prices

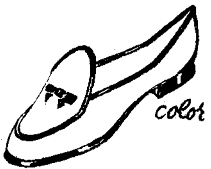
Style No. 2205GCL
$25.00
Campshirt* with squared collar. Ramie/cotton blend.

Style No. 2223GCL
$45.00
Trouser* with tappering cuffed leg. 100% heavy linen.

Both available in para red, raw white, peacock, and granite. Sizes 4-14.
*Imported

CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-722-0107
In N.Y.S. 1-800-822-8012
Within continental USA add $3.50 shipping & handling; $2.50 each additional garment. NYS residents add sales tax. AmEx, MC, Visa, MO, check.
Courteous refund policy.

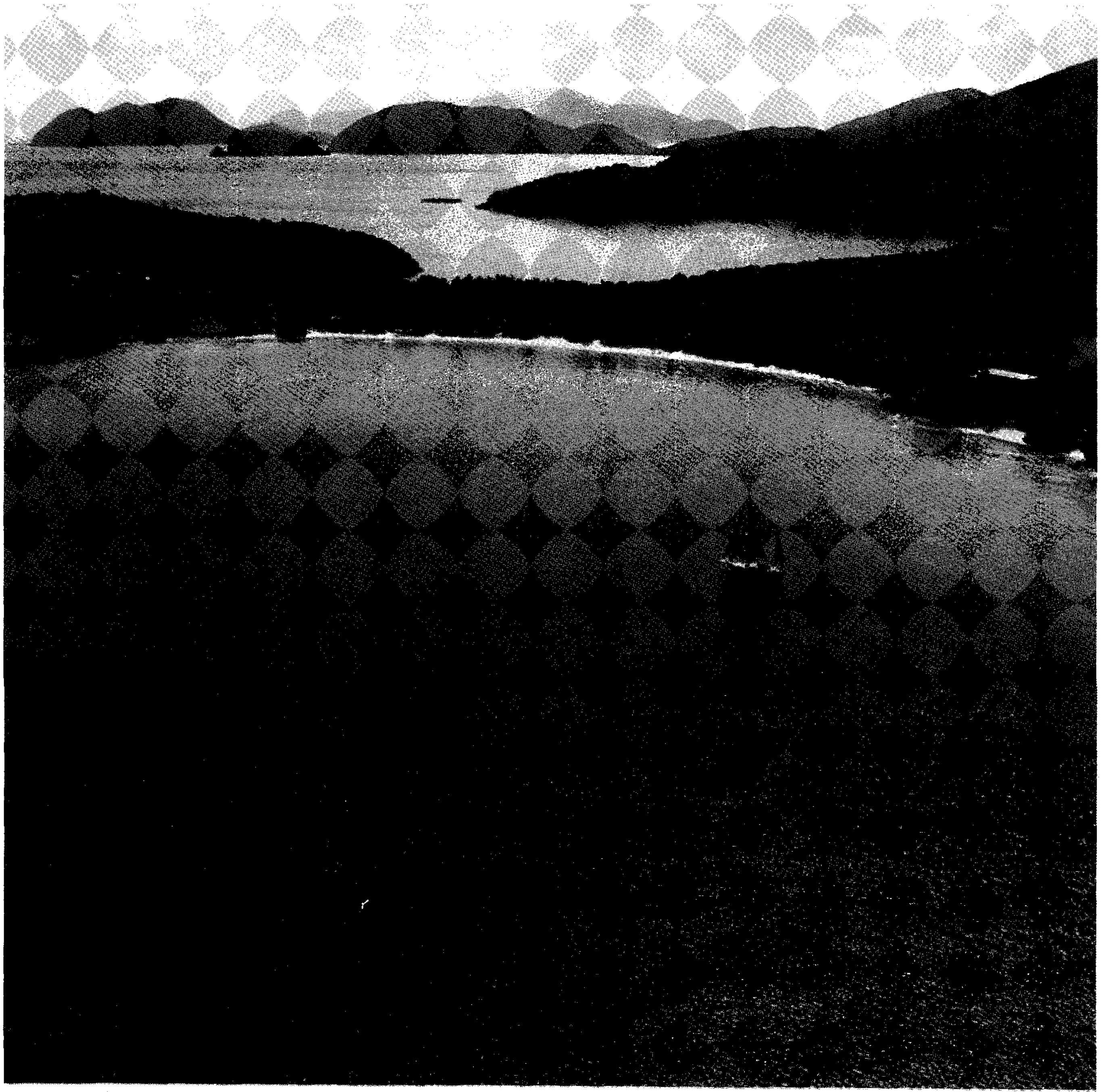
GOLD COAST
COLLECTION
Call or write for our free mailings.
18-20 Steinway Street, Dept. YD37
Long Island City, New York 11105



Handmade Casuals
color Brochure
$2.00
··More than Handfinished··
··Superior to Handcrafted··
··Made for utmost comfort··
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56th St.
New York 10022 (212) 755-7372

GROW YOUR OWN FRUIT-BEARING FIG TREE INDOORS
Acclaimed by thousands!
No one is too young or too old to share the enchantment of the long-lived, fast-growing, disease-resistant, uncommonly beautiful and ancient Revelation® Fig tree. Bears up to 2 crops of delicious figs a year. Grows 4-5 ft. indoors, 9-12 ft. outdoors. No green thumb necessary. Guaranteed live delivery. Hardy, young 10"-12" ready-to-pot tree comes with complete growing instructions. Delivered by UPS for only $16.95 (2 for $31.00) including all shipping and packing charges. Check or MasterCard:
Lifetime® Nursery Products
1866 Sheridan Road, Highland Park, IL 60035
(312) 432-0830

ROCKRESORTS



It's Caneel Bay on St. John in the U.S. Virgin Islands, with seven beaches where yours can be the day's first footprints. It's Little Dix Bay on British Virgin Gorda, a hideaway gem on a reef-sheltered, crescent bay. And now, our new Carambola Beach on St. Croix, the fairways of its tropical mountain golf course curving among bougainvillea and palm trees. Rockresorts. Understated perfection in unspoiled, beautiful places. **Rockresorts, the natural.**

See your travel agent or call 800-223-7637. In N.Y. State 800-442-8198, N.Y. City 212-586-4459. Ask about our honeymoon, combination resort and golf plans.

Rockresorts' Caribbean.
The natural.

with him, had to drive to Vienna for a conference with all the American ambassadors of Central Europe for a briefing on our official stance in case Kurt Waldheim was elected President of Austria. There was, in his unavoidable absence, a reception at the Residence; Bech gave a talk on "American Optimism as Evinced in the Works of Melville, Bierce, and Nathanael West," and the Ambassador's wife introduced him.

"To live a week with Henry Bech," she began, "is to fall in love with him." She went on quite brightly, leaning her scratchy voice into the mike and tripping into spurts of Czech that drew oohs and ahs from the attentive audience; but to Bech, as he sat beside her watching her elegant high-heeled legs nervously kick in the shadow behind the lectern, came the heavy, dreary thought that she was doing her job, that being attractive and vivacious and irrepressibly American was part of the job of being an ambassador's wife. He stood blearily erect in the warm wash of applause that followed her gracious introduction. The audience, lit by chandeliers here in the palace ballroom, was all white faces and shirtfronts; he recognized, in a row, the young board of the translation publishing house, and most of the crowd had a well-groomed, establishment air. Communists, opportunists, quislings.

But afterwards it was the dissidents, in checked shirts and slouchy thrift-shop dresses, who came up to him like old friends. The scarred man, with his shiny black eyes mounted like insect eyes, shook Bech's hand, clinging, and said, apropos of the speech, "You are naughty. There is no optimism."

"Oh, but there is, there is!" Bech protested. "Underneath everything."

The Gypsy was there, too, in another loose blouse, with her hair freshly kinked, so her sallow triangular face was nested as in a wide pillow, and only half-circles of her great gold earrings showed. "I like you," she said, "when you talk books."

"And I you," he answered. "That was *such* a lovely book you showed me the other night. The delicate thin paper, the hand-done binding. It nearly made me cry."

"It makes many to cry," she said, much as she had solemnly said, "We are not monks."

And a blond dissident, with small teeth and round cheeks, who looked much like the blonde at the publishing house except that she was older, and wiser, with little creased comet's tails of wisdom trailing from the corners of her eyes, explained, "Jiři sends the regrets he could not come hear your excellent talk. He must be giving interview at this very hour, to very sympathetic West German newspaperman."

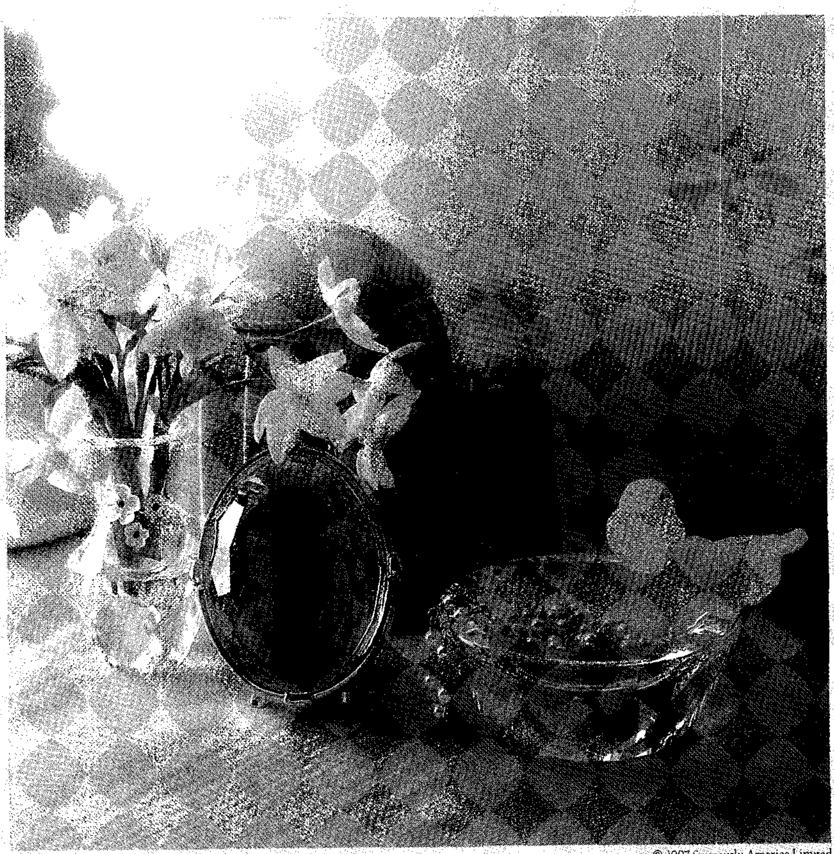
Syzygy, dark-suited and sweating as profusely as a voodoo priest possessed by his deity, could not bear to look at Bech. "Not since the première of 'Don Giovanni' has there been such a performance in Prague," he began but, unable out of sheer wonder to continue, shudderingly closed his eyes behind the phantom pince-nez.

At last Bech was alone in his room, feeling bloated by the white wine and extravagant compliments. This was his last night in the last palace in Europe. Tomorrow, Brno, and then the world. The moon was out, drenching in silver, like the back of a mirror, the great oval park—its pale path, its bushes with their shadows like heaps of ash, the rectilinear tennis court strange as something out of de Chirico. Where had the moon been

Crystal with an Austrian accent.

Designed by skilled Austrian craftsmen in 30%+ full lead Swarovski crystal. Etched with the symbol of authenticity, Swarovski® Silver Crystal™ is available at distinguished gift stores worldwide. For the store nearest you, call 800-556-6478.

SWAROVSKI
Silver Crystal



© 1987 Swarovski America Limited

all week? Behind the castle. Behind Hradčany. Bech moved back from the window and got into his king-size bed. From afar he heard doors slam, and a woman's voice cry out in ecstasy: the Ambassador returning, having settled Waldheim's hash. Bech read a little in Hašek's "Good Soldier Schweik," but even this very tedious national classic did not soothe him or allay his creeping terror.

He lay in bed sleepless, beset by panic. *Jako by byl nemocen, zjistil, že může ležet jen v jedné poloze, na zádech. Obrátit se na druhý bok znamenalo nachýlit se nad okraj propasti, převrátit se na břicho znamenalo riskovat, že utone ve vodách věčného zapomnění, jež bublaly ve tmě zahřívané jeho tělem.* A single late last trolley car squealed somewhere off in the labyrinth of Prague. The female cry greeting the Ambassador had long died down. But the city, even under its blanket of political oppression, beyond the heavily guarded walls, faintly rustled with footsteps and small explosions of combustion, as a fire supposedly extinguished continues to crackle and settle. *Zkoušel se na tyto zvuky soustředit, vymačkat z nich pouhou silou pozornosti balzám jejich nepopiratelnosti, nevinnost, která byla hlavním rysem jejich prosté existence, nezávisle na jejich dalších vlastnostech. Všechny věci mají tutéž existenci, dělí se o tytéž atomy, přeskupují se: tráva v hnůj, maso v červy. Temnota za touto myšlenkou jako sklo, z něhož se stírá námraza. Zkoušel si příjemně oživit svůj večerní triumf, předčítání odměněné tak vřelým potleskem.* He thought of the Gypsy, who had come to the lecture and reception braving the inscrutable Kafkaesque authorities, and tried to imagine her undressed and in a posture of sexual reception; but his author was too bored with him to give him an erection and by this primordial method release his terror, there in the Ambassador's huge guest bed.

Becha to neuspalo. Jeho panika, jako bolest, která sílí, když se jí obíráme, když ji rozněcujeme úpornou pozorností, se bez hojivého potlesku jitřila; nicméně, jako rána, zkusmo definovaná protiinfekčním a odmítavým vzepřením těla, začala nabírat jistou podobu. His panic felt pasty and stiff and revealed a certain shape: he feared that, once he left his end of the gentle arc of the Ambassador's Residence, he would, like millions and millions before him, cease to exist.

—JOHN UPDIKE

I N T R O D U C I N G

Bill and Pam Bryan's

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

A unique planning service for travelers to the Northern Rockies

OFF THE BEATEN PATH is a first-of-its-kind service which provides detailed local knowledge, advice and itinerary planning for travelers to Montana, Wyoming and Idaho – three of the West's most spectacular and interesting, yet uncrowded states.

Our service is personal. No two itineraries are alike. By working in close cooperation with you – in person, by phone, or by letter – we design your itinerary individually to perfectly match your tastes and interests. Our hope is to become like that friend you wished you had here; the one who could steer you to those special places and activities: The quiet parts of Yellowstone, the little known fishing spots, the most colorful Western cafes and lodges, the Indian celebrations, the undeveloped hot springs, the most sensational mountain trails.

We are here to save you time, money and the disappointment of a trial and error vacation. With OFF THE BEATEN PATH you will know more at the start of your trip than most people usually do at the end.

For more information, call us at 406 - 586 - 1311. Or use the coupon below.

- Bill and Pam Bryan's OFF THE BEATEN PATH. -

Mail to: OFF THE BEATEN PATH, 109 East Main St., Bozeman, MT 59715

☐ Please send me a free brochure, and an example of an itinerary.

☐ Please call me. NY3

Name ____________________

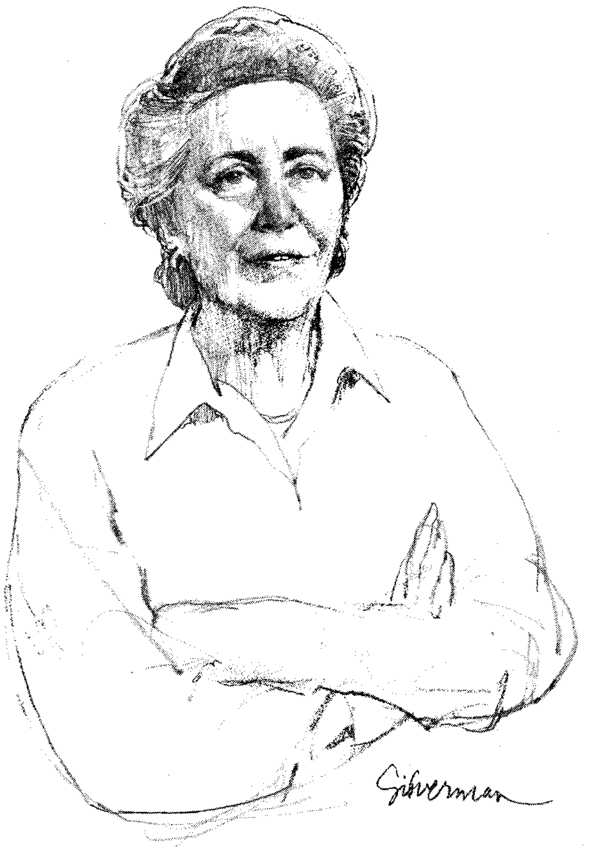
Address ____________________

____

Phone ____________________

PROFILES

THE HON. MEMBER FOR HOUGHTON



HELEN SUZMAN'S principal domicile is a comfortable house in an affluent suburb of a highly Westernized metropolis. She is married to a respected physician with a lucrative practice. She plays a fair game of golf, and is partial to bridge on weekends. She does not live in Scarsdale. The suburb is Hyde Park, the metropolis is Johannesburg, and since 1953 Mrs. Suzman has been a member of the all-white House of Assembly, the main lawmaking body of the Republic of South Africa. She has never ceased to be a dogged adversary of her country's ruling clique. With all deference to Archbishop Desmond Tutu, who is fourteen years Mrs. Suzman's junior and likes to address her, fondly, as "my dear child," more than a few longtime observers of the international scene contend that when it came to bestowing the Nobel Peace Prize on a South African anti-apartheid activist His Grace would have made a splendid second choice.

The House of Assembly meets, usually for about half of each year, in Cape Town (Pretoria is the executive branch's home base), and Mrs. Suzman, whose constituency is called Houghton, is now its senior frontbencher. She attained that distinction—there appears to be no reason to believe that she will not retain it when she runs for reëlection early next month—in 1984, when her only rival for length of service, the now universally known Pieter Willem Botha, decided to do away with his Prime Ministership and to assume the no less authoritative mantle of President. Over the years, the two have had many exchanges, none cordial. Once, Mrs. Suzman reminded the House that when one of her colleagues in the Progressive Federal Party, Colin Eglin (its leader), was a sixteen-year-old schoolboy he volunteered for military service on the side of the Allies in the Second World War, while "the hon. the prime minister"—who, like many other descendants of the Boers, was perhaps less pro-Nazi than anti-British—"was leading gangs of destructive breakers-up of meetings all round the country and insulting men wearing the South African uniform in time of war." Another time, Mrs. Suzman was thrown out of Parliament—"asked to leave the chamber" is the polite circumlocution—for calling Mr. Botha a coward. A not untypical dialogue between them in the House, a year ago, went:

H.S.: Stupid!
P.W.B.: Woman!

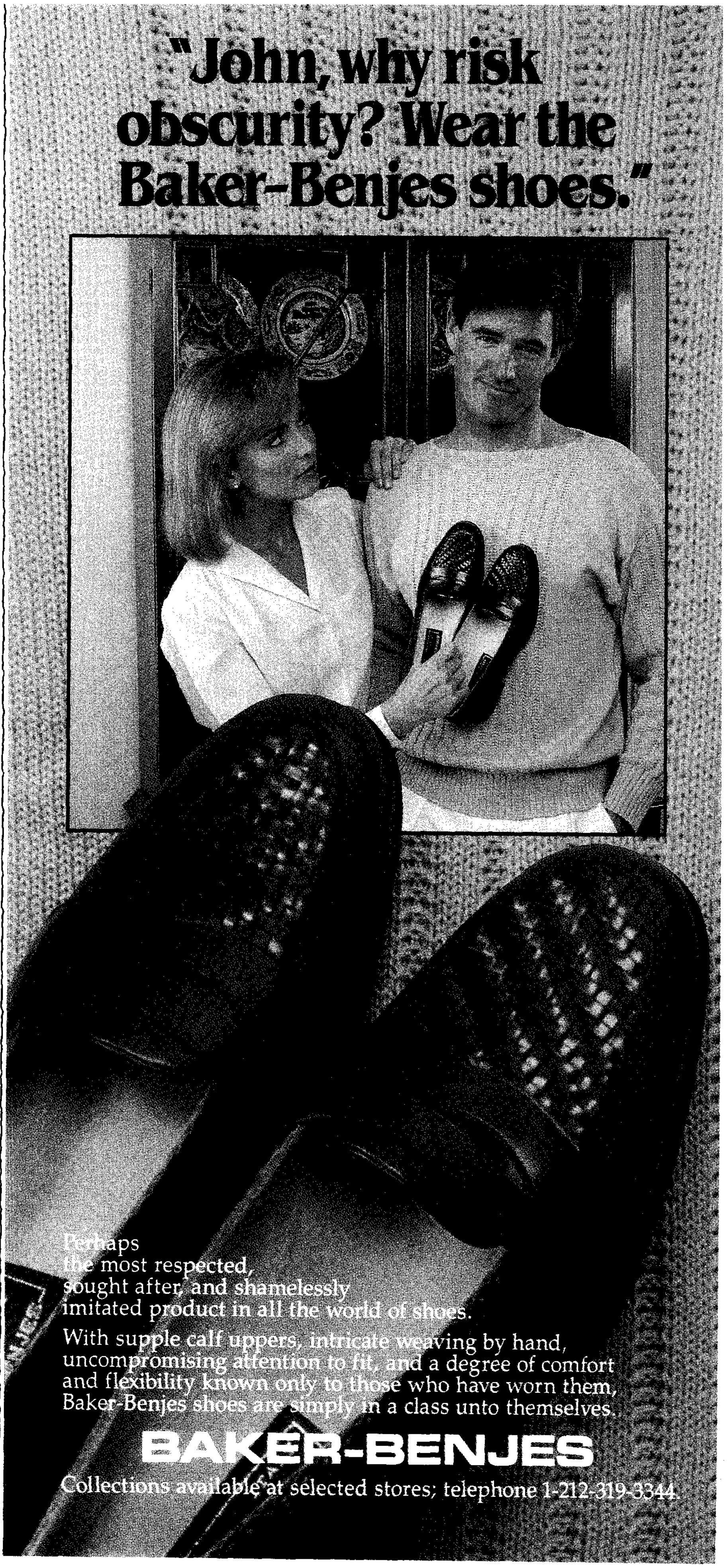
FIVE years previously, after Mrs. Suzman had taken pains to watch some police wantonly dismantle shacks in a black settlement and haul some of the occupants off to jail, and after she had also been a conspicuous onlooker during a peaceful anti-apartheid demonstration in a Cape Town cathedral, Mr. Botha, then still Prime Minister, suggested in Parliament that her being engaged in such activities bordered on the illegal, and added, "I am telling you that if you try to break the law you will see what happens."

Mrs. Suzman responded, addressing no one in particular, "The hon. the prime minister has been trying to bully me for twenty-eight years, and he has not succeeded yet." And then, addressing him squarely across the ten yards that separated their benches, she said, "I am not frightened of you. I never have been and I never will be. I think nothing of you." Following another altercation, way back in 1966, when Botha, at the time merely Minister of Defence, reluctantly apologized to her in a manner she deemed unacceptable for a remark she deemed unforgivable (he had accused her of somehow being responsible for the assassination, moments earlier, of Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd), Mrs. Suzman resolved never to speak to him again, and she maintains that in the ensuing twenty years she hasn't. She does not count telling him off in Parliament—"I find you funnier than ever," for one comparatively mild instance—as personal communication.

During thirteen of her thirty-four years of unrelenting and singularly unrewarding efforts to save the land of her birth from its governors, Mrs. Suzman was the only member of her party in Parliament. She was often a solo voice of protest, and by now has become so celebrated at home that to millions of her compatriots, of all colors and political persuasions, she is known simply as Helen. Abroad, she has probably been more frequently honored than any other South African political personage since the late Jan Christiaan Smuts, whose defeat at the polls by the Nationalist Party in 1948 launched the country on the dismal course it has followed to this day. No Nobel has yet come her way from Scandinavia (though she has been nominated three times), but not long ago a Swedish newspaper and a Danish newspaper did jointly give a human-rights award to Mrs. Suzman and her friend Winnie Mandela, the wife of the imprisoned head of the African National Congress, Nelson Mandela. Last fall, Mrs. Suzman also received a key to the city of Washington, D.C. Over the years, she has accumulated two honorary fellowships (from

St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and the London School of Economics) and eleven honorary degrees (again from Oxford, also from her alma mater, the University of the Witwatersrand—where she has taught economic history, and which in 1979 gave her its first Alumni Award—and, in the United States, from Smith, Brandeis, and Harvard, among other institutions). The Nats, as the majority members of the House of Assembly are generally called, sometimes seem both resentful and envious of her éclat abroad. When she explained to Parliament last June that she'd had to miss the previous day's session because she was out of the country, the incumbent Minister of Law and Order, the Hon. Louis Le Grange, with whom she has frequently tangled, asked, "Was that another doctorate?" It wasn't, actually—it was the commencement address and another award at Hebrew Union College in New York—but she did pick up two more doctorates that month.

In 1966, when a knowledgeable South African journalist was asked for proofs that his nation should not be called a police state he replied, "The English-language press and Mrs. Suzman." The journalist has left South Africa; the *Rand Daily Mail*, the bellwether of the English-language press, is gone; and much of the rest of the press, in any language, is severely circumscribed. Mrs. Suzman, who is sixty-nine but has no intention of abandoning her quixotic mission, hangs on. She still dresses in the bright colors with which in her fledgling parliamentary days she sometimes sought to focus attention on herself, but it is the wit and moral courage of her words that brighten an often monumentally drab congregation. Once, learning that three Nat M.P.s had been on a tour of the United States, she said in the House, "I am jolly sure that the hon. members exploited my existence when they were overseas. My experience is that I am held up as the No. 1 example that democracy still flourishes in South Africa." And when, as has often happened, a Cabinet minister accused her of injuring their country Mrs. Suzman, who started off with a sharp tongue and has honed it to a bayonet as the years have passed, retorted, "I don't think I have really done this country much harm." After a pause for the rude interjections that nearly any such utterance of hers triggers, she continued, "If the hon. member broadened his mind and did a bit of travel abroad, he might find that



"John, why risk obscurity? Wear the Baker-Benjes shoes."

Perhaps
the most respected,
sought after, and shamelessly
imitated product in all the world of shoes.

With supple calf uppers, intricate weaving by hand,
uncompromising attention to fit, and a degree of comfort
and flexibility known only to those who have worn them,
Baker-Benjes shoes are simply in a class unto themselves.

BAKER-BENJES

Collections available at selected stores; telephone 1-212-319-3344.

New Jeep Cherokee Limited. We gave it everything we've got.

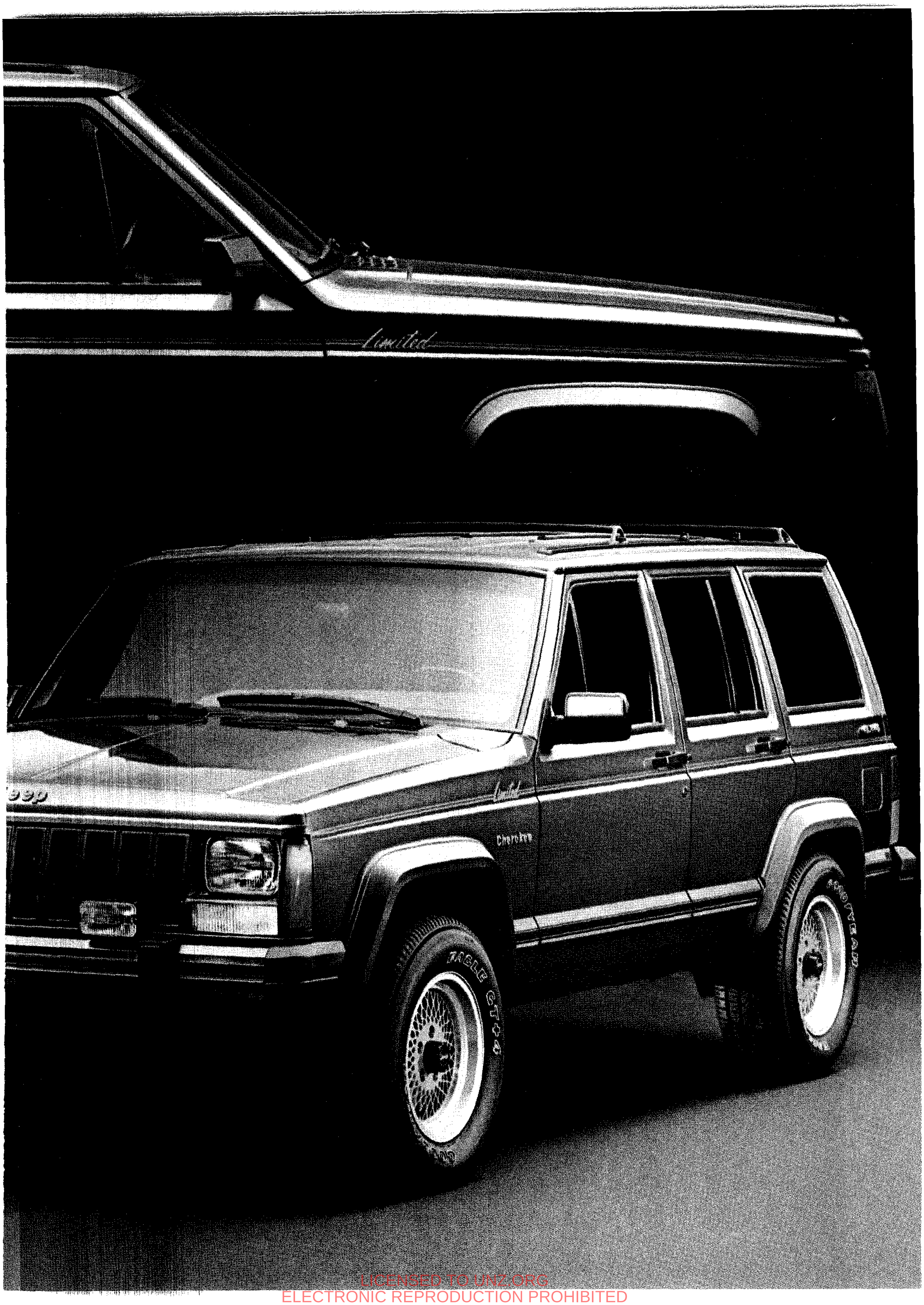
STANDARD EQUIPMENT:

- 4.0 litre 173 hp *Power-Tech Six* engine: the most powerful engine in Cherokee's class
- Genuine leather wingback front bucket seats with 6-way power adjustment
- *Three unique monochromatic paint treatments* with color-keyed fender flares and front air dam
- Deep-tinted glass on rear side and liftgate windows
- Special gold accent striping and graphics
- 15" X 7" gold cast aluminum wheels
- Goodyear Eagle® GT+4 tires
- Command Trac® shift-on-the-fly 4WD system
- 4-speed automatic overdrive transmission with dual-mode power switch
- Power everything, including steering, brakes, door locks, windows, antenna and dual-electric mirrors
- Tilting, leather-wrapped sport steering wheel
- AM/FM ETR cassette stereo radio with *Dolby® and 6 premium "Accusound by* Jensen" speakers
- Fog lamps • Roof rack • Air conditioning
- Full console and instrumentation with unique cluster graphics
- Cruise Control • Keyless Entry System
- Retractable cargo area cover • Light Group
- Extra-capacity fuel tank
- Extra Quiet Insulation Package

And that's just for starters.

Safety belts save lives.

Only in a Jeep® Cherokee.

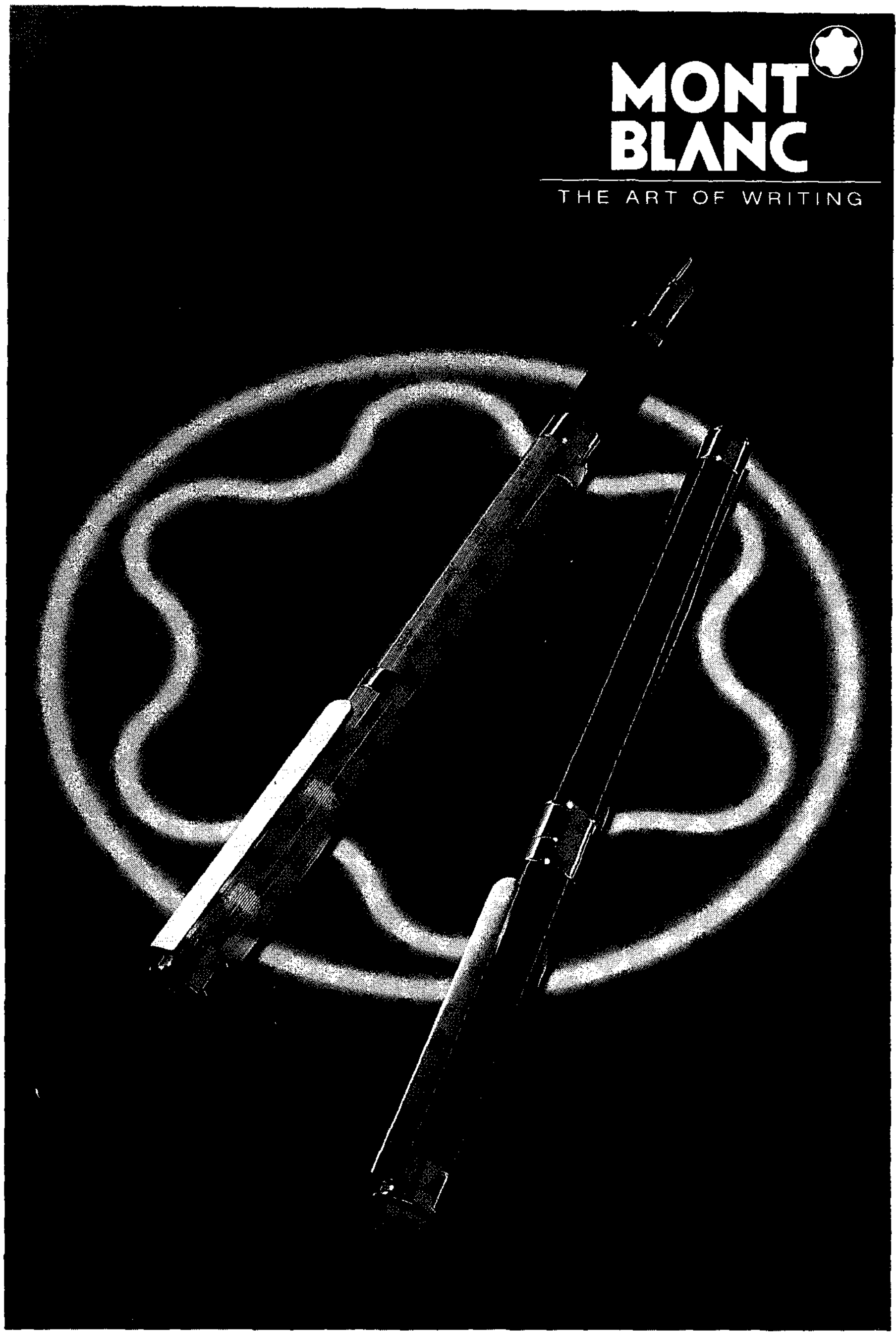

Limited
Jeep
Limited
Cherokee
EAGLE GT+4
GOODYEAR

my very existence in this House does this country a lot of good."

That particular Hon. Member, Dr. Piet G. J. Koornhof, a Nat from Primrose, has begun to do some extensive travelling; he was recently posted to Washington as South Africa's Ambassador. Back in the sixties, he once informed the House, "They say that a woman's vocabulary consists of approximately five hundred words, but that the turnover is tremendous. We had a very striking example of that this afternoon. If I should come home one evening and my wife should rant and rave the way the hon. member for Houghton did this afternoon, there would be only one of two things that one could do to her. And I am a very mild-natured man. The one would be to give her a jolly good hiding, and the other would be simply to ignore her. That is really what one should do to her this afternoon, because it was an example, coming from a lady, of a really uncivilized speech." The presiding officer said he couldn't allow the epithet "uncivilized," so Koornhof obligingly switched to "shameless." The future Ambassador went on to say that Mrs. Suzman had "one purpose only, and that is to stir up unrest in the Republic of South Africa," and he added, in what may pass in his circle for diplomatic parlance, "Finally I want to tell her—and I know this will hurt a little—that I think she deserves a good hiding."

Mrs. Suzman can give as good as she gets. On another occasion, after a speech by the Member for Primrose, she asserted that he was "either a consummate actor or he actually believes the nonsense that he has been trying to put across," adding, "I cannot understand how a man of any intelligence could believe the things the hon. [member] has just told us." And when another member wondered one day whether she thought National Party M.P.s were uncivilized—the word got by this time unchallenged—she responded, after a moment's reflection, "No. Perhaps eighteenth-century, *but not quite uncivilized*." At that, he fared better than did the member whose arguments on a pending bill Mrs. Suzman felt constrained to say "really belong way back in the Middle Ages."

FOR more years than she sometimes cares to think about, Mrs. Suzman has occupied a precarious position that she once described to another not al-



MONTBLANC
THE ART OF WRITING

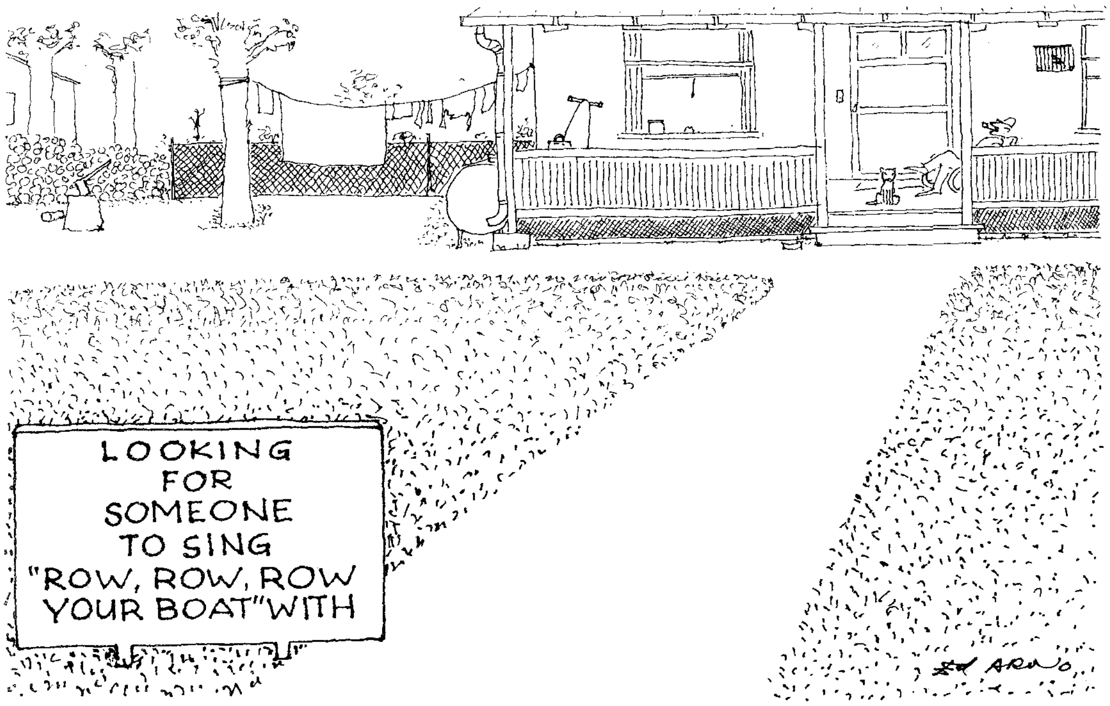
NOBLESSE

The jewel of the Montblanc collection. Gold or silver plated surfaces with a diamond pin-stripe cut. Or Montblanc high-gloss lacquer in jet black, Bordeaux red or midnight blue. Classic nib of 18-carat gold with ornamental engraving. Noblesse — the return of style and elegance. Montblanc — the art of writing.

Exclusive U.S. and Canadian Representative

KOH-I-NOOR RAPIDOGRAPH, INC.
100 North St., Bloomsbury, NJ 08804
(201) 479-4124

In Canada: 1815 Meyerside Dr.,
Mississauga, Ont. L5T 1G3
(416) 671-0696


LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO SING "ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT" WITH
Ed Arno

together gentlemanly member of Parliament as "amusing," explaining, "Here I am considered what the hon. member calls a sickly liberalist, a sickly humanist, and I find that in the outside world I am considered to be a very moderate, a very conservative person." A minute earlier, that M.P. had said to her, meaning just the opposite, "You are always the only one who is right," and she had snapped back, "On many occasions, sir, I think there is very little doubt that I am the only one who is right. I have no doubt about that. When I say 'I,' I should say 'I—and the rest of the world.' That is not too bad, not too bad a majority to have."

To be at once a white South African legislator and an ardent, outspoken foe of apartheid is a role hard for some people to fathom, and often it lands Mrs. Suzman in an uncomfortable spot. In 1962, visiting the United States for two months on a foreign-leadership grant from the State Department, she went South for the first time and, on reaching New Orleans, was introduced to a ringleader of the local White Citizens' Council. On learning whence she hailed and what office she held, he was briefly enchanted to meet somebody he took to be an ideological bird of a feather. While abroad more recently, Mrs. Suzman has found herself, as she put it not long ago, "in the awkward and very unpleasant position of having to correct statements about South Africa and seeming to defend the system I've spent my whole career opposing." In New York, for instance, she sat in on a forum where a speaker stated that Soweto, the huge black township outside Johannesburg, required the many workers who are forced to live in it to commute thirty-four miles to the city. Mrs. Suzman wanted to interject that a more accurate figure would have been twelve, but she let that pass. When, however, the speaker went on to say that Soweto was entirely surrounded by barbed wire, with watchtowers at the entrance gates, Mrs. Suzman, who drives herself in and out of unbarbed Soweto, using a variety of unguarded entrances, two or three times a month, demurred. "Time and again, in circumstances like that, I find myself sounding like an apologist for South Africa," she says. "And when I have to do it it infuriates me."

For some time, Mrs. Suzman, whose academic background is in economics, has been cautioning—along with Alan Paton, among other notable South Africans—against divestment and against sanctions. An anti-sanctions article she wrote for the Sunday New York *Times Magazine* last August was assessed by William Safire in the daily *Times* as "stunning and seminal." She has taken a good deal of flak for espousing that view. "I guess Alan and I are considered unfashionable," she told an American friend not long ago. "I've been against sanctions all along, because I don't think they're going to work. They're not going to bring the intransigent South African government closer to fundamental reform. They may push it, rather, into a siege economy. People outside South Africa tend to forget, if they ever knew it, that my country has no social-security safety net—no welfare, no food stamps. Sanctions will inevitably lead to widespread unemployment in export industries, and there will inevitably be even more violence than we've had lately, and more reaction to that from the government, of a more and more oppressive kind. And once any economy has broken down it's difficult to reëstablish it."

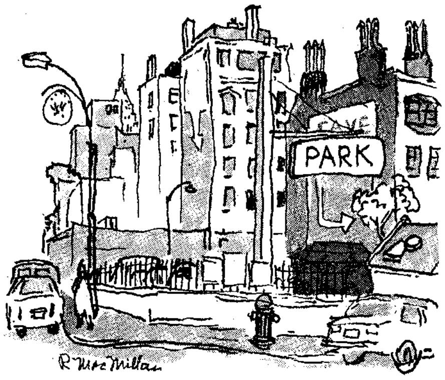
Within the last year, Mrs. Suzman has twice participated, while visiting England (where a lot of native South Africans, including the older of her two daughters, now live), in spirited debates about sanctions. Her side was judged victorious, somewhat to her surprise, at Cambridge, but she got thumbs-down at Oxford. "Of course we lost," she said afterward. "Disraeli couldn't have won." She has never entertained any illusions about the outside world's impatience with South Africa, and the widespread feeling that sanctions can accelerate necessary changes. Back in 1979, she warned her fellow-legislators that the demand for sanctions would "spread like wildfire if there is any further unrest in South Africa." Last April, after nearly ten years of far more tumultuous unrest than she had ever foreseen, she said in Parliament, "I can tell the hon. members that it is a totally lost cause these days to campaign overseas against sanctions and disinvestment, and I speak from personal experience. Unless really positive steps are forthcoming from the government . . . I for one am going to stop banging my head against a stone wall. . . . I am not going to go on pleading for a lost cause unless the government, as I have said, gets off its butt."

She relented, however; the commencement address she delivered two months later was an impassioned plea against divestment, and she followed it up with her seminal stunner in the *Times*. In the fall, she lent a touch of diversity to the college football season by giving a "Will South Africa Survive?" lecture (her answer was, in effect, "It depends") on a number of American campuses, from Fort Worth, Texas, to the Massachusetts Cambridge. Derek Bok, in sixteen years as president of Harvard, has had to spend a great deal of time on South Africa, and when Mrs. Suzman arrived on the campus he asked her over for breakfast. Bok, who keeps fit by playing topnotch tennis, and is almost as much younger than she as Archbishop Tutu is, said afterward, "University presidents have to hop to it if they want to keep pace with her." He also said his guest disclosed that before meeting him she had looked in a mirror and asked herself, "Why have I been doing this all these years?"

From time to time, Mrs. Suzman has tried to answer her own question. Once, the answer went like this: "I've met a lot of people I'd never have got to meet as a Johannesburg housewife playing golf and bridge. I've learned a great deal about lawmaking, too. The work's been bloody tiring and bloody frustrating, but it's enabled me to take action, because of my status as an M.P. and, especially, as a serious M.P.—helping people get passports and visas, intervening for detainees, seeing that prison conditions are improved, and so forth. I've been through five Prime Ministers by now, and God knows how many other M.P.s have come and gone and sunk without a trace during my time."

During her American-campus tour, Mrs. Suzman, in the light of her unpopular views on sanctions and disinvestment, expected to be coolly received, if not picketed or heckled. She was treated politely everywhere she went, even at unruly Harvard, and she inspired about the same number of standing ovations as hostile questions. "I guess I'm still living on my old reputation," she said at the end of the tour. "I do my best to explain to my audiences what I perceive to be the economic effects of sanctions. My emotional urge to say 'Punish this terrible government of ours,' to say 'Send in the Marines, do *anything* to bring it down,' is tempered by more practical considerations—by the reflection that one has to be rational and to wonder what would take place afterward. I'm afraid, though, that some radical blacks think of me nowadays as a scab. They think that if they keep the townships ungovernable and keep their kids out of school the government will collapse tomorrow. I disagree. All they'll do is wreck the economy. They feel that anybody who's against sanctions is letting the side down. I'm still well enough received among the older blacks. But the younger ones weren't even born during my heyday. I'm a sort of mixed-economy type—I believe in free enterprise with restraints—and that doesn't go down well with the younger generation of blacks. When one holds opinions like mine about sanctions, one finds oneself, unfortunately, with very unpleasant bedfellows—abominable ones, for instance, like Jesse Helms. It's very irritating."

South Africa has various higher-education categories: a set of universities for non-whites, a set largely for white Afrikaners, and a set largely for English-speaking whites. When one of the last, the University of Cape Town, invited Mrs. Suzman to deliver the commencement address (and receive an honorary degree) this past June, she took the occasion to elaborate on a proposal she'd made in the House two months earlier. After remarking that most of the country's "white citizens have never set foot in the world of the blacks," she added a few comments about the majority of her fellow-M.P.s. "They have never been in a township, know nothing about the miserable conditions endured by people compelled to live in those areas," she said. "But, most of all, they know nothing of the seething anger that has built up over the years, so clearly demonstrated at [black] funerals." She proposed that every Nat M.P. be required to go to a black funeral—"heavily disguised as a human being"—so as to "get some idea of the intensity of feeling, of the heavy tide of resistance sweeping through the townships, instead of sitting on their green benches in Parliament, insulated like fish in an aquarium." If any of them ever did actually go to a black funeral, she had told them in the House—flicking her "heavily disguised as a human being" jab—"thereafter the delusion that the present unrest is but a passing phase, readily controlled by tough police action, will be dispelled once and for all."



MRS. SUZMAN goes to funerals. Under one of South Africa's recent bizarre emergency regulations, no outdoor gathering may be held without permission, sporting events and funerals excepted. At many political funerals, no more than fifty mourners are allowed. Black funerals, these days, may draw a crowd of fifty thousand, and not even the efficient South African police are quite up to collaring forty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty at a clip. There are usually militant speeches, renditions of freedom songs, and the flourishing of the black-green-and-gold of the outlawed African National Congress. Mass arrests there may not be, but not infrequently there is what Mrs. Suzman calls "a dreadful confrontational cycle"—tear gas from the police, retributive stone-throwing at the police by mourners, even more retributive shooting at the mourners by police, more deaths, more funerals, more confrontations.

Mrs. Suzman does not show up at black funerals unless she is invited. She is always glad to accept an invitation, because she hopes that the familiar sight of her will inhibit policemen, whose brutalities, they are aware, she could get exposed for all the world to know in the pages of *Hansard*, the South African equivalent of our *Congressional Record*. There are many restrictions on the South African press, but—so far, at least—the newspapers are free to print parliamentary proceedings.

In 1978, Mrs. Suzman was asked by the widow of Robert Sobukwe, the head of the also outlawed Pan-Africanist Congress, to say a few appropriate words at his funeral. But by the time she got to the football stadium where the ceremony was taking place some militant young blacks had usurped the arrangements, and they wanted no white participation of any sort. "It was all part of the rejection by young politicized blacks of so-called white liberals," Mrs. Suzman subsequently told an interviewer for the Columbia University oral-history research office. "I accepted it. I mean, this was something I'd been expecting for years. It doesn't hurt my feelings, and I just said, 'O.K., that's what they want. That's fine with me.' " So, instead of going out onto a platform in the center of the field, where the V.I.P.s were assembling, she took an ordinary seat in the grandstand. Next, she relates in the oral history:

> One of the black priests who'd been on the platform came across the field to us and beckoned to me and said, "We'd like you to come onto the platform, Mrs. Suzman." I said, "Well, are you absolutely sure about that, because I'm perfectly happy to stay here." "No, no," [he] said, "we would like you to come onto the platform."

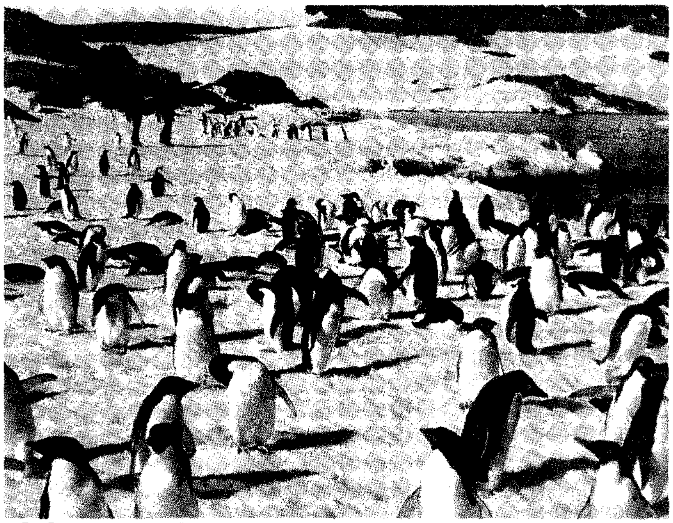
When she got there, she spotted her longtime friend Mangosuthu Gatsha Buthelezi, a hereditary chief and the elected leader of Inkatha, a political movement that claims to represent some six million Zulus, who constitute more than one-third of all South African blacks. Buthelezi, who has refused to let his South African-government-spawned KwaZulu realm become an "independent" homeland, once apostrophized Mrs. Suzman as "the one flickering flame of liberty amidst the darkness." (Because his anti-apartheidism does not embrace violence, and because he, too, is opposed to sanctions, many young, activist, urban South African blacks consider him antediluvian, and his having been warmly welcomed by President Reagan to the Oval Office last year, just before Thanksgiving, did little to alter that image.) The oral history continues:

> We sat there waiting, and suddenly there was the sound of chanting, and a procession came along the back of the field—a large number of blacks bearing the coffin of Robert Sobukwe and singing as they came. . . . They brought the coffin and put it at Mrs. Sobukwe's feet on the platform. Then they caught sight of Gatsha Buthelezi, and almost immediately there was an uproar. They started yelling, "Gatsha out! Gatsha out! Gatsha out!" It became very nasty, because they started advancing on the platform singing this. . . . They took not the slightest notice of [me]. . . . They say the American Ambassador [then a white] was hustled off the stage by his aides, who didn't want him to be involved in any fracas. They ended up with a very ugly scene, with Gatsha leaving in haste with his aide, who fired one shot into the air. There were no police in sight. They kept a very low profile there. It was a really humiliating thing.
>
> Anyway, I think it took Gatsha a long time to forget that, if he has ever forgotten it.

Mrs. Suzman also attended the funeral of Steve Biko, who was murdered by the police in 1977 while he was in detention. Earlier, she contributed to a fund for Biko's defense. She wished her contribution to be made anonymously. The now expatriate journalist Donald Woods, who conveyed her gift, abided by her wish, but only in a manner of speaking. When Biko, whose biographer Woods later became, inquired about his supporter, Woods replied, "An M.P. She wishes to remain anonymous." Woods knew that Biko knew that there was then no other woman member of Parliament.

Mrs. Suzman describes the funeral in the oral history:

> I went down together with two of my [Progressive Party] colleagues, Alex Boraine and Zach de Beer . . . We arrived —again, it was at a football stadium outside the town—and we were escorted across to a stand where a number of diplomats were also sitting. As we sat down on this sort of lowest rung of the stand, the grounds gradually filled up with people who were arriving by buses right through the morning. They were standing on the football field, because it had obviously rained the night before, and the ground was sodden and wet, and nobody could sit. In the end, we couldn't see a thing. . . . So I said to Zach . . . "Look here. This is ridiculous. We haven't come all this way just to look at the backs of people. Let's



An Antarctic adventure is the ultimate travel experience.

It is truly an unforgettable voyage.

ANTARCTICA

Come with Lindblad Travel aboard the *M/V Illiria** into the comfortable austral summer of this fascinating continent of unspoiled beauty. You'll find an environment completely free of soot and smog. Sail through waters with magnificent glittering icebergs and ice floes teeming with life. Bring your camera to photograph millions of penguins, leopard seals and elephant seals. We schedule landings at scientific bases of many nations. *1987 marks our 23rd consecutive year of Antarctic expeditions.* We were first to bring tourists to Antarctica, and our expeditions remain unequaled. Nothing compares with Antarctica in sheer splendor and magnificence. See your Travel Agent. Call or write for a full-color brochure.

*Greek Registry

NDBLAD TRAVEL INC.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
1 Sylvan Road N., Westport, CT 06880
800-243-5657 • 203-226-8531

Please send your color brochure on Antarctica.

NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY ____________________
STATE ____________________ ZIP ________

Also send me your brochure on: ☐ Africa/Egypt ☐ Alaska/Canada ☐ Australia & New Zealand ☐ China/Tibet ☐ Danube River ☐ Eastern Europe ☐ Galapagos ☐ Grand Canyon ☐ India ☐ Delta Queen ☐ Orient ☐ Russia ☐ South America ☐ Tahiti

NY

Star quality isn't a coincidence. It's a choice.

A great performance always seems effortless, but it's not. Tropitone's award-winning designs are backed by years of hard work, dedication, and meticulous manufacturing. It takes discipline to play a lead role in outdoor furniture design.

We're so confident about our quality, we now have a "No Fine Print" 15-year warranty. Compare that to other outdoor furniture, and you'll find that Tropitone deserves an ovation.

tropitone
Probably the finest.

Write for our color catalog. Only $1.00. P.O. Box 3197, Sarasota, FL 33578; 5 Marconi, Irvine, CA 92718.

For Mother's Day

Classic $149

"And the melody of the pearl broke clear and beautiful, rich and warm and lovely . . ."
Adapted from THE PEARL by John Steinbeck
Copyright © John Steinbeck, 1945

The classic elegance of pearls is now available to you through this convenient offer. Each princess length 18″ necklace is strung with the finest cultured pearls from Japan, 6 x 6.5 mm in diameter. The cost per necklace is $149.00 plus applicable sales tax, postpaid. Five-day delivery is guaranteed for all Visa/MasterCard orders, with a full refund if not satisfied. To order, please phone:

The Parkwell Company
Huntington, New York
516-548-9857

work our way up to the front, so that we can see what's going on."

So we started snaking our way through this huge crowd of blacks. . . . Then, when we got right near the front, it was much more tightly packed with people, and I said, "Excuse me, may we get through?" And a young black standing nearby said, in a very hostile voice, "No, you may not. We don't want you whites here." . . . And he said a few words in Xhosa. I don't know what they were, but they were obviously "Don't let them through," because the crowd just tightened in. We could hardly move. And I got very angry then, and I turned and said, "Look here, I didn't come all this way to fight with you. I'm Helen Suzman, and I've come here to pay my respects to Steve Biko." And he said, "Who did you say you are?" I said, "I'm Helen Suzman." He said, "You prove that." So I opened my bag—I might tell you, with great difficulty, because my elbows were pinned at my sides by then, but I managed to open my bag—and I extracted a credit card which had my name on it. . . . He looked at it and he said, "Mrs. Suzman, I beg your pardon. You may certainly go through." He said another few words in Xhosa, and the crowd parted like the Red Sea, and Zach and I walked through to the platform. Zach said, "Well, now I've seen everything."

It might be different today. As Mrs. Suzman has recently, and somewhat sorrowfully, put it, "The liberal road is ultimately to get squashed."

IN 1960, Mrs. Suzman became increasingly disturbed about reports of maltreatment of prisoners—especially political ones—and resolved to inquire into that situation. Members of Parliament were not much better off than the general public when it came to visiting prisoners; they had to obtain permission for every visit from the Ministry of Justice. Back then, moreover, no one could talk to a prisoner unless a guard was standing by, and prisoners were not supposed to discuss the conditions of their internment with outsiders. But that, of course, was precisely what Mrs. Suzman wanted to know about. One canny political detainee at Pretoria Central Prison, when the commandant was explaining the ground rules to a group of inmates in Mrs. Suzman's presence, asked, deadpan, "You mean I can't tell Mrs. Suzman about the time we went on a hunger strike?" No. "And I can't tell her how we're denied food packages from home?" No, *no!* And so it went on, until she had quite a number of revelations to share with Parliament. One of her more important ca[illegible] was paid on Bram Fischer, [illegible] Communist, serving a life [illegible] treason. (In South Africa visited him generally means just that.)

for many years, and in 1975, when Fischer had terminal cancer, she managed to persuade the Minister of Justice to allow him to die at his brother's home. Not long afterward, Fischer had a remission, and the Minister, who thought he'd been tricked, yelled at Mrs. Suzman the next time he saw her, "You and your Communist friends!" She has been visiting one prison or another for the last twenty-seven years. Sometimes, after the sentimental fashion of a schoolmarm, she refers to longtime prisoner acquaintances, out of jail or still inside, as her "old boys."

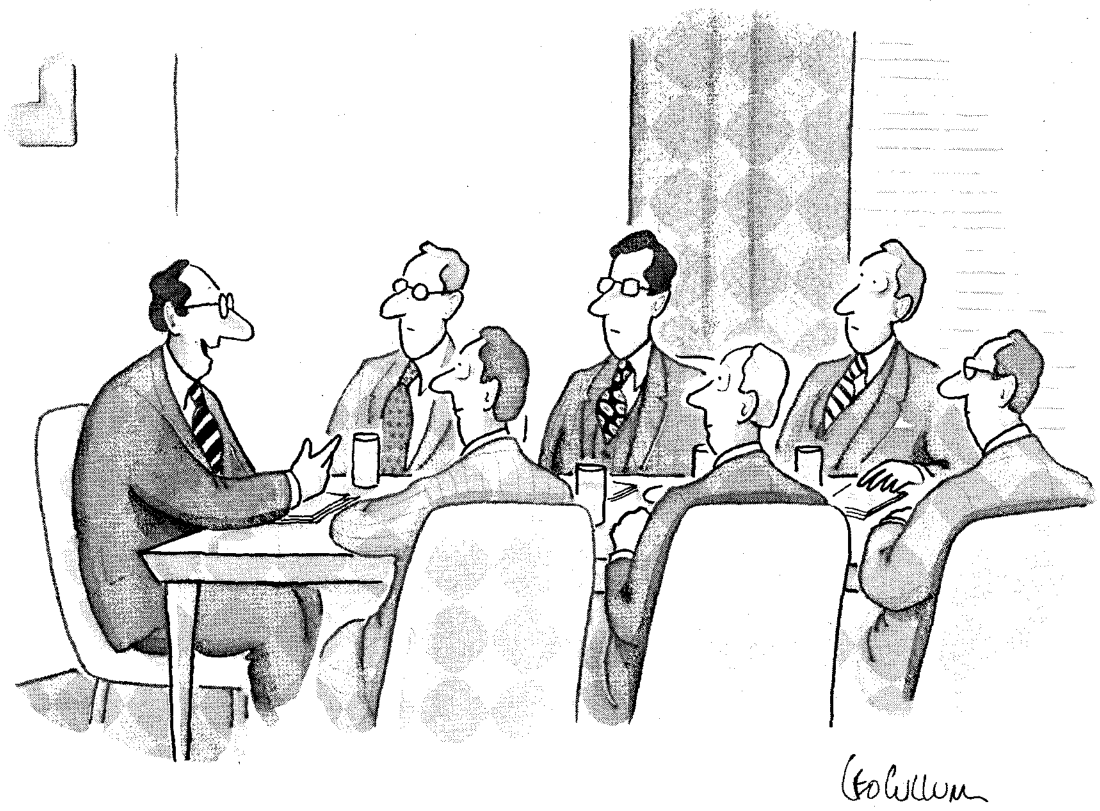
Mrs. Suzman's first visit to Robben Island, a maximum-security installation, where Nelson Mandela was locked up for nineteen years, was in 1967. (Mandela has since been moved to Pollsmoor Prison, on the mainland.) Robert Sobukwe was on the island, too, as was Hermanyo Toivo ja Toivo, the founder of the South-West Africa People's Organization. When she first approached Toivo ja Toivo, in an exercise courtyard, he would have nothing to do with her. Eventually, he changed his mind, and they spoke privately in the presence of the prison's commanding officer. Before she left that day, Toivo ja Toivo shook her hand—the only white person's hand, the commandant wonderingly told her, that he had ever seen the SWAPO man deign to touch. By then, Balthazar Johannes Vorster had become Prime Minister, and Piet C. Pelser had taken over Vorster's Justice portfolio. Mrs. Suzman and Vorster—with whom she shared a parliamentary début in 1953 and, at one time, a golf handicap of thirteen—had now and then taken tea together when she went around to see him about a case, or for authorization to visit a prison, but they were never friends. (One day, touring a rock quarry, she was shown a block of granite. "Ah," she said. "The Prime Minister.") She recalls that Vorster once told her, "You allow yourself to be used too much." ("Maybe he was right," she said a few months ago. "Maybe I'm what Lenin called 'a useful idiot.' ") During one parliamentary debate, about some ameliorating changes that Vorster was thinking of instituting, she said she felt, "as one golfer to another, though his golf is infinitely superior to mine, that having started his backswing he had better see to it that he follows ugh."

never played a round together. ster had a certain sneaking regard for me, I think," she says today. "But that didn't keep him from nearly always being nasty. There was no geniality on his part in his relations with me. But there was one thing about me he learned early on—that, whatever job he held, I wasn't frightened of him at all." With Pelser as Minister of Justice, her parliamentary life became, as she saw it, somewhat less contentious and more boring. "The sort of things I said that would have made Vorster raging mad brought no more than a benign snarl from Pelser," she says, almost with disappointment. It did please her once to get Pelser to disclose publicly that when, under an Immorality Act in force at the time, seven white men and seven black women were arrested for crossing the color line in bed, all the women were convicted and all the men acquitted.

Pelser was in charge of prisons when she was first allowed to go to Robben Island, which is seven miles offshore and—separated from Cape Town by waters both frigid and shark-infested—does not lend itself to attempted escapes. "I'm very familiar with Robben Island," she says. "I could give you a conducted tour." On her maiden voyage, she went to an area housing single-cell inmates, and presently found herself in the company of Nelson Mandela, whose participation in any non-catastrophic solution to the South African problem is, she has believed ever since (as, of course, have many others), crucial and indispensable. "When he's gone," she asks today, "who knows what will happen?" During their first conversation—he in his cell, she in a corridor outside—they discovered that they were almost exactly the same age. (Of their sixty-nine years, thirty-four of hers have been spent in Parliament, twenty-four of his in prison.) More to the point, he was not prevented from relating what his life was like: no newspapers, limited study facilities, one letter and one visitor every six months, and incessant hard labor—breaking up rocks, for instance, while a guard dog nipped at the heels of inmates whom his master deemed dilatory. Another of the guards had a swastika tattooed on the back of one hand, and would stick it under political prisoners' noses and growl, "This is *my* politics." Mrs. Suzman wasted no time in informing Minister Pelser that if he didn't get rid of that guard Parliament and the press and the whole world would shortly know about South African Nazis' maltreatment of prisoners. The man was soon relieved of his duties, and general conditions did begin to improve: access to newspapers, a film once monthly, beds instead of bedrolls, opportunities for study, and, most notably, no more hard labor. "I can't say that I did it alone," Mrs. Suzman says, "but I was responsible for a considerable amount of nagging."

DELICATESSEN
DELI
meg

Though she has applied for permission every year since 1967, Mrs. Suzman has visited Mandela only five times—an average of once about every four years. Except for his family, it's doubtful whether anyone besides prison officials has called on him even that often. The two contemporaries have what she calls a "relaxed and genial friendship." During their most recent get-together, last May, she was allowed to spend two hours with him in the prison commandant's office. Mandela told her then—this commandant, too, sat in—what he had told her before: that he was an African nationalist and not a Communist, but that he would not break with the African National Congress, which he had helped to found, by asking it to purge itself of its Communist members. He would be prepared, though, to ask the A.N.C. to observe a truce while he and others—and he included Buthelezi among them—negotiated with the government about South Africa's future. ("If moderate leaders are silenced," Mrs. Suzman had warned Parliament in 1963, shortly after Mandela was arrested, "they will be replaced by extremist ones.") A while before the 1986 colloquy, two British politicians had looked in on Mandela, and had reported afterward that his jailers had broken his spirit. That, Mrs. Suzman



"*All those in favor of saying 'It's a wrap' instead of 'Meeting adjourned' say 'Aye.'*"

• •

was quick to rejoin, was absurd. "Let me tell you," she said to the press. "It would take a great deal to break the spirit of a man like Nelson Mandela." There she was again—in the uneasy position of seeming to defend the operation of a system she abhorred.

Winnie Mandela has been jailed several times, for a total of about twenty months. For years, she was banned (forbidden, that is, to lead any sort of public life) and, for much of that time, exiled to a bleak spot in the Orange Free State, far from her family and friends in Soweto. Mrs. Suzman called on her three times out there. Whenever this particular M.P. went on such a mission, members of the Special Branch—the security police—would tag along. On one occasion, Mrs. Suzman's shadows, actually preceding her into Mrs. Mandela's retreat, seized and confiscated a quilt, because it had been made, not accidentally, in the black-green-and-gold of the A.N.C.—as subversive an item of bedding as ever the keen-eyed Special Branch had spotted. Mrs. Suzman saw to it that that confiscation was well publicized. She says, "I told the Minister of Justice afterward, 'You're the best press agent Winnie could have had.' "

Mrs. Mandela has since defied the order and returned to her home in Soweto. Mrs. Suzman has spent time with her there, too. After one chat, the two of them (with a group of reporters in tow) dropped in on a nearby high school to see what kind of education it could be offering, considering that there were armed troops posted in its yard. The principal, a black man, was understandably nervous, and his only reply to the visitors' questions ("Are things all right?" "Are you having any trouble?") was "No comment." No policemen had pursued the two women this time, but when they decided to leave they were informed by the soldiers that they couldn't until the Special Branch turned up to check them out. When it finally did, a half hour or so later, Mrs. Mandela and Mrs. Suzman were not further detained. But the fact that their movements had been blocked at all was soon circulated by the hovering press, and by the time Mrs. Suzman returned home that evening, after making a few other investigative stops, she learned that people on at least three continents were wondering if she was all right. Reflecting on that experience later, and employing one of the milder adjectives in her quiver, Mrs. Suzman said, "It must be extremely distressing for black students to be confronted at every turn by a man with his finger on the trigger."

TWO Gavronsky brothers and two David sisters, at different times, emigrated to South Africa from Lithuania in the early part of the century. The brothers eventually married the sisters. The families settled in the Transvaal region, and the husbands went into the butchering business (meat, hides, tallow, bonemeal: everything the local cattle would yield) and, in due course, prospered, and branched into real estate, and prospered even more. Samuel and Frieda Gavronsky had two daughters, Gertrude and Helen. At Helen's birth, on November 7, 1917, in Germiston, then a small mining town ten miles southeast of Johannesburg, Gertrude was four and a half. When the infant was two weeks old, her mother, who was twenty-eight, died, apparently from postnatal complications. Ten years later, Samuel remarried. Meanwhile, he and his daughters had moved in with his brother Oscar and sister-in-law Hansa, who were childless.

Samuel Gavronsky, who died in 1965, was, according to his younger daughter, a sociable fellow, fond of dogs and cats, of horses, and of card games, and only passingly religious. Wherever he was lodged, candles were ceremonially lit on Friday evenings, and no on-premises consumption of pork was condoned; still, he never seemed unduly concerned about the origin of sausages grilled at somebody else's *braaivleis* (barbecue). Nor was Helen aware that her father ever gave much thought to the status of any blacks other than his domestic servants; after she went into Parliament, she once or twice attempted to remind him that, as she puts it, "blacks i South Africa were subject to mar but the restrictions that he as a J been subjected to in his earl property by then he had substa holdings, including a couple of hotels, and he did not appear to be moved. She herself, when it came to that, had had no contact at all with blacks—servants aside—when she was growing up.

Helen's schooling—like that of many another Jewish girl of her time and place—was at a Catholic convent. (A Nationalist M.P. may or may not have been aware of this when, during an acerbic exchange, he referred to her scathingly as "Mother Superior.") "We learned to memorize, because that's the way in which the nuns taught," Mrs. Suzman said years later, in the oral history. "We also learned to be bad losers, because we had to win at games. Otherwise, we would get whacked by the senior nun. And that was probably very good for me in politics. You're not supposed to lose in politics."

Early in 1934, barely sixteen, Helen enrolled at the University of the Witwatersrand, traditionally one of South Africa's more enlightened academic institutions. (Today, with the government pretending not to notice that its rules are being skirted, some fifteen per cent of the students at Wits are nonwhite.) She was working for a Bachelor of Commerce degree, studying economics, accounting, and, later on, economic history. At the end of her second year, she went on a students' tour to London, where her sister, by then married to a doctor, was living. Helen had visited there the year before, and now she hoped to enroll in the London School of Economics. But her father insisted she come home, and that was that. She returned to Wits, but quit in her third year. (Later, she concluded that she'd been too immature to matriculate when she did.) Not long afterward, while on horseback at a riding academy, she found herself trotting beside a bestirruped doctor fourteen years her senior, Moses Meyer Suzman, one of eight children of a well-to-do wholesale tobacconist. The two were already acquainted, but now their friendship blossomed, and in 1937 they were married. (At eighty-three, Dr. Suzman, an internist specializing in heart, blood, and nervous diseases, is still practicing in Johannesburg. When Parliament is sitting, his wife comes up from Cape Town every second weekend, and they also manage to spend a fair amount of time together the rest of the year.) The zmans have two daughters, both of as were sufficiently avant-garde ties. (ers to attend interracial parny Johannesburg disco-

WHERE NATURE AND COMFORT MEET...

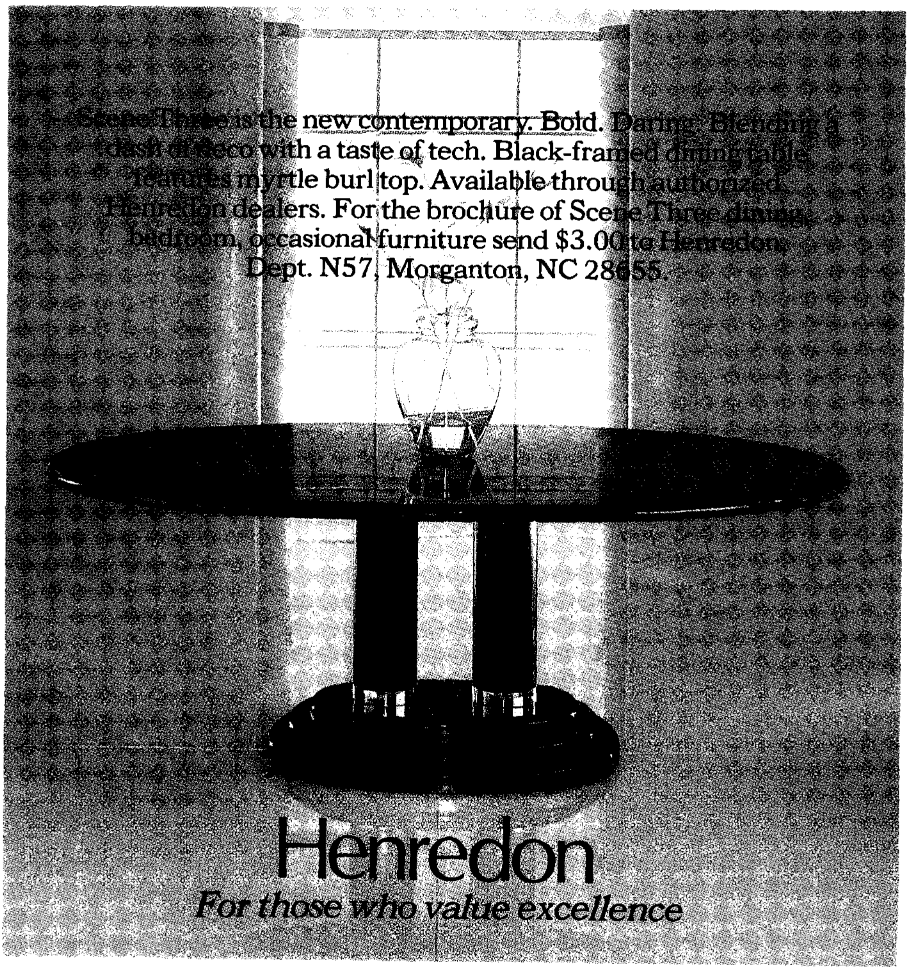
Genuine Handsewn Waxhide Uppers
Genuine Cushion Vibram Soles

CHURCH MOCS

Naturally From...
CHURCH'S ENGLISH SHOES
428 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 755-4313 For Free Brochure Or To Order
Call Your Nearest Church's Store
or 1-800-221-4540

NORTHAMPTON ENGLAND
Church's
famous English shoes

Atlanta • Beverly Hills • Boston • Chicago • Costa Mesa • Dallas • Houston • King of Prussia
Los Angeles • New Orleans • New York • San Francisco • Seattle • Washington D.C.

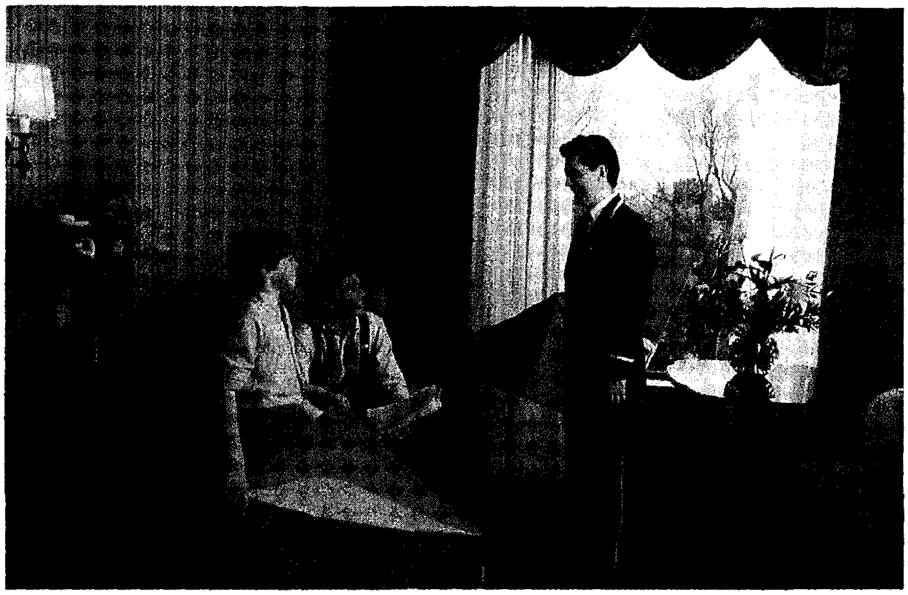

Scene Three is the new contemporary. Bold. Daring. Blending a dash of Deco with a taste of tech. Black-framed dining table features myrtle burl top. Available through authorized Henredon dealers. For the brochure of Scene Three dining, bedroom, occasional furniture send $3.00 to Henredon, Dept. N57, Morganton, NC 28655.

Henredon
For those who value excellence

thèques are fully integrated.) The younger, Patricia, is a nephrologist, and lives and works in Boston. The older, Frances, is an art historian, and is married to a law professor, Jeffrey Jowell; they have two children and live in London. The Jowells both have graduate degrees from Harvard, and Joanna, the first of their children, was born in Massachusetts. They also lived for a while in Canada, where their second child, Daniel, was born.

Mrs. Suzman had gone back to Wits soon after Frances's birth, and she got her degree in 1942. By then, the Second World War was well under way. Vorster and others of his ideological stripe—they had never forgiven their British overlords the indignities of the Boer War—had joined the anti-Allied Ossewa-Brandwag, or Ox-Wagon Guard; and before the war was over Vorster would be interned as pro-Nazi. Moses Suzman, for his part, had got a South African Medical Corps commission, and, while his wife was pregnant with their second child, went off, as a lieutenant colonel, to serve at an Army hospital in Egypt. He spent almost two years at distant posts. Helen, with what time she had to spare from her daughters, worked for the Governor-General's War Fund and then as a statistician for the War Supplies Board, where she was assigned to seeking out war profiteers. In 1945, Wits offered her a part-time job as a tutor, and not long after that she was appointed a lecturer in economic history. She stayed at Wits for eight years. Along the way, she became increasingly interested in politics, and got involved with the interracially oriented South African Institute of Race Relations.

Toward the end of 1945, Prime Minister Smuts set up a Commission of Inquiry Into Laws Applying to Urban Blacks, headed by an appeals-court judge, Henry Fagan. The Institute asked Mrs. Suzman—who had quickly ascended to its executive board—to help prepare evidence to submit to the Fagan Commission. "I was a late starter in this field," she said, forty years afterward. "But once I got going I became absolutely obsessed with it." She disclosed to Parliament last June, during a debate on an Abolition of Influx Control Bill, that "it was t' en study of the migrant-labor syster ," first brought me into politics-ties." preserve me—in the mimately re-
The Fagan Commissio



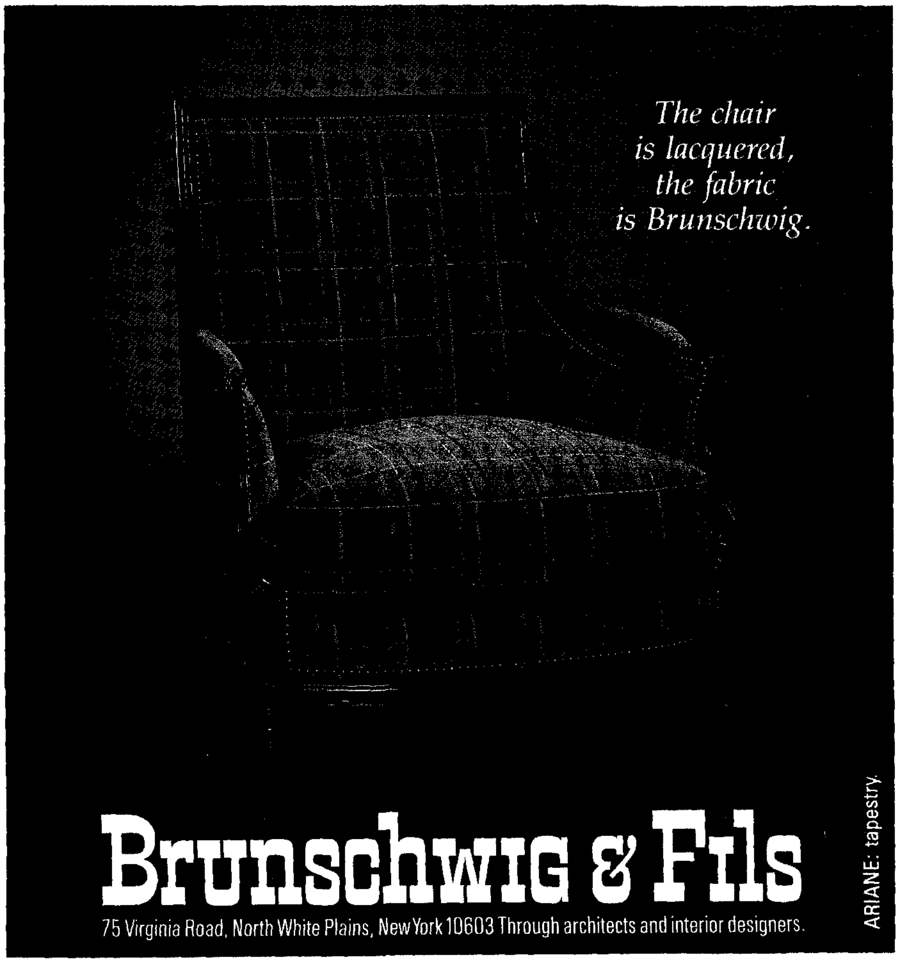
The Four Seasons Hotel Boston. No one understands your life and your style quite the way we do.

At the Boston Four Seasons Hotel, the idea of a grand hotel is embodied in all we do—in a world that totally adapts to you, rather than you to us. It is a responsiveness to your needs that you'll experience whether you're traveling with a child, or require a letter translated and sent overseas.

In Boston, discover the hotel overlooking the Public Garden, the one really in touch with the way you live—the Boston Four Seasons Hotel.

Four Seasons Hotel BOSTON

200 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116 (617) 338-4400 (800) 268-6282



Brunschwig & Fils

75 Virginia Road, North White Plains, New York 10603 Through architects and interior designers.

ported that "migration of blacks into the urban areas was a natural economic phenomenon which could be regulated and guided, but not reversed." Smuts accepted the commission's recommendation that the permanency of blacks in the urban areas be recognized and made legal, but in 1948 he and his United Party were ousted from power. The Nationalists took control and reverted to the old idea that blacks were only temporary sojourners in the "white" urban areas.

Teaching was Mrs. Suzman's top priority away from home, but in 1949 she was deeply enough immersed in politics to organize a United Party branch among Wits teachers and students. Then the Nats began to pile on top of the existing restrictive laws and customs that divided the peoples of South Africa a whole slew of new ones, including a Group Areas Act, a Separate Amenities Act, a Job Reservation Act, a Bantu Education Act, a Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Act, a Sabotage Act, a Suppression of Communism Act (this one was eventually amended at least eighty-four times, each time getting tougher), an Immorality Act, a Ninety-Day-Detention Act, a Terrorism Act, and, perhaps most significant, a Race Classification Act. Mrs. Suzman has not once in all her parliamentary years managed to get even a private member's motion accepted, but she has had the satisfaction of witnessing the repeal of many of the laws against which she persistently campaigned—notably the Pass Laws and the Influx Control Bill. The nuns who sought to instill in her an aversion to losing would doubtless have been pleased.

Toward the end of 1952, the United Party leaders of the upper-middle-class voting district called Houghton, a few miles north of downtown Johannesburg, decided that a change in their parliamentary representation would be welcome. Houghton, which Mrs. Suzman now and then refers to as a silk-stocking area (most of its homes have a tennis court, a swimming pool, and a burglar-alarm system), was, and is, by South African standards, a fairly liberal enclave. Whoever was designated the United Party's candidate was all but guaranteed election. Mrs. Suzman, then thirty-five, and another woman were invited to compete with the sitting M.P. for the United Party's nomination. When her husband urged her to run (their daughters were thirteen and ten), she agreed, in part because she estimated that her chances of winning were slim. There was also another reason. As she later put it to a friend, "The most soul-destroying thing one can do in South Africa today is to live here and do nothing about the situation, to enjoy the fleshpots that are here for all of *us*"—by whom she meant white people, of course—"and do absolutely nothing about the basic injustice around us."

Mrs. Suzman got the nomination in November and was unopposed in the election the following April. "I was a member of Parliament before I even looked around," she says. She made her legislative début at Cape Town in July. (During that first session, she put up at a hotel; she has since acquired a three-room flat with a nice view of Table Mountain.) The Hon. Member for Houghton, as she has been known ever since, was then one of fifty-seven United Party representatives. Among her U.P. colleagues was a mining scion who would become a lifelong friend and supporter—Harry F. Oppenheimer, who remained in Parliament until 1957, when his magnate father died, and he left to reign

The Coast and Islands of New England

8 good reasons for rediscovering our American Heritage this summer with Clipper...

1. America the Beautiful. With Clipper, explore the beautiful islands and coast of New England, where gentle sea breezes invigorate the senses. Begin your voyage in *Boston* with its many Freedom Trail sights. *Nantucket* retains a 19th-century charm with cobblestone streets and weathered gray cottages. *New Bedford* offers a fascinating look at the vanished whaling industry, and *Newport* proudly displays elegant summer homes of the illustrious. Visit the Victorian gingerbread cottages on *Martha's Vineyard* and *Plymouth*, the Pilgrims' landing place.

2. Historic Harbors and Yacht Marinas. Cruise where the big ships can't, as you dock in the heart of colonial towns and quaint villages. Traverse out-of-the-way bays, canals and rivers the yachtsmen have always had to themselves.

3. No big crowds. Clipper's 100-passenger luxury yachts have the intimate friendliness and comfortable ambience you'd find at a private country club. *No throngs. No lines. No corny activities.*

4. All-American Crew & Service. Our eager-to-please crew exemplifies a spirit and friendliness we like to think of as all-American. *You'll find a level of personal attention that is non-existent on the large ships.*

5. Luxury that Means Something. Each of the 51 cabins aboard has an outside view; each is beautifully decorated and thoughtfully appointed for your comfort. *You'll know your Clipper yacht like it was your own, from spacious teakwood sundecks, elegant dining room to glass-walled Observation Lounge & Bar.*

6. Delightful Cuisine...without the Rush. *Our approach to cuisine is lighter and fresher—we call it sensibly gourmet—with an emphasis on quality over quantity.* You'll find it far superior to the mass-produced banquet food served on the large ships. And with us, all guests are served in one leisurely seating.

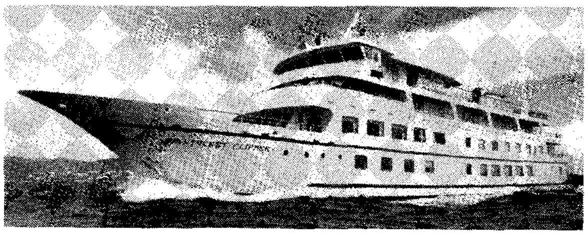
7. Value. Compare the luxurious ambience, the exclusivity and intimacy of Clipper's yachts with the carnival atmosphere of many big ships. Consider the *qualitative* aspects of what is offered. Then...*you'll be very surprised because the price of a Clipper cruise averages out at just about the same level as that of the large ships.*

8. Satisfaction. You'll be satisfied with the other cruises...*but only until you've experienced Clipper.* This is a strong statement based on our flawless record of consumer satisfaction, unmatched in the cruise industry. *Prove us wrong and we'll refund your cruise.*

Join us for 8 days, with free pre-cruise overnight stay in Boston, Fridays, July 17, 24, August 8 or 22, 1987. From $1495 including free airfare from 39 U.S. gateways. See your travel agent. Or call Toll Free, 1-800-325-0010 for free brochure.

CLIPPER

Clipper Cruise Line
7711 Bonhomme Ave.
St. Louis, MO 63105



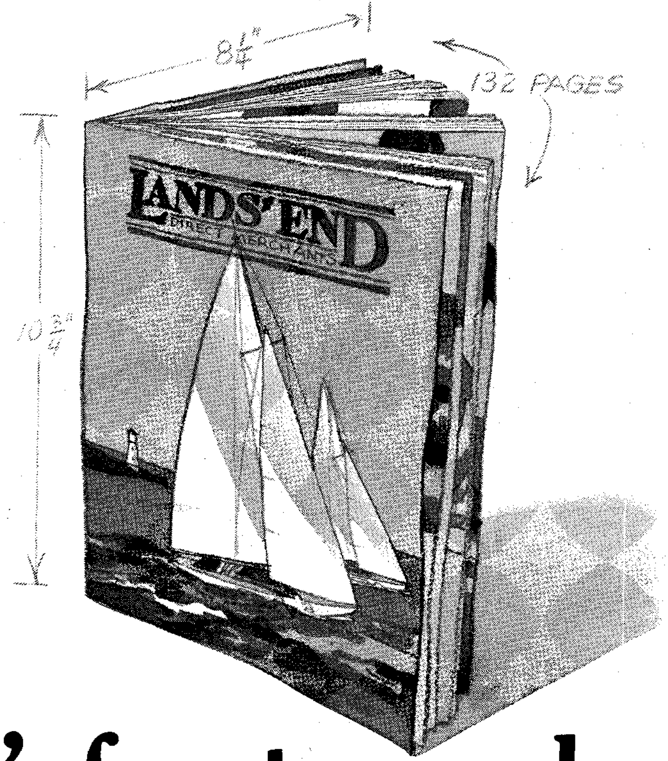
The Newport Clipper and Nantucket Clipper are registered in America with all-American crews.

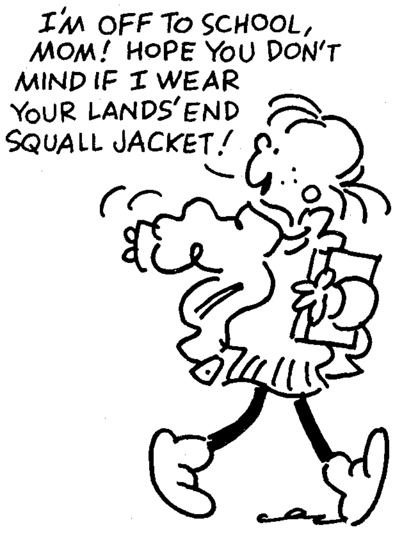
To call it simply a catalog is missing the point.

From the very beginning, Lands' End has thought of its catalog as a great deal more than an itemized shopping list.

We once ran an ad that called our catalog "The Store We Mind." And, if we may quote ourselves, we said: "Our store is 10¾ inches tall, 8¼ inches wide, and (at that time) 132 pages deep. It has no crowded parking lots, clogged elevators, or hidden rest rooms."

Since that time, a lot of other things have happened to make our catalog more than the name implies. For instance:

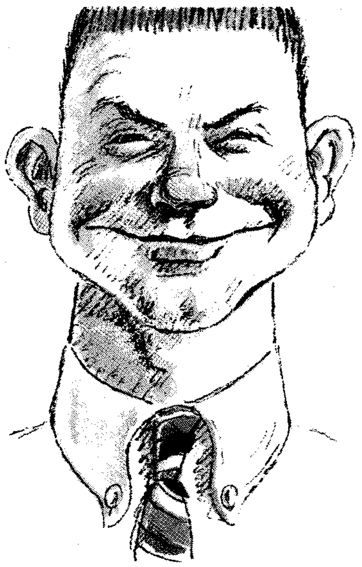



I'M OFF TO SCHOOL, MOM! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I WEAR YOUR LANDS' END SQUALL JACKET!

It's fun to read.

"The buttondown collar, however, is not just two flaps and a couple of buttons. There is a proper look to this casual yet finely tailored accessory.

The well-dressed blade judges the quality of the buttondown collar by its mil, the gentle, parabolic curve of the collar as it segues down to the button ... Without it, the collar lays flat, straight, and suitable for starch and collar stays ... The worst thing that one can possibly do is *not* button down the collar. Careers, marriages, families, whole lives have been destroyed because of that act alone."



–From an article by William Brashler, the columnist and author, in the Lands' End catalog for August, 1985

t's a warm riend.

Ve wish you light snows,
nd twinkling lights,
home alive with cookie smells,
child to play with,
dog to pet,
nd the hope of answered prayers.

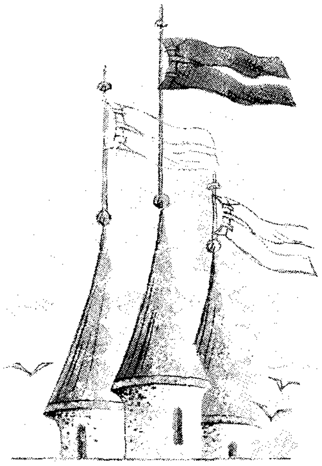
Our holiday wish
›r Christmas, 1986

It's a source of information.

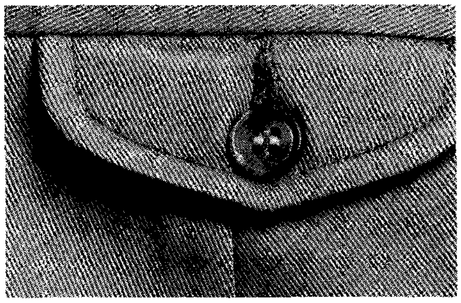
CORDUROY: A French name, but a British claim to fame.

"Corduroy takes its name from the French 'corde du roi' (cord of the king). Yet it was the British who developed its manufacture into an art and made corduroy trousers one of that island's most popular exports. Cords were originally worn by road workers and farmers, who appreciated their durability. The first North Americans to wear them weren't statesmen or even salesmen, but railroad gang workers!"

–from page 55,
our November, 1985 issue.



or this, from page 58,
October, 1986 :



"Weavers along Great Britain's Tweed River are said to have given twill, which means 'to double', its name because they had to double their plain weave to create it. Today twill is the most common of weaves. It's used for gabardine, denim, tweed, serge and other fabrics, including cavalry twill (named for the British officers who wore it for the Crown in India). You can tell a twill weave by the diagonal lines that run through the cloth. It's universally applauded for three qualities: strength, versatility and resistance to soiling."

BUT, above all, the Lands' End Catalog is an open invitation to share with millions a new and unique shopping experience.

'ou open its pages and it is as if you've entered world of first-quality cottons and woolens nd flannels and tweeds and fine leathers, rich ıbrics and expert tailoring.

A rich and endless bazaar, so to speak, where alues abound without haggling, selection is vast, nd service is thoughtful and unsurpassed.

And rich as the experience may be today, ıands' End is out to make it even better.

;UARANTEED. PERIOD.

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End Dept. G-E5
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ____________

Or call Toll-free:

1-800-356-4444

over the family's economic empire.

During Mrs. Suzman's first eight years in Parliament—in 1958, she was reëlected, again unopposed, for a second five-year term—she continued to have U.P. members around her. These were years notable for, among other developments, the promulgation, in 1955, of a Freedom Charter by the African National Congress and others ("South Africa belongs to all who live in it, black and white"); for the rise of the political star of Hendrik Verwoerd, who was the inspiration for many of the restrictions that have become collectively known as apartheid, and, Mrs. Suzman says, "the only man in the world I've ever actually been scared of;" and for the banning of the Pan-Africanist Congress and the African National Congress after the P.A.C. mounted a campaign of defiance toward Verwoerd's Pass Laws, which led to the 1960 Sharpeville massacre. The United Party, meanwhile, was having troubles of its own. Some of these problems were personal and almost petty, as when another U.P. woman member of Parliament said, at a caucus meeting, "Well, I don't know about Mrs. Suzman, but when I go to a museum I don't like it if some strange black man rubs himself up against me," and Mrs. Suzman retorted, "Don't you mind it if some strange *white* man rubs himself up against you?" In any event, by 1961 the U.P. had split into rival factions, and its more liberal members, Mrs. Suzman by now prominent among them, had left its ranks and reconstituted themselves as the Progressive Party. (Today, having absorbed another breakaway section of the U.P., it is the Progressive Federal Party.) In that year, Prime Minister Verwoerd converted the Union of South Africa into a Republic, took his country out of the British Commonwealth, and called for a general election at home. When the returns came in, Mrs. Suzman proved to be the only member of her new party to hold a seat. Verwoerd announced triumphantly in Parliament that he had never for a moment believed that the Progs, as they became known, might be a threat to his Nats, but now—he turned toward Mrs. Suzman and glared at her —"I have written you off."

Scared though she usually was of him, this time she was not too frightened to reply, "And the whole world has written *you* off."

For the next thirteen years, the entire Progressive Party in the House of Assembly was embodied in the five-foot-three-inch Helen Suzman. And, for the six years following that, she was the only woman in the hundred-and-sixty-five-member House.

THOSE thirteen years Mrs. Suzman has referred to, in retrospect, both as "my heyday" and as "my period of trial." The *Rand Daily Mail*, then in *its* heyday, saw fit to run a poem about her titled "The Pluck to Stand Alone" and containing the lines "Give thanks for her; she raised the cry: 'This thing is evil; let it die.' " The legislators habitually ate and drank exclusively with members of their own parties. During all those years, Mrs. Suzman, having no Prog peers to consort with, never entered the members' bar, and she lunched in solitude, not infrequently off a sandwich at her desk. She had a researcher to help her keep abreast of current events and contemplated involvements, but she had no speechwriters to fall back on, and if there was any Prog protest to be made against any proffered statute the oratory had to be entirely of her own composition. She says that she learned, out of necessity, to listen to somebody else's speech while simultaneously writing one of her own. Most of her fellow-legislators spoke in Afrikaans; she could understand it perfectly, but she delivered almost all her own remarks in English. She had an ally of sorts in the Speaker of the House, Henning J. Klopper, who would inform her at the outset of every annual session that although he expected to disagree with every word she uttered, he believed in certain minority rights. "I am going to see to it that you get time to speak whenever you want to," he told her. The press—the English-language press, at least—sometimes seemed to hang on her every word. After she'd been voted down in one debate, a Nat M.P. muttered crossly, "The object of the operation of the hon. member for Houghton will nevertheless be achieved. She will still be the headline tomorrow as she was today, namely: 'Lone woman opposes the measure.' " When she called for a division—a stand-up-and-be-counted procedure—the upshot would sometimes find her alone at one side of the chamber and everybody else jammed together at the other. Once, she remarked that she thought she'd seen a wistful expression on the face of a Cabinet minister, whereupon another member said, "So you are a student of physiognomy!"

"I am practically everything," she replied. "I have to be, in this House."

Other exchanges have been ruder, and cruder. Some observers of the South African parliamentary scene have professed to detect "overtones" of anti-Semitism. *Over*tones? "We don't like your screeching Jewish voice" went a good deal beyond implication. In pro-government newspaper cartoons, Helen's nose was often ludicrously large. From time to time, a member who disagreed with her would shout, "Go back to Israel!" After the Six-Day War, in 1967, when South Africans began to admire Israel as a small pariah state that had thwarted big bullies, demands that Mrs. Suzman emigrate reverted to a previously suggested destination: "Go back to Moscow!" (She has also been branded a capitalist.) Even more often, she would be interrupted, as she tried to speak, by cries of "Nonsense!" and "Rubbish!" and "Sit down!" and "Shut up!"—all these, it should be made plain, terms of non-endearment to which she herself frequently and eagerly had recourse. One of the few times on record when she was accorded a "Hear! Hear!" came after she said, teasingly, "Supposing I was to resign tomorrow; everybody would say 'Hurrah!' and 'Hear! Hear!' "

At home, during parliamentary recesses, she got accustomed to receiving hate mail and unnerving phone calls, with messages like "You bitch—which kaffir are you sleeping with tonight?" After a while, she took to keeping a shrill whistle beside her telephone, hoping that when she blew it full blast she might give somebody's eardrums something to remember her by. (She may even have zapped a few government eavesdroppers manning illegal bugs.) Women in New York tend to list merely their initials in phone books, in order to discourage purveyors of random obscenities. Mrs. Suzman felt obliged to have "Helen" spelled out, in order to spare another female H. Suzman—a sister-in-law—unsettling affronts. In Parliament, where just about anything goes and slander is unknown, various Nats have assessed Mrs. Suzman at various times as blind, unbalanced, subversive, senile, and as an incessantly chirping

Do you think we could invent a machine that marks prices and takes inventory at the same time?

I don't know. Keep talking.

A Monarch marker with a little computer in it. At the end of the day they feed the info into their big computer.

I've spoken to a lot of business people who'd love something like that.

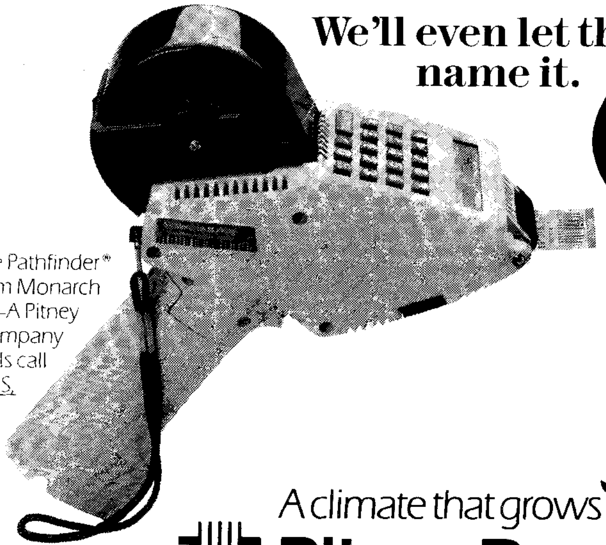
It'll save them hours and money and errors.

You design it, we'll build it.

I made some drawings. Look. The minicomputer feeds off the price marker, then plugs into the master computer.

We can do it. Wait till our management hears this. They'll flip over it.

We'll even let them name it.



The Pathfinder®
labeler from Monarch
Marking—A Pitney
Bowes Company
For details call
1-800-MR. BOWES,
ext. 391.

A climate that grows ideas

Pitney Bowes

cricket. She has been termed "holier than thou," a "mouthpiece for political prisoners," a "Salvation Army lassie," a "self-confessed simpleton," an "agent for revolution," and, when narcotics were on the agenda, a "dagga [hemp] fancier." (Her response to this last was that she had never tried marijuana or dagga, because she feared that if she did she might be tempted to resume smoking ordinary cigarettes.) Some of her Nat colleagues, the majority of whom are or profess to be pillars of the Dutch Reformed Church, seem to drool over innuendo. When Mrs. Suzman once spoke of some industries as being in "the hot little hands" of the Minister of Planning, he couldn't wait to interject, "Do not pretend that you know something about the warmth of my hands." And when she declared that she wished she "could share the dream world" of another minister it was almost a sure thing that he would come up with "You will never be able to share *my* dream world." A member aspiring to cast slurs on her relationship with a man under discussion alluded to her six times in a single declamation as his "bosom friend." On another occasion, the same member, discussing Mrs. Suzman and a male M.P. with whom the holder of the floor was also out of sorts, said, "The hon. members to whom I referred . . . revealed that rare characteristic that one finds in only one animal—the cat. They have the ability to fight and woo at the same time."

"Ever so long ago," Mrs. Suzman recently said, off duty, "I gave up worrying what these honourable members say about me." She demonstrated early that she could hold her own. "Dense" and "dumb" were two of her milder adjudications. She is fond of expressive adjectives. A random perusal of the *Hansards* that have chronicled her parliamentary history reveals her as having applied to other M.P.s or their articulated views, among many other pejoratives, "appalling," "desperate," "disastrous," "disgraceful," "disgusting," "distressing," "ham-handed," "horrendous," "idiotic," "malicious," "miserable," and "ridiculous." She seems to have reserved "dastardly" for P. W. Botha. Of a Cabinet minister who was also a physician, and who had accused her of inciting violence, she declared, "I would not take a sick cat to that man." In the case of another M.P. who was also an M.D., and Minister of Health to boot, she was moved to wonder aloud (1) whether he had forgotten the Hippocratic oath and (2) whether it might not improve his health if he consulted a psychiatrist. "I do not know," she once purred in Parliament, "why we equate—and with the examples before us—a white skin with civilization." One attribute for which her Houghton constituents admire her is her cheekiness. Soon after still another minister charged that she was nothing more than a political propagandist, she applied her tongue to her ever-ready whetstone and retorted that if this particular Afrikaner politician were a tribal African woman "he would be the sort of leader of the ululators before the warriors go in to throw their assegais around." As for bona-fide tribal Africans, she favored her sometimes ululating fellow-M.P.s, in the course of a debate on the Bantu Education Act, with, "In regard to the government's concentration on trying to reëstablish tribal customs and developing pride in the African people, the Africans in South Africa live in a modern industrial country and they do not want to return to their tribal structure. The Africans want only one thing, and that is to share in the benefits of the development of Western civilization, and they are not interested in wearing tribal clothing and sitting around a pot in the tribal areas."

As far back as 1963, Mrs. Suzman was telling her fellow-lawmakers, "The government . . . refuses to understand that if nonviolent protests are not allowed then [they] will be replaced by violent protests." That same year, she was the only M.P. to vote against a statute authorizing the government to detain anybody for ninety days without trial for any reason or, when it came to that, for no discernible reason at all. "Laws must be just if order is to be maintained," she observed. By 1966, she had become a front-bencher, with only ten M.P.s enjoying greater seniority. The retired headmaster of Eton, Dr. Robert Birley, was lecturing in South Africa that year, and he elected to extoll Mrs. Suzman as the "foremost woman parliamentarian of the Western world." A regional news magazine named her its Supreme Optimist of the Year 1966. Something Mrs. Suzman told a friend that same year illustrates how much conditions in South Africa have changed in two decades: "Few blacks seem to want to become martyrs. Revolt seems alien to their nature. They are quite capable of violence, but they waste it on trivia. They don't try to overwhelm cops or garrote informers." But, having said that, she continued, far more presciently, "Things will never get better for the blacks before they get worse. You cannot shake off shackles without a loud clatter."

On September 6, 1966, as the daily session of the House was about to begin, Mrs. Suzman was on her front bench, reading a letter that a messenger had just handed to her, when another messenger, apparently deranged, fatally stabbed Prime Minister Verwoerd. She was aware of a fracas, but had no indication of what had happened until, a minute or so later, some furious M.P.s dragging the assailant out of the chamber happened to lose their grip and dump him at her feet. Hard on their heels, waving his arms and shouting, came P. W. Botha, who incurred her unending wrath by pointing his finger in her face and yelling, in Afrikaans, "It's you! You liberals did this! Now we'll get you!"

Botha is a common surname in South Africa. There have been as many as five Bothas in the House at the same time. One of them, who has long since departed the scene, said of Mrs. Suzman nearly twenty years ago, "We should not take her seriously, because she will disappear from this House in due course in the same way as her ideas will disappear from this House." She does occasionally disappear from her bench for a few hours, but only after being asked to leave for the remainder of that day's session because the presiding officer has deemed her conduct unparliamentary. When she was ordered out one afternoon and yet another Botha could not refrain from a loud "Good riddance!" it was fast made manifest that some civility obtained in South Africa: he was heaved out, too.

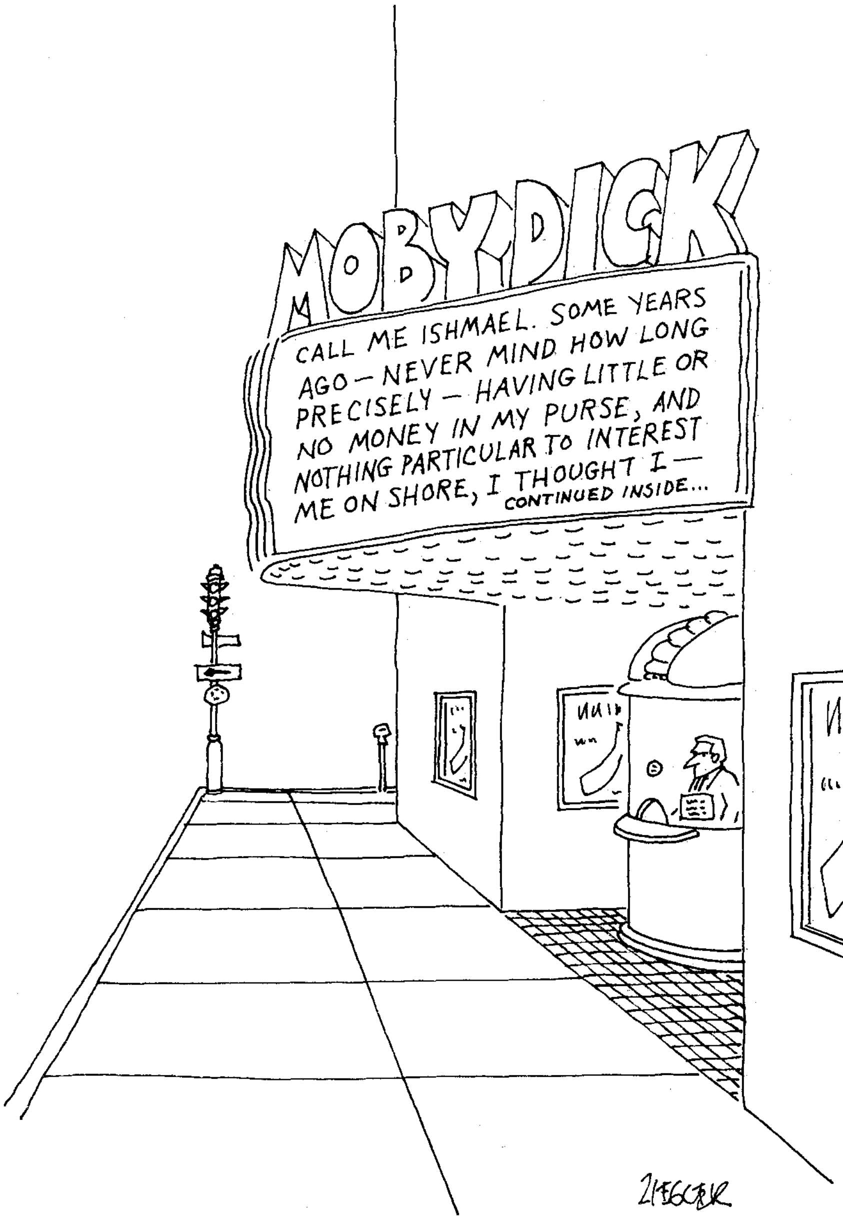
"The South African credo is the entrenchment of race discrimination," Mrs. Suzman told Parliament in 1967, the year in which she first met Nelson Mandela, and in which the Member from Odendaalsrus told their colleagues, "The hon. member for Houghton assured us in this House about a week ago that overseas she is dubbed a conservative. I think I can understand why. It is because she is so extremely conservative when it comes to restricting the activities of Communists, who undermine the social and political fabric of this country." That year, too, the ineffable M.P. Cornelius P. Mulder—whose later mischief as Minister of Information (he secretly used government funds to launch an ostensibly independent newspaper at home and to try to buy a paper in the United States) proved so embarrassing that it brought down the Vorster regime—showed his mettle in a curt parliamentary exchange precipitated by Mrs. Suzman's recommendation that people hauled off by the police and not charged with anything ought at least to be allowed to have their next of kin notified of their detention.

MULDER: Even a terrorist?
SUZMAN: Yes, even a saboteur or a murderer.
MULDER: Even you.

After Mulder's exposure, a fellow-member of the Nationalist Party said, in Parliament, "If we in South Africa were ever to accept a system in which a cabinet minister who was politically responsible for things that went wrong could return to politics, we would be doing a disservice to good government in South Africa." Three years ago, Mulder was elected by the far-right Conservative Party to the President's Council, a recently created South African legislative chamber that in certain circumstances can override decisions of the House of Assembly. The Council's deliberations have apparently been far too quiet for him, and he wants to return to the rough-and-tumble of the House; he, too, is running, disservice or no disservice, on the Conservative ticket, in the upcoming election.

OVER the years, Mrs. Suzman has visited a number of other African nations, among them Angola, Botswana, the Gambia, Ghana, Kenya, Lesotho, Malawi, Mozambique, Swaziland, Tanzania, Zambia, and Zimbabwe, and for the most part—white participant in the South African government though she undeniably is—she has been cordially received. Nairobi's *Standard* has editorially applauded her "lone persistent voice" (on a visit to Kenya's Parliament she got a bigger hand than she ever has had in her own), and while Julius Nyerere presided in Dar es Salaam he told her, "When all this is over, your role will be remembered."

Back home, meanwhile, she was being increasingly remembered as someone who could get injustices corrected—or, at any rate, aired. In 1970, for instance (a year in which she told the minister whose portfolio embraced Forestry, Tourism, Sports, Recreation, and Indian Affairs, "The hon. the minister is frightened of non-white people; I am not"), six mothers of young white men of draft age solicited her help. The sons were Jehovah's Witnesses. "Now, I hold no brief for Jehovah's Witnesses," Mrs. Suzman said afterward, "and, indeed, I hold no brief for a lot of the people on whose behalf I intercede." P. W. Botha, on his way up, was then Minister of Defence. The problem was that on reaching eighteen the young men had been summoned for a year's military service, had refused on religious grounds to be inducted, had been sentenced to two years in detention barracks, and, when they had also refused to don the uniforms prescribed for wear there, had been slapped into solitary confinement for six months; on emerging and balking again, they had immediately been given six such months more. One boy had had a half-dozen of these punishments in succession and, according to his mother, had all but forgotten how to talk. It seemed possible that he could remain in solitary until he got past conscription age—thirty-five. Mrs. Suzman brought up the matter during a debate on a defense-appropriation bill, and Mr. Botha, who was notorious then for a short temper (one historian has contended that his latter-day comparative calm as head of state is attributable to medication), flared up and denounced her as a mouthpiece for all that was subversive in their nation. Mrs. Suzman, whose victories in combat with him have been few, did at least get the Minister to concede that the prisoners' "recalcitrant and defiant attitude" had, "regrettably," resulted


MOBY DICK
CALL ME ISHMAEL. SOME YEARS AGO—NEVER MIND HOW LONG PRECISELY—HAVING LITTLE OR NO MONEY IN MY PURSE, AND NOTHING PARTICULAR TO INTEREST ME ON SHORE, I THOUGHT I—
CONTINUED INSIDE...

in "unnecessary hard-handed treatment by members of the detention barracks staff." This last, Botha declared, would no longer be tolerated. As a further concession, men in solitary would thenceforth be granted access to Bibles.

In time, the questions with which Mrs. Suzman peppered Cabinet ministers came close to becoming her trademark. If she could not influence the making of laws, she could compel the government to reveal some of the details of their application and enforcement. "Parliament is the only place where laws can be repealed and the government can be held to account and information can be extracted," she says. "I've built up a body of statistics by asking questions—numbers of people detained, for instance, those prosecuted, those hanged. The press has found this valuable, and I've found the press valuable. I've been accused by the Nats of getting more coverage than I've any right to. I say to them, 'You say something worth reporting and you'll get publicity, too.' When one Nat M.P. accused me of giving South Africa a bad image by the questions I asked in Parliament, I said to him, '*It's not my questions that give the* country a bad image. It's your replies.' "

As for the sorts of questions she has kept raising—well, if the Minister of the Interior had, as he reported, banned forty-nine films, exactly which ones were they, please? ("Entertaining Mr. Sloane" and "Diary of a Mad Housewife," to name two.) Would the Minister of Police be good enough to identify the three still anonymous individuals known to have committed suicide while in detention? Would the Minister of Indian Affairs pray tell how many Indian schoolteachers had recently been sacked in Natal? For the Minister of Law and Order: How many persons died in police custody in the year 1985, and what were the causes of death? One hundred and fifty—eighty-one from injuries sustained before and during arrest, six from being assaulted by fellow-prisoners, thirty-three from suicide, thirty from natural causes. For the Minister of Justice: How many people had been sentenced to a whipping over a certain twelve-month stretch, and what was the total number of strokes administered? About forty thousand sentenced; as for the strokes, "statistics of this nature are not available." That did not satisfy the persistent lone voice. "My feeling," Mrs. Suzman commented, "is that they are not available because they are so horrendous that even this retributive House might quail at the number of young people whipped."

When 1974 rolled around, and, with it, yet another election, Mrs. Suzman concluded that thirteen years alone was enough. If she won again and no other Prog made it, she would quit. But when the returns were in, so were five additional Progs. (A sixth was added soon after, in a by-election.) What joy! What luxury! Not only did she have people to break bread and have a drink with but when the Minister of Justice called her a "squeaking dummy" she could sit back, assured that someone else would rise to refute the aspersion. When P. W. Botha said that "the Progressive Party, throughout its history"—much of that, of course, mainly her history—"has been the intercessor of subversive elements in South Africa," there were others to shout in protest. To shout loudly enough, indeed, for him to feel obliged to substitute "*an* intercessor."

With a half-dozen Progs on the barricades with her, Mrs. Suzman was *able to concentrate on areas she had* long wished to make her specialties: detentions without trial (for a while, the Progressive Party distributed "Charge or Release" bumper stickers), human rights, blacks' affairs, prisons and prisoners, simple justice. She had still made no legislative headway—she once said she would faint if the House ever accepted any of her numerous amendments—but, as she told one inquiring foreigner, "the fact that you're keeping an eye on things often has a salutary effect." She adduced as evidence the fact that she had once got a young woman prisoner transferred from solitary to a three-person cell. To her oral historian at Columbia, she confided:

> I became then the sort of champion of people who were detained. Although, you know, my views were probably not nearly as radical as the views of these people, because many of them were, in fact, either card-carrying members of the old Communist Party or their sympathies definitely lay in that direction. Many of them, however, were not. There were black nationalists who weren't Communists. And there were white liberals who weren't Communists. All these people were in and out of trouble. I had to intervene on behalf of a number of them to get them visits from relatives, to make sure they were O.K., and so on.
>
> I must say very often without any— not that one wasn't thanked, but one was surprised at the hostility that afterward emanated from people on whose behalf one had intervened. It was strange, almost a resentment that they would need to use somebody like me, whom they considered to be really a—you know—part of the capitalist sort of establishment. Well, that was too bad. I happened to be in a position where I had access, and that was the important thing.

By 1979, there were times when Mrs. Suzman appeared to be getting discouraged. She told the House that the only way, as she saw it, to avoid *more of the unrest that was becoming* ominously pervasive was "to make changes which are meaningful, which will give black people hope about their future and about the future of their children." In her end-of-session remarks that June, she added, "Increasing numbers of young blacks are going to become despairing. More and more of them will resort to change by violence, not because they want violence, but because they see no other way to change the circumstances of their lives, which are filled with frustration and lack of opportunity."

LATER that year, a former agent of the South African Department of National Security defected to London. He took along a bunch of pilfered documents, which the British press was delighted to give space to when he surfaced. He had, among other communications, a couple of private letters written by Helen Suzman, in 1976, to a member of the British Parliament, young Winston Churchill. In one missive, she had said—it would seem that her government would have applauded—"I am sick and tired of these armchair revolutionaries who live thousands of miles away from South Africa and try to prescribe on our behalf." The letters had been removed from a file captioned "Wit Vrou

NATIONAL
SEE US NOW
CABLE MONTH

Who would profit from business news on cable?

Your competition.

"Business Morning" 6:30AM
"Business Day" 7:30AM
"Moneyline" 7 & 11PM
& continuous business news throughout the day—at half past the hour.

CNN
THE WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT NETWORK

©Turner Broadcasting System, Inc. ALL TIMES EASTERN.

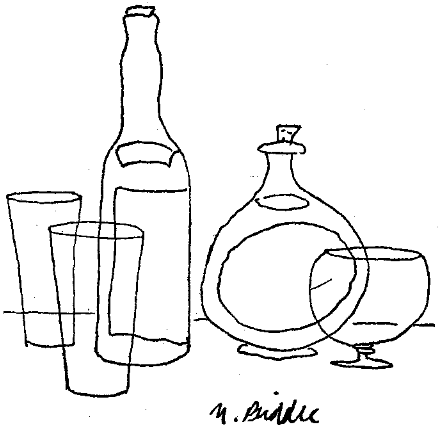
[White Woman] 24596." Mrs. Suzman was not taken aback to learn that such a dossier existed. She had long believed that the telephone in a small office she kept in her Houghton constituency was tapped; on one occasion, a clerk there had hung up after making a call and, on picking up the instrument to make another, had heard the first one being played back. Mrs. Suzman had been cautioned by friends concerned about her outspokenness that she really ought to stop using a mailbox conveniently down the street from her Hyde Park house. She had found all this cops-and-robbers talk rather amusing. Once, accompanying her husband to a medical convention in Moscow, she had sent home a postcard with a "Dear Comrade Louis" salutation to incumbent Minister of Law and Order Le Grange. That worthy might not have been amused if it had arrived, but when she inquired he denied having received it. She speculated that perhaps his own security people were responsible. Even so, she did not like the idea of having her mail trifled with, and she was determined to raise the issue when Parliament reconvened in February, 1980.

The business about the purloined letters began to seem not quite so funny when, after Mrs. Suzman demanded to know what was going on between the Department of National Security and herself, Prime Minister Botha himself chose to reply, and said, "If you want to communicate with the Devil, use his postal facilities or allow him to use your postal facilities or your letterheads." What the devil was P.W. carrying on about? She had no idea. "The hon. member must not push me too far," Botha continued, no more enlighteningly, "or I shall tell her who writes on her letterheads and who writes her name on the back of the envelope and signs his own name to the letter. . . . No, the hon. member is a vicious little cat when she is wronged, but I say to her, 'Choose your friends better.' "

Still perplexed, Mrs. Suzman proposed that the House appoint a select committee to look into the matter, whatever it was or might prove to be. Botha, brushing that request aside, announced, "Things were written about secret meetings on her letterheads and her name was put to wrong use . . . by a person who, according to our information, is a member of a foreign intelligence service," and then proceeded to warn her and her ilk that "if they continue to associate with people who wish to jeopardize the laws of the country they are then going to make trouble for themselves."

The following day, it was the turn of the Deputy Minister of Defence and of National Security, H. J. Coetsee. He identified one of the "people who purport to write in the name of the hon. member for Houghton" as a "Mr. X," who was either an operative of or a collaborator with a "foreign intelligence agency," and who had been "accused of penetrating liberation movements, of being hostile . . . of harboring manipulative intentions." Now the Deputy Minister mentioned a letter written in 1978, from Johannesburg, to someone abroad. Mr. X's name had been omitted from the usual return-address spot, and "in its place was written 'Mrs. H. Suzman, M.P.,' followed by her full address." Coetsee went on to quote from the letter, whose author had watched "seven hours of ITV videotapes of programs on S. Africa which have created quite a storm in Britain . . . They were shown secretly here and are very powerful."

Mrs. Suzman suddenly began to see the light. She had attended that seven-hour ITV rerun herself, at the home of a *Rand Daily Mail* reporter, and she had taken along an American house guest: Robert Rotberg, a political-science professor at M.I.T.; a contributor to the *Christian Science Monitor* and other publications; a frequent visitor to South Africa, about which he had written extensively in several of his sixteen books; and someone who she was positive had never been connected with any intelligence service, foreign or domestic. Mrs. Suzman phoned Rotberg later that day at his home in Lexington, Massachusetts. Did he recall anything about writing a letter while he was staying with her husband and her, in January, 1978? He thought back. Yes, he remembered, he'd wanted to write to his wife and kids, and Helen had given him a piece of aerogram stationery from her desk—one of those lightweight single-sheet contrivances that fold over to become envelopes, and the contents of which can be read only after the things are slit open. And, yes, it had had Mrs. Suzman's name and address printed—not written—on what ended up as its back. Where had he posted it? Oh, he supposed in that letter box at the end of her street—but what on earth was this all about? She explained, and begged him to try to find the letter and, if he could, to transmit a facsimile pronto. His wife had kept it, and within a day Helen had it. It began "Darlings all" and said toward the end—after, to be sure, alluding en passant to the "hated and feared security headquarters in Jo'burg," where he'd gone to seek a permit to visit an imprisoned editor of a black newspaper—"I send nothing but tankers of love to each of you. I wish I could send the hot sun and the swimming pool, too."



Mrs. Suzman was pleased to be able to inform Parliament on February 15, 1980—she had already informed the press—of Mr. X's anticlimactic identity. "The whole thing is one huge giggle," she told the House. "He is as much C.I.A. as the hon. the Minister for Tourism and Statistics." Mrs. Suzman never did get Prime Minister Botha or any of his henchmen to apologize either to Rotberg or to her, conceivably because they took seriously a tortured explanation by yet another Nat M.P.—that the professor's letter could hardly be said to have been intercepted in the first place, inasmuch as once any letter was mailed it ceased to be the sender's property.

LAST June, well into Parliament's 1986 proceedings, Mrs. Suzman was happily surprised when, for practically the first time in more than three decades, a representative of the Nationalist Party—it was the Member for Innesdal, Albertus Erik Nothnagel—was given the floor and used it to say a few kind words about her. The House was debating the Abolition of Influx Control Bill, a cause that Mrs. Suzman had been espousing ever since her back-bench days. "As a quite ordinary South African parliamentarian—this might sound very liberal to many people and quite off the rails, too—and as one person to another," Nothnagel said, "I should like to tell the hon. member for Houghton frankly this evening that as far as these measures are concerned, measures in regard to which she, without any assistance, took up the cudgels in this House for many years, she had a better insight into the problems and could see further than many other people in South Africa."

He had to pause. There were interjections, not recorded word for word —perhaps that was just as well—in *Hansard.*

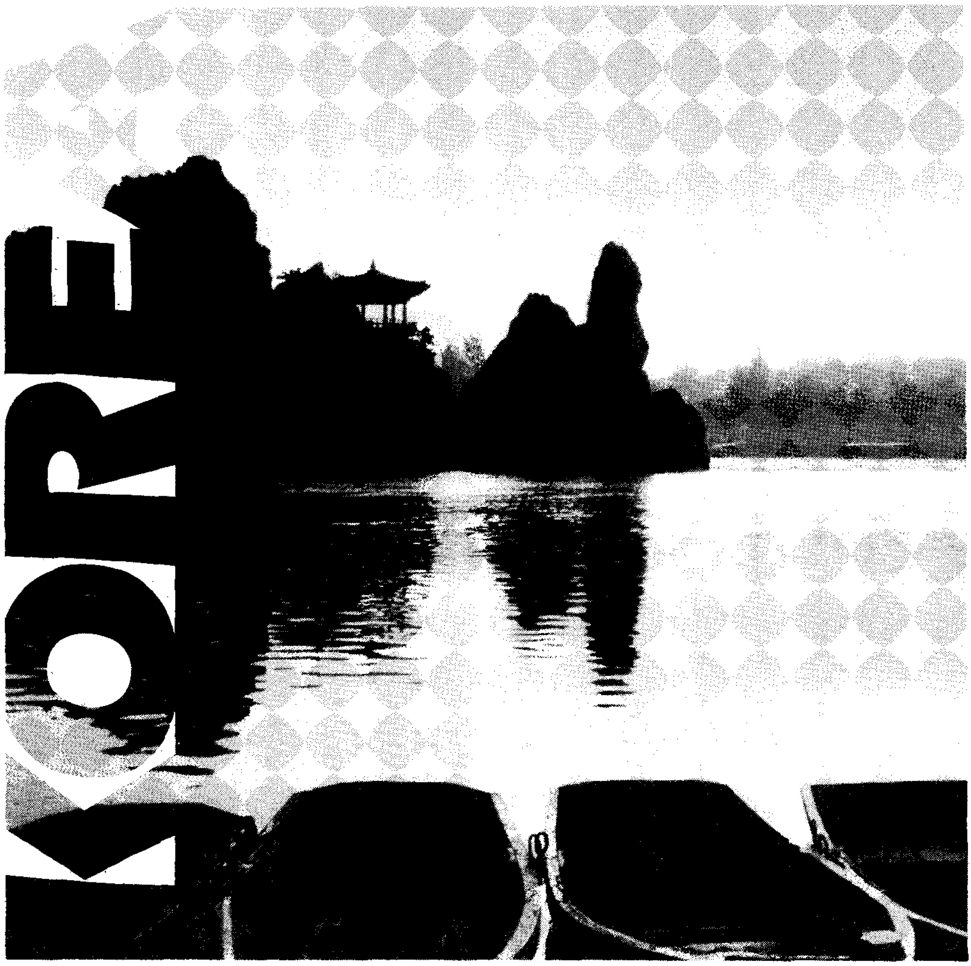
Nothnagel continued, "I want to add that although she does lash out at us at times, taking us to task in a manner which we feel is very unfair to the N.P. [Nats]—for example, in regard to security legislation—I hardly think there will ever again be anyone in the history of this country who could do as much for human rights as she has done."

No immediate interjections, possibly because the members who could normally have been relied on to utter them had been stunned into silence.

At the start of 1986, the House of Assembly consisted of nineteen members of two parties (the Conservative Party and another) that actually stand to the right of Botha's Nats; five members belonging to a remnant of the old United Party; twenty-seven Progs; and—still far and away the overriding majority—a hundred and twenty-seven Nats. The Progressive Federal Party's ranks were soon to be thinned; two of its leading members resigned—frustrated, they said, by their inability to do more than deplore the government's ever-sterner strictures. Mrs. Suzman—who remarked to a friend at about that time, "You can only do what you try to do, and if you fail you've got to accept it"—was still there. "I hope I have enough sense to know when I should pack it in," she says. But in conversation, as in Parliament, she has seemed more and more pessimistic. "Young blacks are not only prepared to be whipped," she told her fellow-M.P.s early last winter. "They are prepared to die."

That April, she said in the House that "we are involved in a low-key civil war with rebellious young blacks, convinced that victory is around the corner if only they can keep up the pressure, since the entire world appears to be on their side," and that only if the government were to dismantle "all the laws which should never have been put on our statute book in the first instance . . . shall we be able to tackle the crucial question of political participation of blacks, and only then will South Africa stand a chance of avoiding the imposition of punitive measures by the rest of the world." The country has already been grievously punished, she tells friends and lecture audiences, by the flight of many white English-speaking natives. "I scarcely know a family that hasn't lost a child to emigration," she says. "The people who are going are those who can get jobs elsewhere, and those, of course, whom we need the most —engineers, accountants, teachers, nurses, doctors. When I tell the House that it's a great indictment of the government that these people have been driven away, I'm answered with things like 'Good riddance' and 'They're not good South Africans.' "

Many people who believe that only radical measures can save South Africa from itself think that the Progs are not radical enough. "There doesn't seem to be a wild rush to join us," Mrs. Suzman said in New York last fall. The Progressive Federal Party has begun to move—if in some opinions at no more than a glacierlike pace—in directions that Mrs. Suzman hopes will be perceived as truly progressive. "We believe in universal adult fran-



Next year the world will be coming to Korea. Beat the crowds.

"The Land of the Morning Calm." "The Hermit Kingdom."

For centuries Korea has been treasured for its tranquility.

And today, even though it's one of the world's most dynamic countries, host to the 1988 Olympics, Korea is still one of the most beautiful and unspoiled lands in the world.

Let us send you more on Korea's beauty, and everything else that makes it so special.

S E E K O R E A

Send to: Korea National Tourism Corporation,
Korea Center Bldg., 460 Park Ave.,
Suite 400, New York, NY 10022, U.S.A.
Tel: (212) 688-7543/3
Tlx: KNTCNYUR 225578

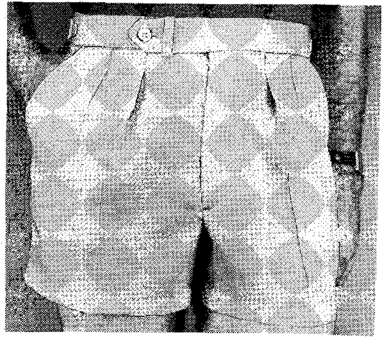
Name: ____________

Address: ____________

US/NY/NY/O2/04/7

KOREA
HOME OF THE OLYMPICS. AND MORE.

PURE COTTON
TENNIS SHORTS $36



Handsome pleated white all cotton tennis shorts look and feel great on or off the court. Double pleats, 2 side pockets, rear button pocket, side tabs for precise fit. Even sizes 30 to 46. Made in U.S.A.

Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733

☐ *$3 enclosed for 1 yr. catalogue subscription. (Applicable toward future purchase.)*

A1D207

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Mail Orders: No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108
Tennis Shorts (88232A): Size______Qty.______
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #__________________Expir.________
Add $2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name______________________________
Address____________________________
________________________Zip________

THE SPIRIT OF
Cape Cod

It's lively. It's tranquil. It's historic. It's 75 miles of snug harbors and sandy beaches. It's tennis, golf, dining and antiquing. It's glamorous. It's quaint. It's uniquely itself. It's Cape Cod.

Write for our 72-page Accommodations Directory or call (617) 362-3225.

Send $1 to cover postage and handling to:

CAPE COD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Hyannis 124, Massachusetts 02601

Dromoland. A beautiful Irish Castle.

Dromoland Castle and Clare Inn

Just 8 miles from Shannon Airport, amongst the finest hotels in Europe and a secluded inn set within Ireland's wonderful countryside.

Brochures and Reservations:
McDonough Hotels, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare.
Phone (061) 71144 Telex: 26854 Free Toll: 800 624 1921

chise—one man, one vote," she tells audiences in and out of South Africa. "But we want minority rights protected by something along the lines of what the United States of America has in the form of its Senate." The Progs favor a national convention, with all races present, for the drafting of a new constitution and bill of rights—a gathering at which, however, two critical matters would be non-negotiable: no oppression by any one group of any other, and no discriminatory legislation of any sort. "One problem with all that is that many blacks don't want a federal system—they want unqualified enfranchisement," Mrs. Suzman has conceded in private. "Now, we feel, in my party, that South Africa has many thousands of educated blacks—in fact, millions of blacks—who want a peaceful solution and would be prepared to become partners with the whites rather than take over and dominate. This has never been tried, of course, so we can't tell whether we're right. If blacks did take over altogether and there were no rule of law and no bill of rights, I don't think I'd stay in South Africa. I'm very averse to bureaucratic controls, and black bureaucrats are no better than white ones. I've stayed so far under a government I don't like, but at least there have been elections—for those who vote—and a fairly good legal system, and, until recently, a relatively free press. It wouldn't bother me in the slightest to live under a black president or a black prime minister, provided he wasn't socialist or Marxist or bureaucratic."

IN October, 1985, a group of Progs travelled to Lusaka, to initiate conversations with the outlawed African National Congress. Mrs. Suzman had been for that all along. Last August, Minister of Law and Order Le Grange had felt moved to ask, in Parliament, "Who is the hon. member for Houghton's No. 1 man in South Africa?" and, after a pause for not unexpected interjections, to answer himself with "It is Nelson Mandela."

Mrs. Suzman's tongue was blunt.

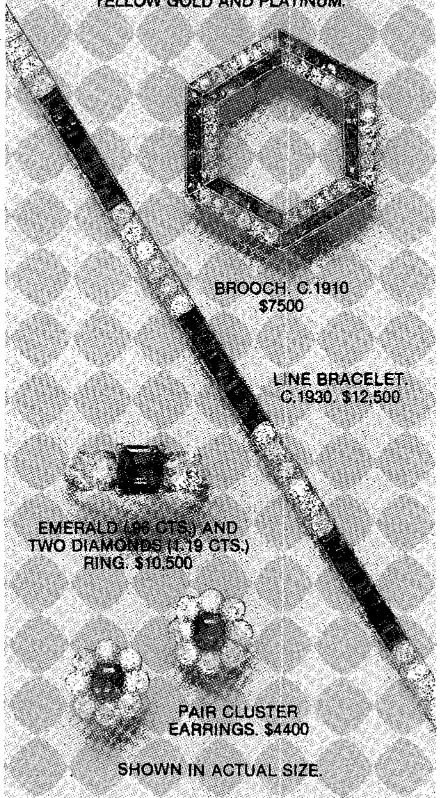
"Let him go!" she cried.

"She admires him with everything she has," Le Grange pressed on. "He is the only man who, according to her, can counteract the present unrest situation in South Africa and negotiate on peace."

The only interjection was Mrs. Suzman's: "That's right!"

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

GEM EMERALD AND DIAMOND JEWELRY
YELLOW GOLD AND PLATINUM.


BROOCH, C.1910
$7500
LINE BRACELET, C.1930, $12,500
EMERALD (.96 CTS.) AND TWO DIAMONDS (1.19 CTS.) RING, $10,500
PAIR CLUSTER EARRINGS, $4400
SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)

The Aschaffenburgs' Home Has 75 Bedrooms And A Great Kitchen

the Pontchartrain

The Pontchartrain Hotel
2031 St. Charles Avenue
New Orleans, LA 70140 504/524-0581 800/952-8092

Owned and managed by three generations of the Aschaffenburg family.

MEMBER Preferred Hotels®

The London you don't read about in magazines

LONDON OUTLOOK: a stylish, literate newsletter covering the delights & diversions enjoyed by Londoners themselves. Keeps you in touch with the theatre, shops, museums, restaurants, hotels, galleries, new attractions & the social scene. Ten issues a year; summer & winter "double issues" plus calendars-of-events. Introductory offer: $35 annually. Send your check to Janic Productions, P.O. Box 498-N, Millwood, NY 10546.

"Full of discoveries you might not make for yourself..."
—The New York Times

THE THEATRE

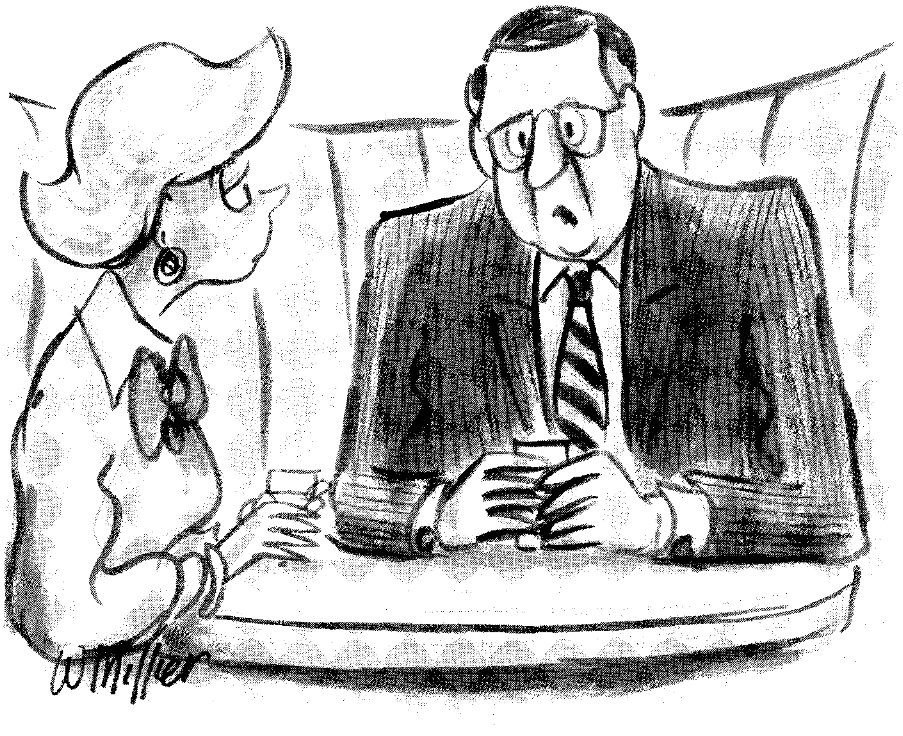
Steeped in Shakespeare

OBITUARY: "Standup Shakespeare," late at Theatre 890, was seventy-seven minutes of enchantment; when, at the end, Kenneth Welsh turned to the audience and, palms outstretched, said, "Our revels now are ended," he literally broke the spell, and we left. The show started (and concluded) its life as a modest cabaret entertainment, conceived by Mr. Welsh and the jazz composer Ray Leslee, who sat at the piano among his musicians providing accompaniment to Mr. Welsh and to two remarkable singers—Thomas Young, tenor, countertenor, and exquisite falsetto, and Taborah Johnson, a beauty who doubled neatly as actress when needed. Kenneth Welsh is an excellent actor, and an experienced one; he has played Hamlet and other leading roles at the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario. Only a man as steeped in Shakespeare as he is could have devised this script—a mosaic of lines, many of them comically welded together, and long passages and poems and songs—or performed it with such style and infinite variety. Casual in dress and mien, he wandered around the stage, at times the wry jester (and ventriloquist with W.S. dummy), at times the romantic leading man, his mood mostly lighthearted and then suddenly grave, though never ponderous. Miss Johnson gracefully became any number of heroines, Beatrice and Ophelia among them; in the most moving passage of the evening, Mr. Welsh spoke the sonnet "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun" to her; "Wonderful, wonderful," she replied, and they went on to other matters. Shakespeare's bawdy, needless to say, was not neglected, and sudden jokes abounded. Part of the enjoyment was trying to anchor the quotes to their various sources. Mr. Leslee's music was lively, and was as important an element as Mr. Welsh's words. The sudden closing of the show is sad and mysterious. Mike Nichols was the director.

"SAFE SEX," Harvey Fierstein's triptych about the AIDS crisis, which closed at the Lyceum, was bound to be disappointing to admirers of his "Torch Song Trilogy." The first of the three one-acters at hand—out of sight and almost out of mind—was about a pair of homosexual men who are attracted to each other but, since one of them is an AIDS carrier, decide to do nothing about it. "Safe Sex," the second play, was about two recently reconciled male lovers (dressed in billowing nightshirts, they lie at either end of a seesaw) whose future is in some doubt, conditions being what they are. Insubstantial as it was, this skit seemed to me the cleverest and best of the three, with spurts of feeling and humor. "On Tidy Endings," set in the apartment of a man who has recently died of AIDS, was about the confrontation there of his male lover and his ex-wife. Mr. Fierstein was the lover, more monologuist than actor; Anne De Salvo was on the receiving end of the monologues. Even what should have been touching was so soaked in sentimentality that it lost all force and conviction. The settings—that seesaw was good—were designed by John Falabella. Eric Conklin directed.

"TENT MEETING" is still alive—God knows why—at the Astor Place. An import from the Nexus Theatre in Atlanta (with a stopover in Louisville), it makes an extremely trying evening as it tells the story of a fundamentalist preacher from El Dorado, Arkansas, and his grown son and daughter, neither of whom is quite all there. They kidnap the daughter's badly deformed baby from some institution and skedaddle by trailer to Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Inside the trailer, where most of the action takes place, there are prayers and rough stuff and an occasional silly miracle; outside the trailer, there are a number of intrusions on the audience, the last of them being the final scene, an actual tent meeting, at which we, hymn sheets in hand, are meant to be participants. Levi Lee plays the preacher with more relish than credibility, but Larry Larson and Rebecca Wackler do well enough as his two children.

—EDITH OLIVER



"My wife and all her vice-presidents and all her executive secretaries don't understand me."

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Jo Werne in the Miami Herald*]

His house, which evolved from two tiny duplexes and a gardener's quarters, is in a quiet corner of Coconut Grove called Camp Biscayne, named in honor of pioneer Commodore Ralph Munroe who originally owned the land.

•

Sen. Robert Stafford, R-Vt., said, "I think the speech will make some difference, but you know the old saying, 'The proof of the pie is in the pudding.' "

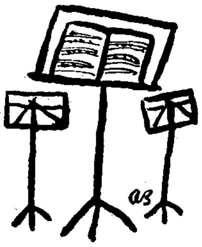
—*West Lebanon (N.H.) Valley News.*

Nope, can't say we ever heard of it, Senator.

MUSICAL EVENTS

But Where Is the Glow of Yesteryear?

THE first concerts in Carnegie Hall after its gala reopening in December were a violin-and-piano recital, given by Itzhak Perlman and Jonathan Feldman, and a chamber-orchestra program, played by the Orchestra of St. Luke's. After them, I reported first impressions: that Carnegie's acoustical welcome to intimate chamber music was undimmed, and that the St. Luke's orchestra, clustered center stage, sounded bright, warm, forward, and well balanced. Since then, I've heard many big-orchestra concerts in Carnegie, by a dozen different orchestras (including those of Philadelphia, Boston, and Cleveland, and the Vienna Philharmonic). My reactions have varied from a despairing "A great hall has been ruined" to "It's not so bad; *this* orchestra sounds beautiful." General reaction seems to have run much the same gamut, extended on the positive side by a few voices expressing a preference for the altered acoustics. The rebuilders' professed aim was to keep the famous Carnegie sound intact. They failed: on that, at least, there is consensus. The usual word for the changes is "brighter." Other words used are "cleaner," "harder," "more accurate." In fact, the disagreement is less of aural observation than of assessment of what the changes do to the music. Different listeners like different kinds of sound.



From orchestral players there have come persistent complaints that they do not hear themselves and their colleagues as clearly as they did before. The new stage floor is commonly held to blame. Lawrence Goldman, the hall's director of real-estate planning and development, who lovingly monitored each move of the reconstruction, has asked me to help nail the rumor that under the stage there is a new, unyielding concrete floor. The original floor, it seems, was of Gustavino tile between sleepers, supporting first a plywood and then a maple floor. The two wooden floors have been replaced, again with plywood and then maple; but beneath them, Mr. Goldman says, the original floor, which was found to be for the most part in excellent condition, remains—repaired but essentially unaltered. Many other things have happened, however—more than enough to account for the changed sound many players deplore. The heavy house curtains, the masking that filled much of the proscenium arch, the false ceilings, and the tall wooden screens have all been removed. A large hole in the ceiling proper (cut to allow the filming of the movie "Carnegie Hall," in 1946) has been filled. And the ugly "barrette"—the hall's word for it is "tiara"—holding lights, hangs above the stage. This giant object must have a marked acoustical effect. If one imposes its presence on the reflection patterns diagrammed in the pamphlet "Practical Acoustics," by William Burnet Tuthill, the hall's architect, his clean lines are sadly disturbed. One would like to hear the results of raising it, lowering it, removing it altogether. It cannot be difficult to light the stage from lanterns set in the ceiling.

Those banished screens may be even more important. Although they have not so far figured in published speculation about the new acoustics, I know from practical experience how potently they affected the sound, for when preparing concert stagings of Handel operas in Carnegie I moved them around—not initially for acoustic reasons but to provide some entrances and exits. Carnegie Hall has no backstage crossing. A concert staging of Strauss's "Intermezzo" needed one, and then I arranged the tall reflecting screens as a complete "orchestral shell," all the way round the platform. I was prepared to abandon the arrangement if in rehearsal it proved an acoustical disaster. On the contrary, it added richness to the symphonic intermezzos that make up a good deal of Strauss's drama, and so much enhanced the orchestral hues that the conductor, Julius Rudel, had to take special care during sung episodes not to drown the singers. These screens (are they still around in some Carnegie storage space?) could easily be replaced. They were no part of Tuthill's original design but, in one formation or another, were present during all the concerts of recent years which players and listeners remember with fondness. They will spoil the look of the "new" hall, but if they improve its sound musicians will be well content. At the least, something so simple should surely be tried, tested, and rejected only if it doesn't work.

A FORTHCOMING issue of *Stereophile* contains an interesting article by Lewis Lipnick, the contrabassoonist of the National Symphony, describing some concert halls from a player's point of view. Of the new Carnegie he says:

> As soon as I sat down to warm up before our first acoustical rehearsal, it was difficult for me to believe that this was the same hall that I remembered. . . . The previously overly warm, euphonic quality has been replaced by a much more neutral, clear and dynamic sound. . . . Whereas many of my colleagues did not care for the new acoustical environment (claiming the sound too hard and honky), I found it to be extremely honest and revealing. . . . I maintain that the feedback the artist receives from the house is more honest and accurate, and therefore more artistically valid. In my opinion, the new Carnegie is the most neutral sounding concert hall presently standing.

A Cleveland cellist I happened to meet last month drew different conclusions from similar observations. Where Carnegie had once been the special date on any tour—the hall whose friendly, flattering acoustics could inspire an orchestra to take chances, since it would generously round any roughness, burnish what might be overbold—it had now become, she lamented, a hall like most of the others, where "everything showed" and one played carefully and accurately.

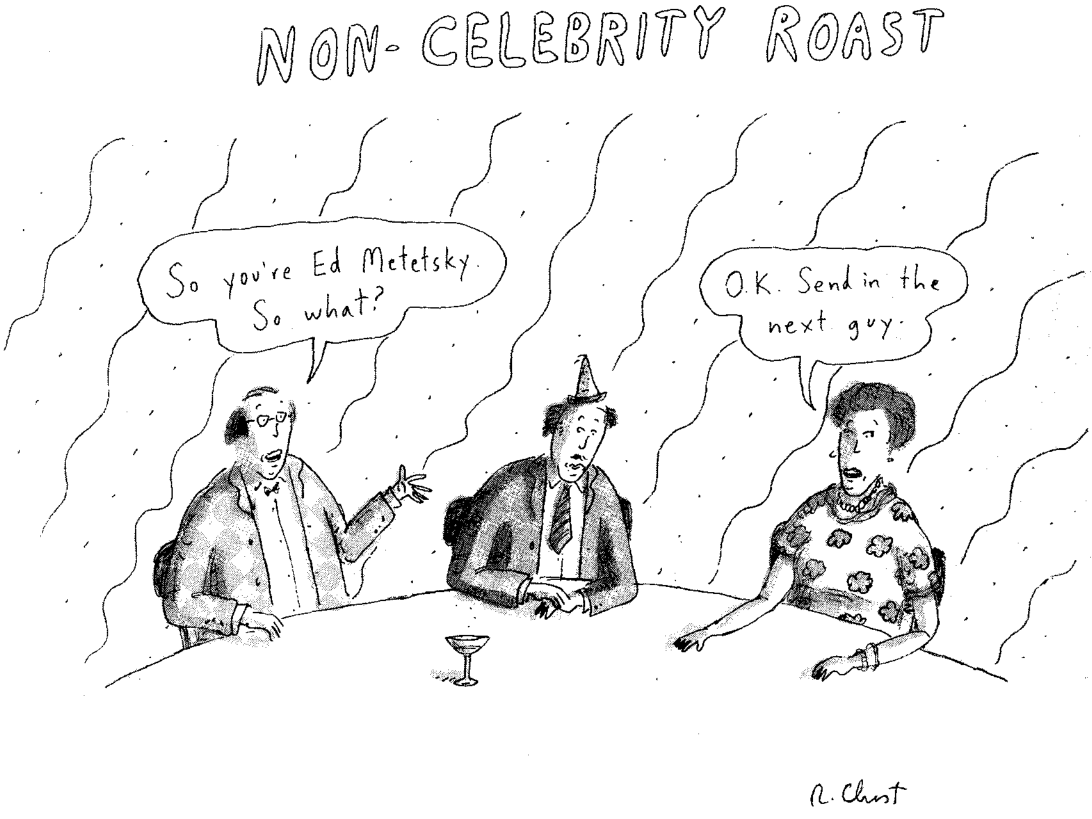
It depends what one wants: "neutrality" or enhancement. Vienna's Musikvereinssaal is generally considered the most musically satisfying of all concert halls. (With seats for sixteen hundred and fifty, and standing room for three hundred more, it is smaller than the symphony halls of America.) Mr. Lipnick describes it as "the most colored sounding" of the halls he discusses—one where "the glow of the sound that comes off of the stage is alluring and captivating," where "although the overall texture is clear and transparent, the excessive warmth gives everything a complimentary quality that musicians just love." But he adds, "I personally prefer colder, more objective tonal characteristics." As a listener, I don't. I prefer the characteristics described by "warm," "rich," "full," "glowing"—provided they come in combination with "distinctness," "presence," "liveliness." Few halls have this rare amalgam of virtues. The Musikvereinssaal and Boston's Symphony Hall are two. Carnegie Hall used to be a third.

ONE goes to symphony concerts to listen to the music, not to listen to acoustics. But the "music" is the sounds that reach the audience. Let me mingle some "musical" and "sonic" observations about particular concerts. In the new Carnegie, I've heard Beethoven's Eroica thrice. Michael Tilson Thomas's performance with the Orchestra of St. Luke's was buoyant, sturdy, and clear. One could follow each line and respond freshly to the music. An Eroica from the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Riccardo Muti, provided the first shock. Could this be the Philadelphia, America's most sensuously beautiful orchestra? What had happened to the sheen of its strings, the richness and character of its winds? What had muddied the luminous, transparent textures that one always counted on in a Muti performance? This was ordinary big-orchestra Beethoven, dense and rather drab. Muti's reading was very much on the beats, not yielding to big, free flow of the themes. One hadn't expected profundity or sublimity but had at least looked forward to enjoying glorious sound. Instead, I began to understand colleagues' complaints about lack of focus, lack of blend, lack of tonal beauty in the new hall. The concert began with Christopher Rouse's "Phaethon," the first of the orchestra's six 1987 commissions to celebrate the bicentennial of the Constitution. A seven-minute tone poem, it made a horrible racket.

When the Vienna Philharmonic arrived, it played, under Claudio Abbado, one of the most beautiful concerts I have heard in years. This was the start of a six-concert cycle including all Beethoven's symphonies and, with Maurizio Pollini as soloist, all his piano concertos. The sound of the orchestra, in every department, was matchless—effortlessly and unaffectedly eloquent, natural, masterly. The "Egmont" Overture began the program, and a thrilling "Eroica" ended it. Between them Pollini gave a poised, elegant, but to my ears slightly distant and chilly account of the Fourth Piano Concerto. I went back the next day to hear the First and Fifth Symphonies and the Second Concerto, and afterward wished I hadn't. The spell cast by the first concert was not renewed. Abbado seems to have no laughter in him. Its absence makes him (like Giulini) an unsatisfactory conductor of Rossini comedies, for all the polish and precision of his readings. And what is Beethoven's First without a smile? The Fifth was strangely uneventful, unengaging: a conflict expertly related, not fought. Abbado is earnest. He can be noble, lyrical, passionate. But the modern world lacks conductors like Beecham, Vittorio Gui, Britten, who commanded wit and gaiety, too. Rossini, Schubert, and Smetana suffer; also Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven in their merrier moods.

The Philadelphia Orchestra had been ranged right up to the edge of the platform. The Vienna Philharmonic, on the other hand, was set right back into the space, with a broad strip of empty floor between the players and the audience. At the second Vienna concert, the winds were up on risers, but this seemed to make them less, not more, audible. None of the varied orchestra figurations being tried in Carnegie seem to yield predictable or consistent results. The Chamber Orchestra of Europe visited the hall this month and, like the Orchestra of St. Luke's, was clustered center stage and well back; but it used a double set of risers, whereas St. Luke's had chosen the flat stage. The Tchaikovsky Serenade for Strings sounded fine, and so did Mozart's A-Major Violin Concerto (Frank Peter Zimmermann the plain, able soloist), which adds pairs of oboes and horns to the strings. When the other winds joined for Bizet's Symphony, everything suddenly went—well, out of focus, and what usually is limpid became tonally confused. Previously, I had heard this remarkable young orchestra only under Abbado—at the 1984 Pesaro Festival, playing for Rossini's "Il Viaggio a Reims," and in Carnegie the following year, playing Ligeti. For this tour, the orchestra had engaged Lorin Maazel. Bad choice: he preened and fussed with the music, and seemed to throw the young virtuosos off their stride. Next year, they return with Abbado—and with, one hopes, more exciting programs.

NO generalizations—such as "the farther back the better," which a Philadelphia-Vienna comparison would in isolation suggest—hold good for long. The richest sound I've heard in the new Carnegie after the Vienna Philharmonic's was at two concerts given by the American Composers Orchestra, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies, and at them the orchestra was


NON-CELEBRITY ROAST
So you're Ed Metetsky. So what?
O.K. Send in the next guy.
R. Chast

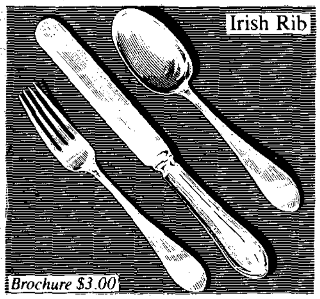
In New York,
where location is
everything,
there's nothing
like the Barbizon.

LEXINGTON
E 63

East 63rd St. at Lexington Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10021
Call toll free: (800) 223-1020
In N.Y. State call (212) 838-5700

GOLDEN TULIP
BARBIZON
HOTEL & RESTAURANT

Handmade Silver Flatware



State of the art for over 400 years.
We invite your visit and comparison.
James Robinson
15 East 57th Street, New York (212) 752-6166

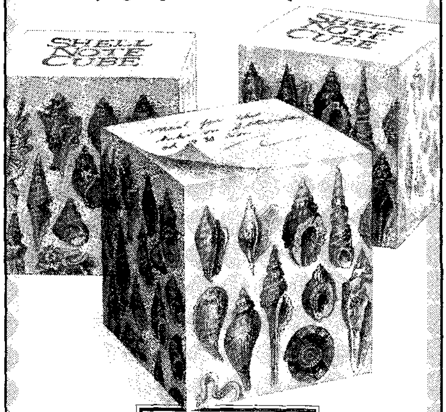
It is sometimes beneficial to consider a change of habitation or environment for a family member facing an extended period of psychiatric treatment. Greystone House, situated on a campus of old trees and broad lawns, offers a homelike atmosphere under the direction of Friends Hospital, America's oldest nonprofit psychiatric hospital. For a color brochure write: Barbara Hines, R.N., Greystone House, Friends Hospital, 4805 E. Roosevelt Blvd., Philadelphia, PA 19124.

right up at the footlights. (I use the phrase in a locative sense. Carnegie Hall used to have footlights, and as late as 1961 they shone upon Judy Garland. But there are none now; all the light comes, unkindly, from above.) The A.C.O. seems suddenly to have turned into a "real" orchestra—no longer a pickup group of New York's finest free-lance players but a brilliant, athletic band with a character of its own: a gleaming, flexible instrument. A pity that most of the music it chose to play was so dreary! I don't understand why Davies, a first-rate conductor, and the instrumentalists I hear on other nights rising to the modern challenges of Elliott Carter, Milton Babbitt, Charles Wuorinen, Donald Martino, Stefan Wolpe are content to offer the A.C.O. audiences Minimalism (John Adams' "The Chairman Dances," Philip Glass's Violin Concerto), pale Neoromanticism, and such stuff as Nancy Laird Chance's "Odysseus"—a slow baritone declamation of four chunks of the "Odyssey," in phonetically rendered ancient Greek, against noisy, portentous movie accompaniment.

To revive Henry Cowell's "Synchrony" was a historical gesture: the work figured in a famous program of new American music which Nicolas Slonimsky conducted in Paris in 1931. So did Charles Ives' "Three Places in New England" and Carl Ruggles' "Men and Mountains." Those pieces are worth reviving, and are revived by our regular symphony orchestras. Cowell's piece seems a gawky experiment—important only in its day. Curious historians can hear it on a CRI record. The A.C.O. could surely have employed its time and its listeners' time better: there are Roger Sessions symphonies still unheard in New York, and there must be some gifted *young* American composers—American analogues to Britain's George Benjamin, whose "Ringed by the Flat Horizon" was played at the London Proms when he was twenty—who deserve A.C.O. fostering by a metropolitan performance. In the latest *Cues*—the magazine of the Boston ensemble Collage—John Harbison addresses the question of American composers' "misspent youth" ("shrouded in an academic cocoon for years of degree-seeking stasis") and urges "the conviction that the mouths of babes can sing true." ("Ringed by the Flat Horizon," along with Benjamin's Turner tone poem "At First Light" and his Wallace Stevens setting "A Mind of Winter," is now available here on a Nimbus CD.) The first of these A.C.O. concerts ended with Duke Ellington's "Les Trois Rois Noirs," arranged by Maurice Peress, and the second began with Irving Berlin's "Annie Get Your Gun" Overture, arranged by Robert Russell Bennett. Those pieces showed some vitality of invention.

MOST of these Carnegie concerts included a new work, but none of the new works I heard proved so exciting as to prompt a long, enthusiastic review. Since a catalogue of disappointments makes dull reading, I'll be brief. Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Piano Concerto, brought to Carnegie by the Detroit Symphony, under Gunther Herbig, provided some instant pleasure that as instantly faded; what remains is admiration for the soloist, Marc-André Hamelin, a pianist at once poetic and powerful. Zwilich, a bright, attractive composer, is usually at her best on a small scale. The Cleveland Orchestra, under Christoph von Dohnányi, brought the New York première of Alexander Zemlinsky's tone poem "The Little Mermaid" (1903), which disappeared between 1907 and 1984. About half of it—an "abridged version"—was done; it seemed moot whether a full performance would prove more arresting or twice as tedious. Zemlinsky had high merits—the Second String Quartet (recorded by the LaSalle) and the Lyric Symphony (thrice recorded) reveal them—but he was an uneven composer, and in "The Little Mermaid," which is derived from Mahler and Schoenberg, sparks of invention are faint. Charles Wuorinen's "The Golden Dance," brought to Carnegie by the San Francisco Symphony, under Herbert Blomstedt, sounded energetic but clotted—much as his "Movers and Shakers," which the orchestra played in Carnegie last year, did. One would be tempted to say that Wuorinen's finest thoughts still go into his chamber music were there not the splendid 1983 Piano Concerto to show otherwise.

Last week, the Indianapolis Symphony, conducted by John Nelson, played Toru Takemitsu's latest composition, "I Hear the Water Dreaming"—twelve minutes of delicate, "intuitive" doodling for flute (Paula Robison) and orchestra. Bartók's Second Piano Concerto followed, with Zoltán Kocsis as the soloist. He's an established interpreter of the piece; but ever



NOTEPAPERS AND ANTIQUE SHELLS

Sepia-toned reproductions of antique shell prints surround all four sides of our desk cube of 700 padded 3-1/2" square notesheets to keep months of paper at your fingertips! Two cubes per set.

$14.95 postpaid

THE NATURE COMPANY

BERKELEY
SAN FRANCISCO
PALO ALTO
CORTE MADERA

CARMEL
COSTA MESA
SAN DIEGO
SEATTLE

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-227-1114
Use Visa, M/C, AMEX or send check to: The Nature Company, Dept. NY, P.O. Box 2310, Berkeley, CA 94702. (Calif. add 6% sales tax)
SEND $1.00 FOR OUR LATEST CATALOG

AMBASSADOR GRILL

New York's "...Unheralded bargain."
The New York Times/Bryan Miller–12/31/86.

Prix Fixe Menu
Lunch $19.00
Dinner $24.00

44th Street at First Avenue
New York City
Reservations 212 355 3400

Rooms available
for Private Functions

HOST TO GREAT AMERICANS SINCE 1716

Gracious hospitality amidst the sights and sounds of our nation's birth. 60 rooms with all modern comforts. Great food and spirits. Write for brochure.

The Colonial Inn
on the Green Dept N Concord, MA 01742
(617) 369-9200
Operated by the Grimes Family

since I heard Sviatoslav Richter render its streams of parallel chords as lyrically as a Chopin melody I've been less responsive to the traditional percussive approach. In any case, this was a concert at which acoustical oddities got in the way of simple listening to the music. My regular Carnegie seat is mid-parquet on the left aisle. There high distinct sounds on the left of the platform—the harp that began the Takemitsu, the little drum in the Bartók—seem to be coming from way, way offstage, with such startling vividness that involuntarily one's eyes swivel as if to pierce the left wall of the platform. (From other seats, similar distractions have been reported, such as a piano apparently floating in midair.) The Indianapolis orchestra was seated well back on the platform, on the flat floor. Kocsis played a Bösendorfer, whose tone sounded drab, unlively. The woodwind motifs lacked definition. There was no focus, no coherence.

All is not well, although at some concerts it may seem to be. If nothing is done, we will get used to the new hall and gradually forget the lost glory. Experiments are being made all the time with seating plans and risers. One thing I've not heard is a classical or Romantic score played with the orchestra in a classical or Romantic formation. A photograph on the Vienna Philharmonic's brochure showed the orchestra in its Vienna home, steeply tiered, with the double-basses across the back as a solid foundation, but in Carnegie the orchestra adopted the modern, lopsided arrangement—high strings left, low strings right. A photograph in the program book for last December's reopening showed the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie, under Bruno Walter, in about 1940, similarly tiered, with the double-basses along the back wall. Toscanini used much the same arrangement. It might be worth trying. But maybe still more needs doing—with screens, shells, reflectors—if Carnegie Hall is to be again a place where all orchestras sound at their best.

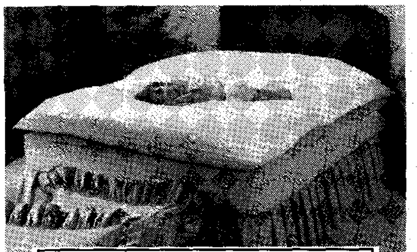
—ANDREW PORTER

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Gordon Burn in London Portrait*]

It stands as a monument to the distance snooker has travelled since the night at Selly Park British Legion in 1972 when Alex Higgins affected the sea-change which saw snooker finally staggering like a hibernating rabbit into the bright lights of the second half of the 20th century.



European Featherbed

Our European Featherbed is just like a giant body pillow. Place it on top of your mattress or waterbed, or on the floor and enjoy its natural warmth and body-cushioning comfort. It conforms to your body contours and cushions pressure points, such as hips, shoulders and knees. The Featherbed is filled with a blend of hand selected white goose and duck feathers. Its specially constructed feather- and down-proof shell is a soft 100% cotton fabric.

The European Featherbed provides a layer of gentle softness between you and the mattress. It's perfect for many uses. Our Featherbed Cover of 100% cotton keeps the Featherbed clean. Easily removed for machine washing.

If you're not completely satisfied with the European Featherbed, for any reason, call our toll free number and we'll send a UPS truck to your home — **at our expense** — to pick it up, and send you a refund (in full) or exchange. **Fast Delivery:** We ship within 24 to 48 hours.

FREE CATALOG
- 26 Down Comforter Styles
- Down Pillows
- Duvet Comforter Covers
- 100% Merino Wool Mattress Pads

☎ TO ORDER OR TO REQUEST A FREE CATALOG CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-356-9367, Ext. X485,
or use our coupon (call 7 days a week).

The Company Store®
© 1987 The Company Store

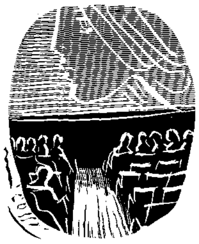
EUROPEAN FEATHERBED Style #C502
☐Twin (39" x 75") $39 ☐King (76" x 80") $69
☐Full (54" x 75") $49 ☐Calif. King (72" x 84") $79
☐Queen (60" x 80") $59 Color: White

FEATHERBED COVER Style #O603
☐Twin $19 ☐Queen $39 ☐Calif. King $59
☐Full $29 ☐King $49 Color: White

☎ TO ORDER CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-356-9367, Ext. X485.
Use your credit card. OR ORDER BY MAIL:
☐M.C. ☐VISA ☐Am.Exp. ☐Diners Club ☐Check
Acct.#__________ Exp.Dt.______
STYLE # QTY. PRICE
______ ____ x ______ =$______
______ ____ x ______ =$______
Delivery in MN-6% Tax, IL-5% Tax=$______
Ship., Hdlg., & Ins. Featherbed- $10=$______
Ship., Hdlg., & Ins. Featherbed Cover-$2.50=$______
*Federal Express Service=$______
TOTAL=$______
For delivery in WI-5% Tax=$______
Total for delivery in WI=$______
*☐We ship UPS ground service unless you request otherwise here. Federal Express Service add $8.50.
Name__________
Address__________
City,State,Zip__________
Send to: The Company Store, Dept. X485, 500 Company Store Road, La Crosse, WI 54601.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Manypeeplia Upsidownia



Big-Bosomed, short-waisted, and long-legged, Tina (Carmen Maura) has a hot, roiling temperament; after she has given her nightly performance in Cocteau's monologue-play "The Human Voice," which her famous brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directed, she walks toward a café with him and her daughter Ada, and, seeing a couple of street-cleaners who are busy with their spraying, she calls out to them to hose her down. Soaked, her short knit dress clinging to her wide hips, she's deliciously happy at the café, until the cool, chic Pablo tells her that she overacted. Overacting is what she's all about; it's what the Madrid writer-director Pedro Almodóvar's "Law of Desire" is all about. Tina has a slutty splendor: she swivels around on her clicking high heels, prays to the Virgin, and fills little Ada's head with her sentimental gabbing. She's overacting womanhood, which is the role of her life. She started out as Pablo's brother; as a teen-ager, she ran off with their father and had the operation to please him, but he finally left her, and she hasn't had anything to do with a man since. Little Ada is actually the daughter left behind by her lesbian lover. Almodóvar adds another layer of topsy-turvydom: Carmen Maura, the transsexual here (and the slum mother in his "What Have I Done to Deserve This!"), is a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler; the strikingly beautiful lesbian is played by a low-voiced male transvestite.

If Tina lives in make-believe, so does the less flamboyant Pablo, who adores her. In story terms, Pablo, who imagines himself a discreet homosexual, is the protagonist. The sexual effrontery of his stage productions and his classy homoerotic films (which delight the public) have made him a glamorous celebrity, with a wide choice of lovers. (His sleek dark-blond hair, cleft chin, and steely-blue eyes help him along.) Pablo's liaisons don't make him happy, though, because he's in love with a curly-haired young workingman, Juan (Miguel Molina), who values his companionship—a rather steamy companionship—but isn't fully committed to homosexuality, or to Pablo's upper-bohemian style. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him and is determined to possess him completely. Determined also to possess anyone dear to Pablo, Antonio becomes the central horror of Pablo's life. And the film winds up in a demonstration that Antonio's desire, which is grotesque, uncontrollable—crazy—simply can't be denied. It gets so all-encompassing that Pablo has to respond to it. This will come as no surprise to people who have found themselves in bed with people they despise, or with ex-spouses or ex-lovers whom they have fought to get rid of—a sexual paradox that can have a passionate, oh-well-what-the-hell quality on the screen.

Almodóvar's tone is not like anyone else's; the film has the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood romance, and even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. This director manages to joke about the self-dramatizing that can go on at the movies, and at the same time reactivate it. The film is festive. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. (Almodóvar is the director who might have brought off the sultry spirit of Manuel Puig's "Kiss of the Spider Woman.") I've never been to Spain, but the temperament of Almodóvar's Madrid—*his* temperament—goes with the world I know. Partly, this may be because his sensibility is steeped in Hollywood movies and underground films, but it's more than that. In a recent interview in the *Times* he said, "My rebellion is to deny Franco. . . . I refuse even his memory. I start everything I write with the idea 'What if Franco had never existed?' " Well, that's America.

He opens with a metaphor of moviemaking—an autoerotic film is being shot in a studio—and he goes on side excursions that are also metaphorical. Some of these are the best jokes in the movie—such as Tina's taking Ada to the church where she used to sing as a choirboy, and introducing the child as her daughter to the courteously befuddled, somewhat pained choirmaster priest. And straight-faced gags keep popping up, such as Pablo's telling Tina she should get a guy and go straight. Even better: the ten-year-old Ada, worried about her developing body, asks Tina whether she'll soon grow breasts, and Tina says, "Sure. At your age, I was flat as a board." This gagster-artist Almodóvar loves Tina's religious view of herself as a woman; she has surrendered to the movies she saw as a boy. Her eyes shine when her sentimental fantasy of herself as a woman and a mother is intact; when some guy rudely disturbs it, she unconsciously throws a punch like a man. Carmen Maura, whose plumpish figure is baffling, succeeds in looking neither masculine nor feminine—her Tina is a great satirical flip-flopping creation.

Almodóvar seems to have skimped on the three men. They're wonderful romantic types, but they're involved in the more conventionally melodramatic side of the story, and in some fairly conventional homosexual romanticism. And they're almost too sensually handsome, too well built. Eusebio Poncela's Pablo lacks a goosey, comic side; he's stone-faced in scenes involving letters to Juan and Antonio—scenes that could have a flaky vivacity. (His porno movies can't be as much fun as we're led to think they are.) And Miguel Molina's Juan is boringly, honorably straight and decent. (Is Almodóvar, who comes from a rural, working-class background, taking this hardworking lad more seriously than he should?) Luckily, the well-heeled Antonio isn't held down by virtue, and the actor Antonio Banderas gets to suggest a little of the spoiled-rotten instability of Bellocchio's pug-dog hero (Lou Castel) in "Fists in the Pocket." Banderas has a sly, funny side: when Antonio first goes home with Pablo, he explains that he's never been with a man before, and when Pablo mounts him he has a comedian's chagrined, quizzical look that says, "This isn't going to work." (Pablo makes it work, all right.)

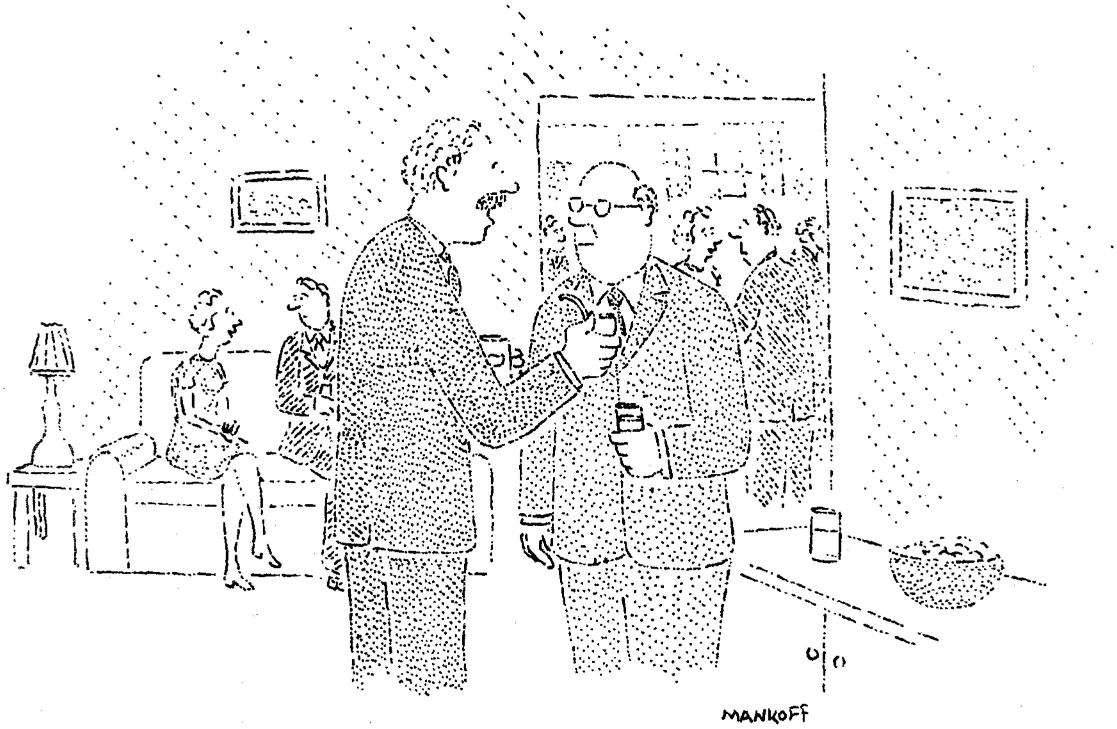
Antonio has already interrupted their lovemaking to ask Pablo if he has any diseases. Pablo answers contemptuously, implying that if you care about sexual pleasure you can't worry about such matters. His manner says, "Go home, little boy, if you're worried about syphilis." It's the grand attitude of an earlier era. "Law of Desire" is a homosexual fantasy—AIDS doesn't exist. But Almodóvar is no dope: he's a conscious fantasist, and the movie is as aware of AIDS as the audience is. This wild man has a true talent. When Tina gives to the poor, her expression is exalted—she's Jesus and she's Eva Perón.

"RAISING ARIZONA" is a monkey-shines burlesque of people who feel they can't live without an infant to cuddle; it's about baby love. At first, Edwina, or Ed—played by Holly Hunter—seems the sanest person around. Then she discovers she can't have a child, and she's a wreck until she hears about male quintuplets that have been born to a woman who took fertility drugs. Now a huffy little pixie with a quivering pout, Ed torments her husband, Hi (Nicolas Cage), until he goes to steal one of them. As soon as Hi plunks a quint into her arms, she yowls, "I love him so much!" The compliant Nathan Arizona, Jr., has this effect on everyone. Hi's plant foreman comes for a visit, bringing his wife (who's Ed's best friend) and their gang of children; ignoring their own kids, who attack everything in sight, the couple coo over the baby covetously, and plan to steal him. But two escaped convicts—backwoods brothers played by John Goodman and William Forsythe—make off with Junior, and they turn mushy and won't part with him even while they're robbing a bank. These two have deep, big-bellied voices, but they look like babies. They get so wrapped up in the gaga emotions of parenthood that they keep misplacing their little snugglebug, leaving him on the double yellow line that divides the highway. Each time they discover he's missing, they wail in grief.

This broad satire has a cornpone-surreal quality. It kept reminding me of the 1945 hillbilly farce "Murder, He Says," in which Fred MacMurray was an insurance agent who stumbled into a houseful of homicidal maniacs headed by Marjorie Main as a matriarch with a whip, and at times it has a Preston Sturges spirit crossed with the cartoon abandon of the early Gene Wilder and Mel Brooks comedies. It's an apparition of a movie: Hi and Ed live in a yellow mobile home with rooms that are huge—big enough for Sergio Leone to shoot in—and the home sits in a Tempe, Arizona, trailer park at the edge of a Pop-art version of the desert. The cacti in the background look artificial, and everything is warped and flipped out; the light seems fluorescent, as if the world were a twenty-four-hour supermarket. Joel and Ethan Coen, who did the writing together—Joel directed and Ethan produced (with Mark Silverman)—have a knack for hick-suburban dialogue. The characters speak a stilted slang to the accompaniment of banjos and, sometimes, a yodeller. The film has a galumphing tempo; storyboarded like a comic strip, it races from one sight gag to the next, from punch lines to double whammies.

As a compulsive fellow who once robbed convenience stores simply because they were conveniently on his route home from work, Nicolas Cage is a hound dog with goo-goo eyes—a flirty guy with a woebegone mustache, long sideburns, and a lamebrained barber's idea of a punk cut. Cage has sometimes been expected to carry roles that he wasn't ready for, but his youth works for him here. He's a lowlife caricature of a romantic hero, trying to do the right thing by everybody. Even when Hi robbed stores, his gun wasn't loaded, and once he's fallen for Ed (she was the policewoman who took his mug shots three times) he becomes a responsible person, a model husband. After the kidnapping, a hairy, demonic biker, played by Randall (Tex) Cobb, materializes out of Hi's scared dreams—he's an evil Road Warrior (even his boots are hairy) who blows up a bunny rabbit and sets fire to a daisy. Hi's apologetic expression when he dematerializes this monster is Nicolas Cage at his most winning. (Actors have made big reputations as farceurs on less talent than Cage shows here; his slapstick droopiness holds it all together.) Hi and Ed are a funny pair of lovers because they have such ordinary middle-class family aspirations; what makes them appealing (and redeems the banality of those aspirations) is that they lose out.

"Raising Arizona" should probably be a little shorter, and a few scenes (such as Hi's hanging around the quints' nursery trying to decide on the pick of the litter) aren't precise enough. Others (such as the jailbreak, with the brothers emerging from their tunnel during a rainstorm, as if coming to life out of primeval ooze) are of a likably silly too-muchness. The Coens (whose first film was the 1984 "Blood Simple") are going with their strengths. They're making a contraption, and they're good at it because they know how to make the camera behave mechanically, which is just right here—it mirrors the mechanics of farce. "Raising Arizona" is no big deal, but it has a rambunctious charm. The sunsets look marvellously ultra-



"Now, if I were you I'd lose some weight, get contact lenses, put lifts in my shoes, wear a toupee, grow a mustache, and start smoking a pipe."

Maupintour

Discover a grand style of escorted travel. Small groups, professional manager, one price covers everything. Treat yourself to the best!

EUROPE

8 to 32 days.
Middle Europe,
British Isles,
London Theatre,
Scandinavia,
Greece, Spain,
Portugal, Morocco,
Soviet Union.

BRITISH ISLES

8 to 22 days.
London Theatre,
Britain By Rail,
Homes & Gardens,
Scotland, Ireland,
Wales, Edinburgh
Festival, Highlands
& Islands.

TURKEY

New! 15 days.
Istanbul, Hittite
art treasures,
Goreme Valley
cave dwellings,
Aphrodisias,
Ephesus, Troy,
Bosphorus cruise.

FREE TOUR BOOKS. For a copy of Maupintour's ☐ *Europe* (includes Turkey), or ☐ *British Isles* books, please call or check box and mail to Maupintour, 408 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022.

quality escorted tours since 1951 **Maupintour**

name
address
city
state/zip nyk-ebt-7
Telephone **212-688-4106**

vivid; the paint doesn't seem to be dry—it's like opening day at a miniature-golf course.

IS Morgan Freeman the greatest American actor? Back in 1980, in a late-night-over-drinks conversation, a friend and I wound up agreeing that maybe he was. That was after seeing him in plays and on television and, earlier that night, in "Brubaker." As a death-row prisoner who broke out of his hole and started to strangle another convict, he gave the film a sudden charge that the moviemakers didn't seem to know what to do with. Freeman just shot out onto the screen, and then his character was dropped from the story. After seeing him in the new Jerry Schatzberg film, "Street Smart," I don't think that my friend and I were too far off. This is probably the first major screen role he's ever had, and he turns a haphazardly written Times Square pimp into something so revealing that it's a classic performance. Tall and slim, and looking like a very handsome, elongated Richard Pryor, he gives the role of Fast Black a scary, sordid magnetism, and he gives the picture some bite. Fast Black is old for a pimp; he's heading toward fifty, and he has watchful eyes; they're weary and shifty—you wouldn't want to look into them. This man's coiled power is in his complete lack of scruple; it's in his willingness to resort to violence. So it's best not to make the mistake of thinking that you can put anything over on him. He's seductive—he has a veneer of affability—but he's all contradictions; you never know where you are with him except right this minute, and the minute can be cut short. Magically, Morgan Freeman sustains Fast Black's authenticity; it's like sustaining King Lear inside "Gidget Goes Hawaiian."

Christopher Reeve plays Jonathan, a privileged young man trying to be a smooth hotshot; he has gone from Harvard to free-lance writing for a weekly "lifestyle" magazine like *New York*. Lately, his facility has been failing him, and when he pitches ideas the editor (André Gregory) barely listens to him, until he comes up with "twenty-four hours in the life of a pimp." The editor jumps at it and wants it fast; Jonathan assures him that he has the contacts, and then he goes out to try to find them. He can't, so he fabricates the story—that's what the screenwriter, David Freeman, did when he published "The Lifestyle of a Pimp" in *New York* for May 5, 1969. It created no big stir; there were no dire results, and no big-time benefits, either. In the movie, though, we get the screenwriter's fantasies of all the things that could or should have happened. Doggedly, he piles them on: Jonathan's fiction appears as a cover story and is such a wow that he becomes the editor's pet and a celebrity; he's hired to appear on the local TV news as a roving reporter specializing in street life; his apocryphal pimp is somehow thought to be based on Fast Black, who is facing a murder charge; Fast Black seeks Jonathan out and gets to know him, and when the editor wants to meet the pimp it's Fast Black that Jonathan introduces; both the assistant D.A. and Fast Black's lawyer are now on Jonathan's tail; a judge orders him to turn over his nonexistent notes, and he goes to jail when he refuses. Eventually, after Jonathan's girlfriend (Mimi Rogers) has been knifed and a prostitute called Punchy (Kathy Baker) has been killed, the new, wised-up, devious Jonathan gives in to Fast Black's pressure, fakes notes that clear the pimp of the murder charge, and then, in the screenwriter's final (most synthetic) twist, outwits Fast Black for all time.

Often underrated, Jerry Schatzberg can make viewers feel the beauty and excitement of everyday grit. (He even brings off the trick of using Montreal for most of the Manhattan locations.) Schatzberg knows how to tell a story visually: in a hotel-room scene between Jonathan and Punchy, the movements of the actors and the camera show us layers of sexual gamesmanship building up. He makes the script look and play better than it deserves to. But he can't give it conviction, rootedness. He can't conceal the author's thin, brassy attitudes: this screenwriter is out to show that everybody is corrupt, that everybody uses everybody, and so on. Most of the performers do their damnedest. Kathy Baker's Punchy looks as if she'd be called Punchy; at times she's as forlorn as an alcoholic who has been falling face down. Baker's face seems to go out of focus, as if her expressions had changed too fast for the camera—but in sexual situations her face takes on an all-out intelligent sexiness. As a hooker, she makes you feel she's a pro who delivers pleasure. (She even gets by with seducing Jonathan to Aretha Franklin singing "Natural Woman.") André Gregory is terrific as the heartless, dryly self-amused editor. Trim and dandified, he's more than pleased with himself; he's his own yes-man. Gregory is some kind of eccentric genius: this editor inflects smugness, cackling at his own cleverness, leaving a trail of media slime.

Morgan Freeman wears long fingernails (proof that Fast Black is not a laboring man); he has the accompaniment of funky music and Miles Davis's trumpet; and he's terrifying in a battle of wills with Punchy, who has made the mistake of thinking they're friends. But Christopher Reeve has no peculiarities, no distinctive musical backup, and no threat. He's a big nothing. Reeve is willing to play Jonathan as a suck-up who's trying to make his name. But as an actor he's physically too inexpressive to play inexpressiveness; it isn't the character who's a lug—it's Reeve. (When Jonathan's girlfriend marvels at his wonderful article and asks where the material came from, he crooks a finger to his skull. I blinked, expecting the finger to go right through.) Reeve has a personality when he's Superman; here, though, he doesn't seem to do anything but play what's on paper (diffidently), and it isn't enough. In the scenes where Jonathan thinks he can hold his own with Fast Black and discovers he's a helpless babe, Reeve isn't bad. His clumsiness works when he's up against Morgan Freeman's dancerlike swiftness; this taut actor can whip him with an eyelash. But when Jonathan gains the cunning to out-street-smart Fast Black it's a joke—an Ivy League white boy's dream of glory. We're supposed to take his victory as proof that he's learned his lesson and become a dirty realist. Actually, it's just a confirmation that the plot is a sham. Screenwriters who come on with the scoop that we're all pimps should just speak for themselves.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

THE OMNIPOTENT WHOM

[*From "The Opposing Self," by Lionel Trilling*]

I have referred to the remark made by an old schoolfellow that Keats was a boy whom anyone might easily have fancied would become great, but rather "in some military capacity than in literature."

•

RECIPE CHANGE

In the Fresh Tomato Dip recipe, published March 14 in some newspapers, 1 large tomato, cut in quarters, should be added to the list of ingredients.—*Winnetka (Ill.) Talk.*

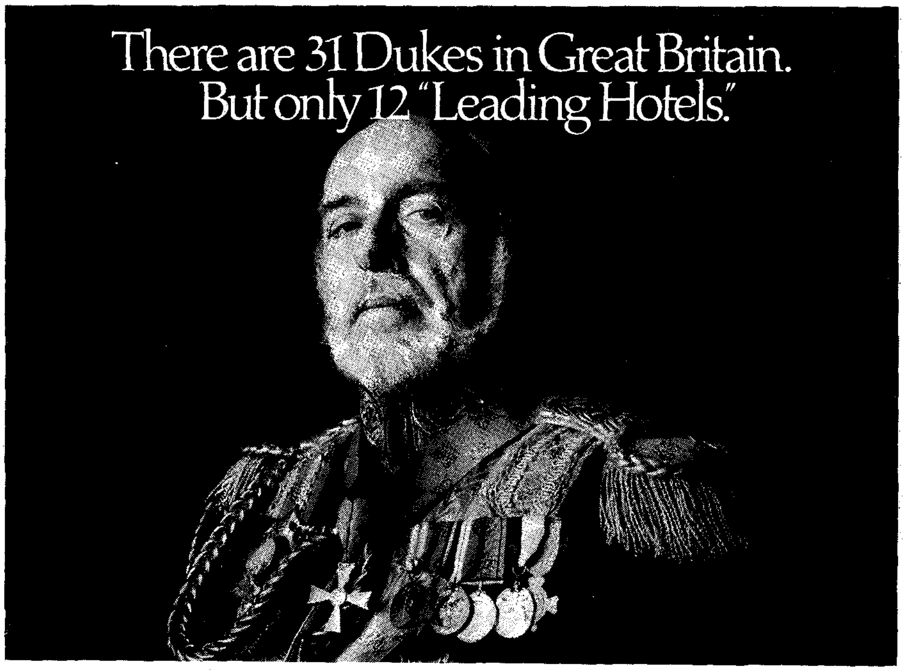
Perfectionist!

For sixty-four very particular guests, one of the Caribbean's most exclusive resorts.

Acres and acres of tropical birds and glorious flowers, flanked by seas on three sides. Sandy beaches for basking. Coral reefs for snorkeling. Cottages for luxury lovers, hugging the shore. Food and wine fit for the gods. Seductive, secluded, sybaritic. Costly, but priceless.

Biras Creek
VIRGIN GORDA, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

For reservations or information, see your travel agent or call
David B. Mitchell & Co., Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York 10016.
Toll-free: 800-372-1323 (In New York State, 212-696-1323)


There are 31 Dukes in Great Britain.
But only 12 "Leading Hotels."

Here's where to find them.

Around the world, 210 hotels provide the service, decor, cuisine and attention to detail which qualify them as 'Leading Hotels of the World.' Send $2.00 for our worldwide directory. For reservations, telephone 1-800-223-6800; from NY State and Alaska, 212-838-3110 collect. Or see your travel consultant.

Name__________ Address__________
City__________ State__________ Zip__________
Write to: The Leading Hotels of the World, 747 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017-2847

The Leading Hotels of the World®

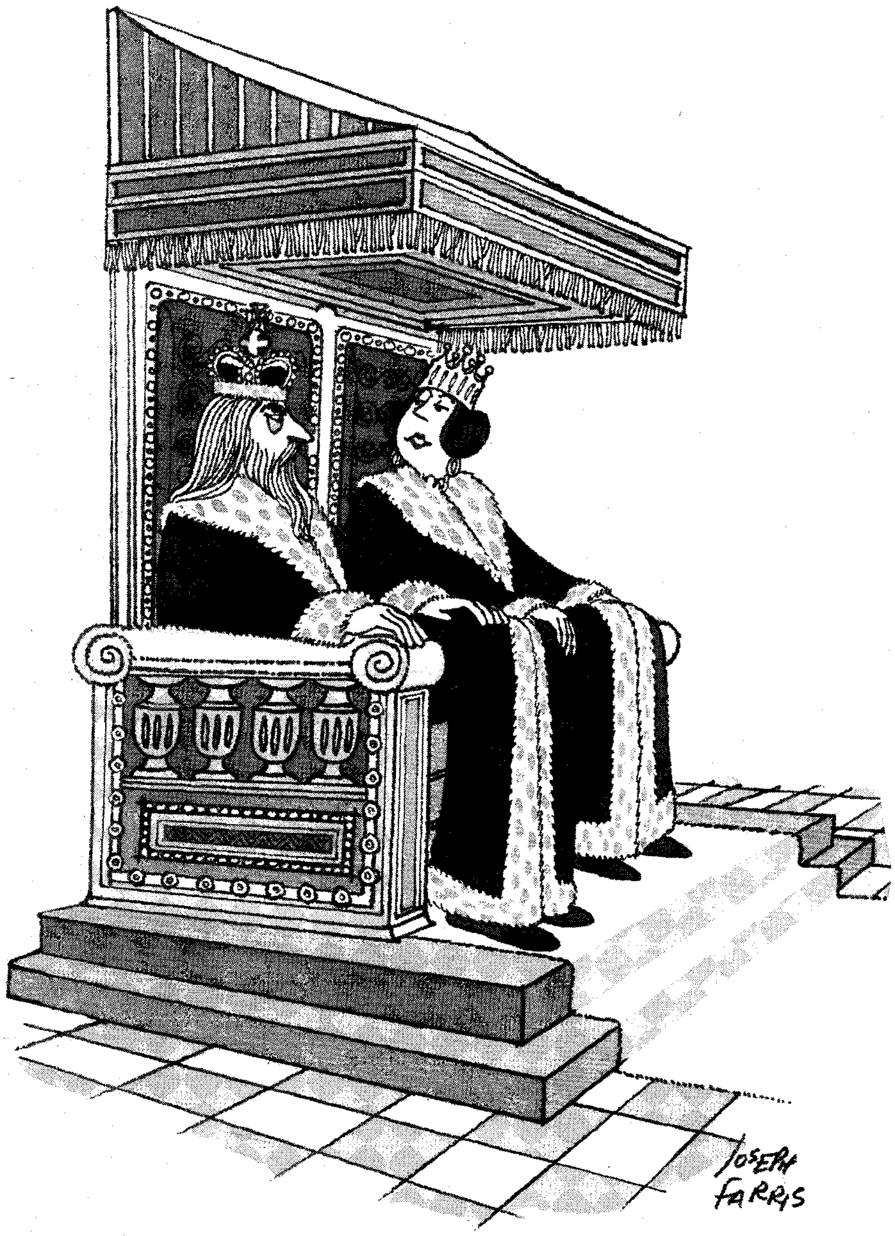
NY0420

The Leading Hotels of the World

REFLECTIONS

J'APPELLE UN CHAT UN CHAT

TODAY, everyone knows—except possibly a few literary theorists—that the chief subject of the psychoanalytic dialogue is not the patient's repressed memories but the analyst's vacation. As our therapeutic community grows, as more and more of us participate in the cultural ritual known as "going to the shrink," the popular view of psychoanalysis as a kind of surrealistic agon has given way to the less theatrical, more domesticated vision of the analytic encounter as a proving ground for the concept of transference. "The patient does not *remember* anything of what he has forgotten and repressed, but *acts* it out," Freud wrote in "Remembering, Repeating, and Working-Through" (1914). "He reproduces it not as a memory but as an action; he *repeats* it, without, of course, knowing that he is repeating it. For instance, the patient does not say that he remembers that he used to be defiant and critical towards his parents' authority; instead, he behaves in that way to the doctor." Psychoanalysis is the wary (ultimately weary) examination by patient and analyst of the patient's behavior toward the analyst. Out of this absurdist collaboration—the tireless joint scrutiny of the patient's reactions and overreactions to the analyst's limited repertoire of activity in the sphere of fees, hours, waiting-room etiquette, and, above all, absences—come small, stray self-recognitions that no other human relationship yields, brought forward under conditions of frustration (and gratification) that no other human relationship could survive.



"I'm tired of being Queen. I want to be First Lady."

The patient leaves the analysis older, and wiser about analysis. It is finally borne in on him that the object of analysis is not to make sense of his life but to make nonsense of his neurosis. Through repetitive enactment of the neurosis in the transference, the neurosis loses its edge. Psychoanalysis is a process of blunting. From its earliest period, long before Freud knew what he was doing or where he was going, he used the metaphor of wearing away to express the therapeutic effect of the talking cure. Freud's concept of the unconscious is poised on an opposition between the durable and the mutable. What is unconscious is timeless, of stone, forever, while what is conscious is transient, ephemeral, written in water. Freud's early flounderings with hysterical patients, in which, following Josef Breuer's flounderings with Anna O., he did what he called "cathartic therapy," were posited on the theory that hysteria is caused by "forgotten memories" of trauma, which have "been acting like foreign bodies in the mind." This figure of the oxymoronic irritant appears in Freud's 1897 abstract of earlier writings on hysteria. He continues:

> The memories which are revealed as "pathogenic," as the roots of hysterical symptoms, are regularly "unconscious" to the patient. It seems that by thus remaining unconscious they escape the wearing-away process to which psychical material is normally subject. A wearing-away of this sort is brought about by the method of "abreaction."

In 1909, when Freud wrote his "Notes Upon a Case of Obsessional Neurosis," popularly known as the Rat Man case, psychoanalytic theory as we now know it was in place, and clinical practice was a far cry from its earliest manifestation, which has been wonderfully characterized by Leo Stone as "a sort of unwitting, sometimes grudging patient participation, like the bringing of urine to be analyzed, or enduring the expression of pus." But the distinction between what is conscious and what is unconscious remained, and remains, a kind of lodestar of psychoanalytic thought (or, to use Freud's own figure of speech in 1923, "our one beacon-light in the darkness of depth psychology"), and the wearing-away metaphor retained its authority as other figures of pre-psychoanalysis lost theirs. In the Rat Man case, indeed, Freud gave the wearing-away metaphor its fullest and most poetic expression:

> At the next session the patient showed great interest in what I had said, but ventured, so he told me, to bring forward a few doubts.—How, he asked, could the information that the self-reproach, the sense of guilt, was justified have a therapeutic effect?—I explained that it was not the information that had this effect, but the discovery of the unknown content to which the self-reproach was really attached.—Yes, he said, that was the precise point to which his question had been directed.—I then made some short observations upon *the psychological differences between the conscious and the unconscious,* and upon the fact that everything conscious was subject to a process of wearing-away, while what was unconscious was relatively unchangeable; and I illustrated my remarks by pointing to the antiques standing about in my room. They were, in fact, I said, only objects found in a tomb, and their burial had been their preservation: the destruction of Pompeii was only beginning now that it had been dug up.

However, Freud, with his characteristic refusal to make things easy for his interpreters, elsewhere in his writings uses the analogy of the archeological relic to make an altogether different and seemingly contradictory point. In his late paper "Constructions in Analysis" (1937), and also in the Dora case, Freud employs the analogy of the archeological relic not to illustrate the destructive action of psychoanalysis on pathogenic thought, like the corrosive effect of air and light on long-buried objects, but, rather, to legitimatize the making of "constructions"—i.e., the analyst's conjectures about fateful events in the patient's psychic life during early childhood:

> Just as the archeologist builds up the walls of the building from the foundations that have remained standing, determines the number and position of the columns from depressions in the floor, and reconstructs the mural decorations and paintings from the remains found in the debris, so does the analyst proceed when he draws his inferences from the fragments of memories, from the associations, and from the behavior of the subject of the analysis.

The apparent contradiction between analysis as destruction and analysis as construction is resolved in the next paragraph in the "Constructions" paper, in which Freud notes that "the main difference" between the analyst

rodell
rodell

•The men's *Charleston* is 1-1/4" in diameter, the women's is 1". The tiny mercury cell will power the watch for 18 months before it needs to be replaced.

A tribute to the golden twenties...

Classic Charleston Watch

Just $59.95* ****But read the ad for an even better deal!***

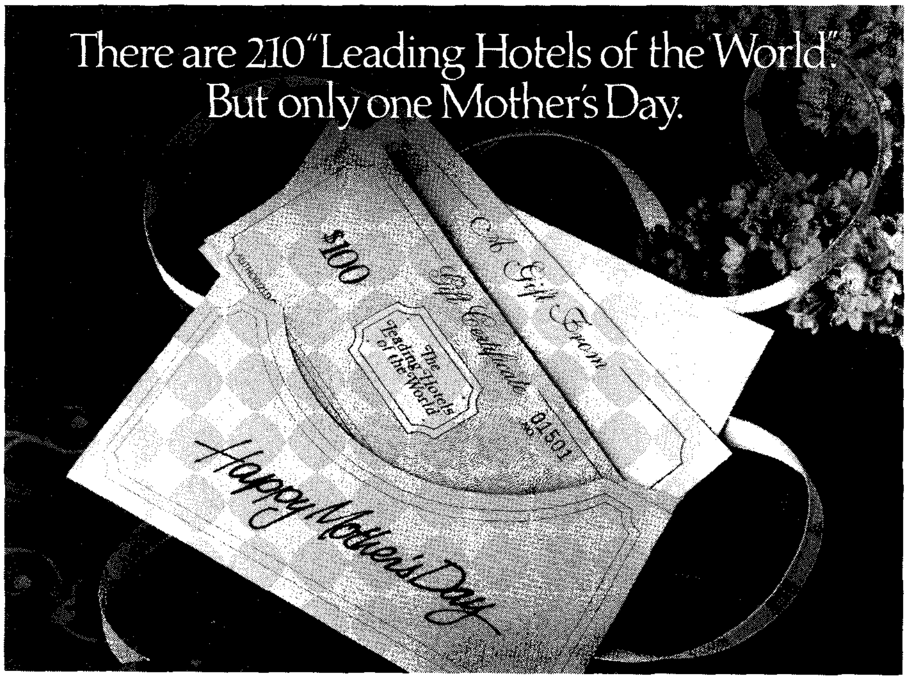
Unabashedly old-fashioned, the *Charleston Watch* is patterned after one of the most popular watches of the 20's. **rodell-7** now brings this watch with a splendid Japanese quartz movement, 2-micron goldplated case, steel back, and pigskin strap. Comparable watches are nationally advertised for $125.

We are the exclusive importers of **rodell-7** watches and are able to offer the *Charleston* for just $59.95. And here is the "special deal": ***Buy the pair for $119.90, and we shall send you a third watch (men's or women's, tell us which), with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Treat yourself to this beautiful touch of luxury and nostalgia!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#1090E029.**(Men's); **#1091E029.**(Women's); **#1092E029.**(Pair, plus Bonus). If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders. UPS/insurance: $5.95 for one *Charleston Watch*, $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

Note: For quantity orders (100+) with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Ernest Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107


There are 210 "Leading Hotels of the World."
But only one Mother's Day.
$100
A Gift From
Gift Certificate
The Leading Hotels of the World
No. 01501
Happy Mother's Day

Give an exceptional experience to a singular person.

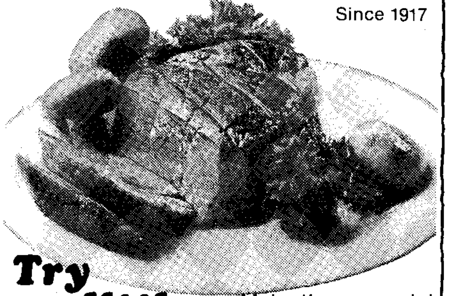
Give the gift certificate as unique and memorable as the hotels they're good for. A gift good for exquisite hotel accommodations, as well as wining and dining in some of the best restaurants on earth. Ours.

Naturally, you'll find one of The Leading Hotels of the World in every major city in the world. So give the perfect Mother's Day gift because only the best is good enough for mother. Available in denominations of $25 and $100.

For orders and additional information telephone: **1-800-223-6800**; from N.Y. State call **(212) 838-3110** collect.
Please use your credit card to insure prompt delivery. Add $4.50 for registered mail delivery.

The Leading Hotels of the World®

The Leading Hotels of the World



Omaha Steaks International®
Since 1917

Try a little tenderness Make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness. Candlelight, soft music, and, magnificent, aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. **INTRODUCTORY OFFER:**
Six 6-oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick (reg. $52.95) $29.95
(plus $4.50 shipping/handling)
YOU SAVE $23.00!
OFFER VALID IN 48 STATES UNTIL MAY 31, 1987.
SAVE EVEN MORE...
Twelve 6-oz. Filets at
Extra special price of $58.95
(plus $4.50 shipping/handling)
Limit - 2 packages per order
Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and
Call Free 1-800-228-9055
In Nebraska phone 0-402-391-3660 collect.
Order today or write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon.
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. 1878 / 4400 So. 96th Street / Omaha, NE 68127

MAKES YOU ALMOST 2" TALLER

SIZES: 5-11
WIDTHS: B-EEE

FINE MENS' SHOES

Looks just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside is a height increasing innermold. Choose from a wide selection of Elevators, including dress shoes, boots and casuals. Satisfaction guaranteed. Exceptionally comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE color catalog so you can look 2" taller in almost no time. TOLL FREE 1-800-343-3810
ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. NY74
P.O. Box 3566, Frederick, MD 21701

Unlimited Comfort
can be yours!
with this contemporary leather recliner

Adjusts from the vertical to the horizontal with unlimited stops in between.

Reduces tension & fatigue, alleviates minor back pain & circulatory problems.

Sugg. list $599.
***NOW* $445⁰⁰**
pl. $20 shipping

MA res. add 5% tax
good until: 5/15/87

Free Catalog
1-800-251-BACK
OR WRITE:
53 Jeffrey Ave.
Holliston, MA 01746
in MA call 617/429-5940

BackSaver®
PRODUCTS CO.
05

and the archeologist "lies in the fact that for the archeologist the reconstruction is the aim and end of his endeavors, while for analysis the construction is only a preliminary labor." He continues, "The analyst finishes a piece of construction and communicates it to the subject of the analysis so that it may work upon him." In the case of the Rat Man, Freud's constructions "worked upon" the patient so well that his symptoms were relieved before the whole story of his infantile neurosis could be pieced together. "It was impossible to unravel this tissue of fantasy thread by thread," Freud writes in a footnote, because

> the therapeutic success of the treatment was precisely what stood in the way of this. The patient recovered, and his ordinary life began to assert its claims: there were many tasks before him, which he had already neglected far too long, and which were incompatible with a continuation of the treatment. I am not to be blamed, therefore, for this gap in the analysis. The scientific results of psychoanalysis are at present only a by-product of its therapeutic aims, and for that reason it is often just in those cases where treatment fails that most discoveries are made.

The Rat Man's crippling obsessional neurosis—his tormenting idea that the woman he loved and also his (dead!) father were being subjected to a horrible Turkish torture—was gradually "worn away" during analysis as his unconscious hatred for his father came into consciousness. But, Freud writes, "it was only along the painful road of transference that he was able to reach a conviction that his relation to his father really necessitated the postulation of this unconscious complement," and he goes on to describe the rather comical as-if form of the Rat Man's transference:

> Things soon reached a point at which, in his dreams, his waking fantasies, and his associations, he began heaping the grossest and filthiest abuse upon me and my family, though in his deliberate actions he never treated me with anything but the greatest respect. His demeanour as he repeated these insults to me was that of a man in despair. "How can a gentleman like you, sir," he used to ask, "let yourself be abused in this way by a low, good-for-nothing fellow like me? You ought to turn me out: that's all I deserve." While he talked like this, he would get up from the sofa and roam about the room—a habit which he explained at first as being due to delicacy of feeling: he could not bring himself, he said, to utter such horrible things while he was lying there so comfortably. But soon he himself found a more cogent explanation, namely, that he was avoiding my proximity for fear of my giving him a beating. . . . His father had had a passionate temper, and sometimes in his violence had not known where to stop. Thus, little by little, in this school of suffering, the patient won the sense of conviction which he had lacked—though to any disinterested mind the truth would have been almost self-evident.

DORA, the eighteen-year-old subject of Freud's first major case history (written in 1901 and published in 1905, under the title "Fragment of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria"), never gained the Rat Man's sense of conviction about the unconscious. After three months spent in complaining angrily about her dire family situation and listening skeptically to Freud's incredible dream interpretations and improbable constructions about her infantile sexuality, she abruptly quit the analysis, her hysteria intact—and thus provided Freud with the instructive failure that he spoke of so wistfully in the Rat Man case. She has also provided our Freud-obsessed age with a kind of marvellous fetish: we cherish the Dora case, because it proves that Freud, who told us such unpleasant truths about ourselves, was himself just another pitiful, deluded, dirty-minded neurotic. The Dora case shows us a Freud out of control, a Freud whose genius has gone awry, a Freud who can be likened to an analytic patient in the grip of a powerful regressive transference. Or, perhaps more to the point of our own transference relationship to Freud, he is like an analyst who has slipped up and at last given the patient something "real" to work with in his desperate struggle against his interlocutor's maddening disinterestedness.

A recently published anthology called "In Dora's Case: Freud—Hysteria—Feminism," which was edited by Charles Bernheimer and Claire Kahane (Columbia) and is largely devoted to writings of the past ten years by young and youngish literary critics who teach English and comparative literature at American and English universities, put me in mind of a scene in Virginia Woolf's "The Years"—the scene that forms the novel's symbolic center—where two little girls excitedly dance and leap around a bonfire lit for the older girl's birthday. These new writings—feminist, deconstructive, and Lacanian, for the most part—have a wild playfulness and a sort of sexual sparkle that flicker through their academic patois and give them an extraordinary verve. (There are also writings from the fifties and sixties by three psychoanalysts—Felix

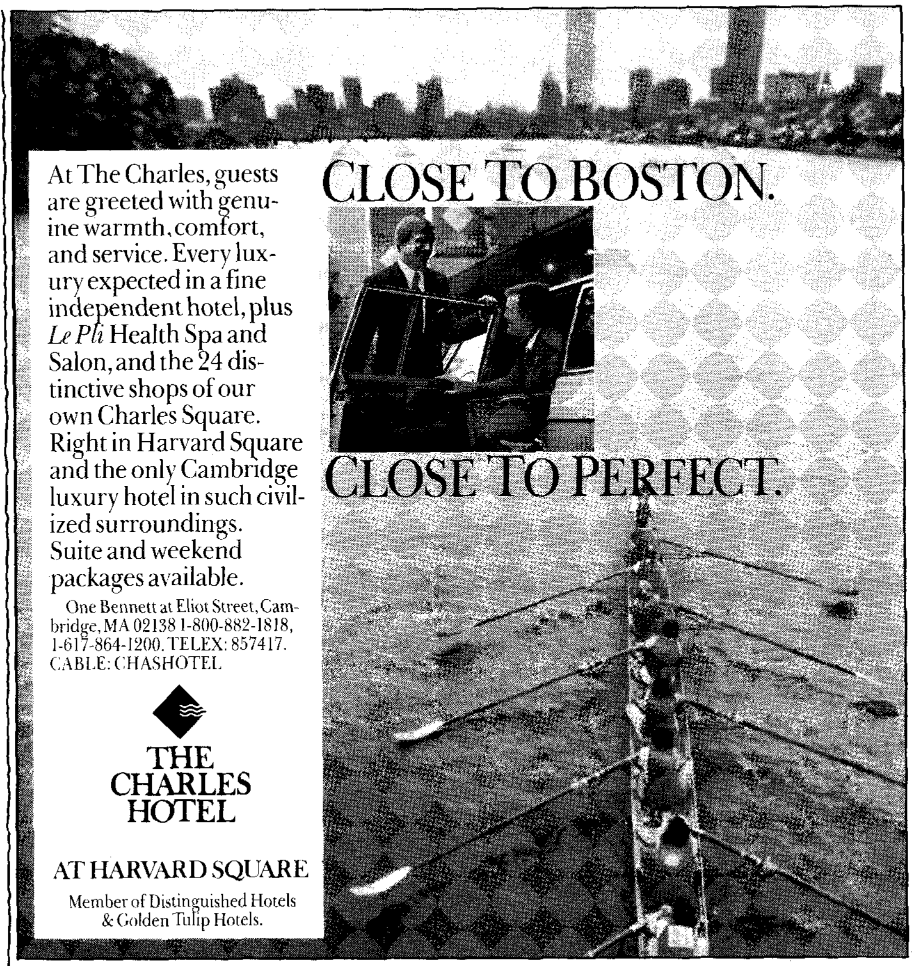
Deutsch, Erik Erikson, and Lacan himself—who form a sort of subdued elder-statesman group, with a transferential agenda different from that of the contemporary lit.-crit. contributors.) These New Critics of psychoanalysis worry Freud's text as if it were a metaphysical poem and, adroitly using Freud's own weapons against him, find example upon example of unconscious self-betrayal. A telltale passage on which a number of them pounce is the paragraph that follows Freud's interpretation of Dora's nervous cough: it is, he tells her, the hysterical representation of an unconscious fantasy in which she pictures her father's mistress, Frau K., performing fellatio on the father. Freud anticipates the "astonishment and horror" of the reader at his "daring to talk about such delicate and unpleasant subjects to a young girl," and goes on, rather preposterously:

> It is possible for a man to talk to girls and women upon sexual matters of every kind without doing them harm and without bringing suspicion upon himself, so long as, in the first place, he adopts a particular way of doing it, and, in the second place, can make them feel convinced that it is unavoidable. A gynaecologist, after all, under the same conditions, does not hesitate to make them submit to uncovering every possible part of their body. The best way of speaking about such things is to be dry and direct; and that is at the same time the method furthest removed from the prurience with which the same subjects are handled in "society," and to which girls and women alike are so thoroughly accustomed. I call bodily organs and processes by their technical names, and I tell these to the patient if they—the names, I mean—happen to be unknown to her. *J'appelle un chat un chat.*

Jane Gallop, in an essay entitled "Keys to Dora," charmingly points out:

> At the very moment he defines non-prurient language as direct and non-euphemistic, he takes a French detour into a figurative expression. By his terms, this French sentence would seem to be titillating, coy, flirtatious. And to make matters more juicy (less "dry"), *chat* or *chatte* can be used as vulgar (vulvar) slang for the female genitalia. So in this gynecological context, where he founds his innocence upon the direct use of technical terms, he takes a French detour and calls a pussy a pussy.

The fellatio interpretation itself becomes the object of ribald one-upmanship among the new commentators. Toril Moi, in her essay "Representation of Patriarchy: Sexuality and Epistemology in Freud's Dora," writes that "it would not be difficult to detect



CLOSE TO BOSTON.
CLOSE TO PERFECT.

At The Charles, guests are greeted with genuine warmth, comfort, and service. Every luxury expected in a fine independent hotel, plus *Le Pli* Health Spa and Salon, and the 24 distinctive shops of our own Charles Square. Right in Harvard Square and the only Cambridge luxury hotel in such civilized surroundings. Suite and weekend packages available.

One Bennett at Eliot Street, Cambridge, MA 02138 1-800-882-1818, 1-617-864-1200. TELEX: 857417. CABLE: CHASHOTEL

THE CHARLES HOTEL

AT HARVARD SQUARE

Member of Distinguished Hotels & Golden Tulip Hotels.

FREE SPIRIT

Catch the spirit of Massachusetts with our free Vacation Kit.

We'll send you beautiful beaches and rolling hills. Fresh seafood, haute cuisine, and traditional Yankee cooking. Cozy country inns and world-class hotels. Historic cities, both great and small.

And we'll show you what to see, what to do, where to stay, how to get there, and everything you need to experience your best vacation ever.

It's all here in our free Massachusetts Vacation Kit, and it's yours **free.** Send coupon below or call now.

CALL 1-800-942-MASS x513

Yes, please rush me your free Vacation Kit that includes beautiful postcards of Massachusetts. I'd like to catch the spirit.

Name

Address

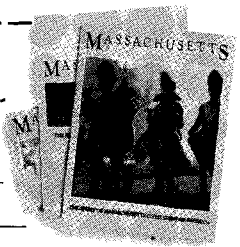
City

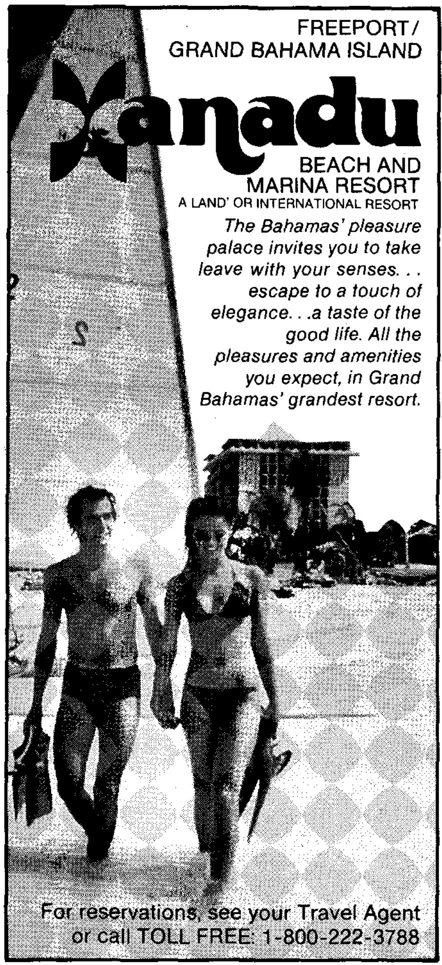
State Zip

The spirit of Massachusetts is the spirit of America.

Please mail to: Spirit of Massachusetts, P.O. Box 1987, Canton, MA, 02021. Or call 1-800-892-MASS x513.

Discover America




FREEPORT/
GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND
Xanadu
BEACH AND
MARINA RESORT
A LAND' OR INTERNATIONAL RESORT
The Bahamas' pleasure palace invites you to take leave with your senses... escape to a touch of elegance...a taste of the good life. All the pleasures and amenities you expect, in Grand Bahamas' grandest resort.
For reservations, see your Travel Agent
or call TOLL FREE: 1-800-222-3788

"That enchanting small hotel in old Santa Fe."
The favorite pied-à-terre of discerning visitors, our European-style small hotel—with Continental breakfast, the indispensable concierge, and thoughtful attention—is in the heart of Santa Fe, near galleries, shops, museums, dining. Brochure: toll-free 1-800-552-0070, ext. 289. Or (505) 984-2121. Or write: Patty Jennison, Gen. Mgr.; Box B; 303 East Alameda; Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.
INN ON THE ALAMEDA

WHEN THE COAST
OF MAINE BECKONS.
THE PENTAGOËT INN
CASTINE
MAINE
Open April 1 to December 1
Main Street, P.O. Box 4NY
Castine, Maine 04421
207-326-8616

Best Western Oak Island Inn
& Marina, Nova Scotia, Canada
A great seaside hotel to resort to.
Best Western WORLDWIDE LODGING
Great three-day getaway with breakfasts, 1 dinner, and a boat cruise or tour of Oak Island—Captain Kidd's treasure trove. And everything else you would expect from a resort hotel. For information, call 1-902-627-2600 or toll-free reservations 1-800-528-1234.

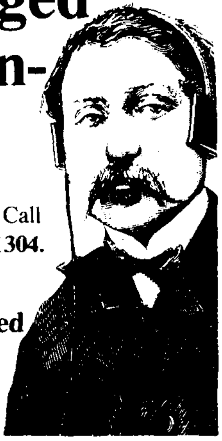
in Freud a defensive reaction-formation." She continues:

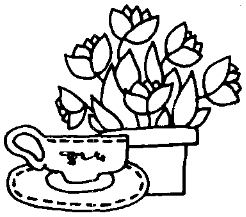
> It is little wonder that he feels the need to defend himself against the idea of fellatio, since it is more than probable that the fantasy exists, not in Dora's mind, but in his alone. Freud has informed us that Dora's father was impotent, and assumes this to be the basis of Dora's "repulsive and perverted phantasy." According to Freud, the father cannot manage penetration, so Frau K. must perform fellatio instead. But as Lacan has pointed out, this argument reveals an astonishing lack of logic on Freud's part. In the case of male impotence, the man is obviously much more likely, *faute de mieux*, to perform cunnilingus. As Lacan writes: "Everyone knows that cunnilingus is the artifice most commonly adopted by 'men of means' whose powers begin to abandon them."

Neil Hertz, in his essay "Dora's Secrets, Freud's Techniques," also quotes Lacan's magisterial line, and wryly remarks, "It is hard to guess what Freud would have made of this note of high Parisian *savoir vivre;* whatever everyone else knew, he seems to have taken for granted the more phallic—and phallocentric—option." Hertz goes on to play with the conceit of "oral intercourse in the other sense of that term"—i.e., the verbal one—and to propose that as "Dora refuses to 'know' that when she coughs she is picturing to herself a scene of oral gratification," so "Freud has every reason to deny that his own conversations with girls like Dora are titillating."

Like the perverse fantasies and dreams about Freud and his family which enabled the Rat Man to tell his analyst of his hatred (and love) of him, the sex-playful explications of Gallop, Moi, Hertz, et al. (and also, of course, my own explication of their explications) carry an unmistakable transferential weight. Like the Rat Man's dead father, the dead father of psychoanalysis still "lives" in our imagination as a sort of superstar professor, whose classes are so big that in order to attract his attention we practically have to make public nuisances of ourselves. "I believe that Freud would have been the first to be amused by the observation that in this splendid extended declaration about plain speech . . . he feels it necessary to disappear not once but twice into French," Steven Marcus writes in his anthology essay "Freud and Dora: Story, History, Case History," making manifest what the other commentators carefully leave latent. (We are back in the passage about calling a cat a cat. Freud's second disappearance into

The Russian Tea Room
150 WEST 57 ST., NEW YORK
265-0947


Unabridged books-on-cassette
Listen to bestsellers in your car. Free catalog. Call toll free: 1-(800)-638-1304.
30-day rentals by mail.
Best Seller Recorded Books
6306 Aaron Ln.,
Clinton, MD 20735


Red Lion
Spring
Outside the Berkshire Hills are greening. Inside, there's an unhurried world of Cobridge china, antique furniture (including a table that Lincoln dined at), hearty meals, favorite drinks. After the long winter, you owe yourself a Red Lion spring! Information and room reservations, 413-298-5545. Mass. pike, Exit 2.
THE RED LION INN
Since 1773. Box NY41 Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

SILVER SEAGULL
Newport Silversmith James Breakell captures the grace and beauty of the seagull's flight in this lovely bracelet. In sterling silver, $25.00. In 14K gold, $225.00. Add $4.00 handling. MC/VISA (401) 849-3522. Brochure on request.
J.H. Breakell & Co.
2 Russell Ave., Dept. NYS
Newport, RI 02840

Greenland
CRUISE • HIKE • KAYAK
Exploring
Beyond Igloo and Myth
DOMINIC CAPEZZA • (212) 683 1145
Greenland Cruises, Inc. 10 Park Ave NYC 10016

French, a paragraph later, is "*Pour faire une omelette il faut casser des œufs*.")

In addition to the father/naughty-children transference, there are sibling transferences, which carry the book into yet another emotional field. Toril Moi's unpleasant remark about a fellow-contributor's essay—that Maria Ramas's " 'theoretical' inquiry advances little beyond a scrupulous, somewhat tedious résumé of Freud's text"—has some of the atmosphere of a waiting-room encounter between a departing analytic patient and an arriving one. Claire Kahane, in her introduction, administers a kind of watchful child's justice in pointing out Marcus's (unacknowledged) intellectual debt to Philip Rieff, who "already in 1962 . . . had emphasized . . . the literary nature of the case history as a genre," and had likened "Fragment of an Analysis"—in its labyrinthine narrative structure—to a work of modernist fiction.

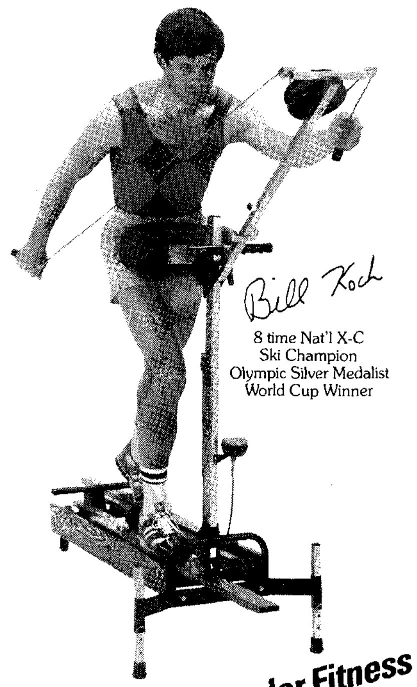
Marcus's elaboration of Rieff's suggestion is the matrix of his influential "Freud and Dora: Story, History, Case History" (1974). In it he characterizes the Dora case as "a great work of literature" and sees Freud as a sort of unwitting modernist master; he writes of the case history's "innovations in formal structure," its "Nabokovian frame," and its "unreliable narrator." But an unwitting modernist is a contradiction in terms, if by modernist literature we mean a certain kind of acutely self-aware writing. In back of every unreliable narrator of modernist fiction stands a reliably artful author. In Dora, however, the Freud who is writing the case history and the Freud who is narrating it are one and the same person. If "Pale Fire" had been *written* by the madman Charles Kinbote as well as narrated by him, there would be an analogy between Nabokov's novel and Freud's case history. Marcus struggles manfully with the contradiction but cannot resolve it: ("If Freud communicates in this piece of writing a less than complete understanding of himself . . . like any great writer he provides us with the material for understanding some things that have escaped his own understanding, for filling in some gaps, for restoring certain fragments into wholes." It is in his analysis of Freud as madman rather than as modernist that Marcus makes his most valuable contribution. (As if to blunt his transgression, Marcus constantly calls Freud a "genius" and a "great writer," and wherever he directly challenges Freud he hastens to perform a little caper of propitiation—one recalls the Rat Man's nervous scurryings away from the couch lest Freud hit him—speaking of "this great text," "this passage of unquestionable genius," "an extraordinary piece of writing," "a masterpiece," "a scene that Freud orchestrates with inimitable richness," "the tact and sense of form that one associates with a classical composer of music." The younger siblings who follow in Marcus's footsteps evidently feel none of Marcus's need to appease the father; they attack the father with cool impunity—more confident of his love, perhaps.) Marcus draws attention to the "weirdness and wildness" of Freud's text and notes that it is the analyst rather than the patient who is its true subject: "The case history belongs progressively less to her than it does to him," and by the end "it is his *own* mind that chiefly matters to him."

Following Marcus's cue, the recent commentators place themselves at the head of the couch on which Freud has, so to speak, flung himself in writing the case history, and, with an analyst's closely hovering attention, seek to catch the drift of his deeply stirred-up unconscious. Toril Moi performs an arresting feat of interpretation when she connects Freud's recurrent frettings about the fragmentary, incomplete, gap-filled state of his text to his "deeply unconscious patriarchal ideology." She quotes a famous passage from the Dora "Fragment," which contains yet another use by Freud of his beloved archeological metaphor:

> In the face of the incompleteness of my analytic results, I had no choice but to follow the example of those discoverers whose good fortune it is to bring to the light of day after their long burial the priceless though mutilated relics of antiquity. I have restored what is missing, taking the best models known to me from other analyses; but like a conscientious archaeologist, I have not omitted to mention in each case where the authentic parts end and my construction begins.

She then points out what else it is that Freud is talking about:

> "The priceless though mutilated relics of antiquity" are not only Dora's story: they are Dora herself, her genitals and the feminine epistemological model. Freud makes sure that the message here is clear: "mutilated" is his usual way of describing the effect of castration, and "priceless" also means just what it says: price-less, without value. For how can there be value when the valuable piece has been cut off? The relics are mutilated, the penis has



Builds Cardiovascular Fitness More Effectively Than Other Exercisers

NordicTrack duplicates the smooth, rhythmic motion of cross-country skiing, recognized by health authorities as the most effective fitness-building exercise available.

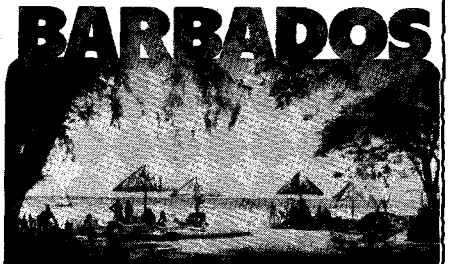
- **Exclusive Flywheel Action**
Provides unmatched smoothness and continuity from stride to stride. Motion and resistances are the same as real skiing.
- **Jarless Action is Safer Than Running**
Completely jarless motion prevents back and joint injuries associated with running. Arm-motion resistances provide superior upper body exercise.
- **More Complete Than Exercise Bikes**
Adds important upper body exercise and exercises leg muscles more uniformly. Fitness-building high pulse rates are easier to attain because more muscles share the exercise.
- **Safer and More Effective Than Rowing Machines**
Safer because no dangerous back strain loads imposed. Scientific tests prove NordicTrack's skiing motion is superior to rowing for building fitness.
- **Burns up to 600 Calories per 20-Minute Workout**
Lose weight without dieting.

Folds compactly. Requires only 15" x 17" floor space.

Free Brochure, and New Video!
800-328-5888
Minnesota 612-448-6987

NordicTrack
141NY Jonathan Blvd., Chaska, MN 55318

Now our Weekend Plan includes the three of you.
YOU TWO AND YOUR CAR.
$54 75* per person, per day, double occupancy.
Taxes included. Friday and Saturday nights.
Includes deluxe room. Continental breakfast, New York Times, box of gourmet chocolates, 2 "Big Apples," bottle of champagne and PARKING.
Enjoy our fashionable location, close to shops, theatre and entertainment and the warm hospitality and friendly welcome. Experience the Doral Park Avenue difference.
* Limited availability. Existing reservations cannot be converted—these rates do not apply to groups, conventions, etc.
DORAL PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK'S EXQUISITE, SMALL HOTEL
Park Avenue at 38th Street • New York 10016
Tel.: (212) 687-7050 • Telex: 968872
For reservations, call your travel agent or toll-free 800-847-4135.



BARBADOS BEST – On Barbados Best Beach
CORAL REEF CLUB & SANDPIPER INN
Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Phone 212-535-2445 • 800-223-1108
315 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021

Country inns and castle hotels worldwide.
360 in 35 countries.
For the illustrated 1987 Guide, send us $10.
For RELAIS & CHATEAUX reservations or touring programs, call us or contact your travel specialist.
RELAIS & CHATEAUX
David B. Mitchell & Company
200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016
800-372-1323; (NY) 212-696-1323

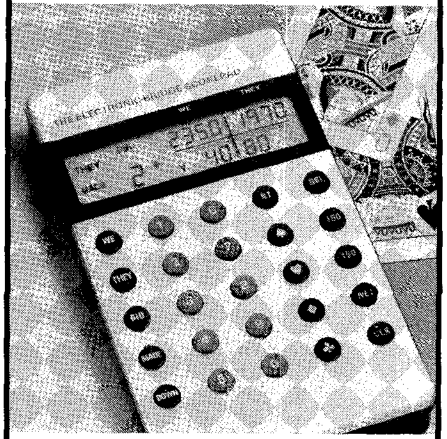
4' Chippendale II
Country Casual
SOLID TEAKWOOD
BENCHES • SWINGS • PLANTERS
colour catalog $2.00
COUNTRY CASUAL - NY
17317 Germantown Road
Germantown, MD 20874-2999
(301) 540-0040
The Garden and Leisure Furniture Specialists

been cut. Freud's task is therefore momentous: he must "restore what is missing;" his penis must fill the epistemological hole represented by Dora.

Neil Hertz's fine-tuned third ear picks up Freud's fear not only of actual sexual entanglement with Dora but of "epistemological promiscuity in which the lines would blur between what Dora knew and what Freud knew, and, consequently, in which the status of Freud's knowledge, and of his professional discourse, would be impugned." This fear, of course, *haunts every analysis, enters the transference* as well as the countertransference, and is inextricably bound up with the analytic fee. For what the analyst is "selling" is precisely the difference of his psychoanalytic discourse from the discourses of ordinary, conscious life and common sense. If the analyst is to earn his fee, and the talking cure isn't to be mere talk, only the uncommon sense of the patient's symptoms and behaviors may be allowed status in the analysis. Freud seemed to be groping his way toward an understanding of the necessary epistemological inequality between the analytic interlocutors when, in the chapter on the psychotherapy of hysteria in "Studies on Hysteria" (1893-1895), he wrote, "It is of course of great importance for the progress of the analysis that one should always turn out to be in the right vis-à-vis the patient, otherwise one would always be dependent on what he chose to tell one."

Jane Gallop examines the lopsided patient-analyst relationship in terms of the analyst's economic dependence on the patient. The starting point of her very original discussion of the analyst as paid servant is the scene in "Dora" where the girl walks into Freud's office and announces that this is her last session. Freud unemotionally asks her when she formed her resolve to quit the analysis. She replies, "A fortnight ago, I think," and he tartly comments, "That sounds just like a maidservant or a governess—a fortnight's warning." Gallop pauses before the comment's manifest ambiguity—"Is the servant giving two weeks' notice before quitting, or is the master giving the servant two weeks' notice"—and opts for the latter reading, an interpretation that one intuitively feels is indeed the one Freud "meant." "Identification between Freud and a governess, maid, or nurse is not restricted to the confines of the Dora case but has a decisive, structural relation to psycho-

For Mom or Dad...
the gift that really counts!


The Electronic Bridge Scorepad...
Enthusiastically endorsed by Charles H. Goren. Scores rubber bridge easily, accurately, automatically. Keeps running tab on "We" and "They". Shows who is leading and by how much. Elegant aluminum case on solid rosewood base. Ideal for beginner or expert.
To order:
1-800-572-9191
In Illinois, call (312) 498-5461
Please call 9 AM to 5 PM CDT, weekdays

A Distinctive Canadian Resort
A 200 acre lakeside estate with excellent meals, golf, tennis, indoor and outdoor swimming, sailing, windsurfing and a children's summer program.
The Briars
Lake Simcoe's Five-Star Resort
near Toronto at
Jackson's Point, Ontario, L0E 1L0
(416) 722-3271, From Toronto 364-5937

Camden, Maine
A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.
Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843

FLOOD TIDE restaurant
THE ART OF FINE DINING
The Inn At Mystic
(203) 536-8140 MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

analysis in general," Gallop writes. She correctly identifies the analytic fee as the fulcrum of transference interpretation—"The money proves that the analyst is only a stand-in"—and continues, "Rather than having the power of life and death like the mother has over the infant, the analyst is financially dependent on the patient. But, in that case, the original 'analyst,' the earliest person paid to replace the mother, is that frequent character in Freud's histories, the nursemaid/governess." In the Dora analysis, however, Freud was not entirely willing to accept the humble role of the servant: he struggled against its alterity; he wanted "in"—he wanted, as Gallop puts it, "to be the Mother (the phallic mother, Lacan's Other, the subject presumed to know, the Doctor) rather than the nurse"—and this was his undoing with Dora, just as every analyst is undone when he wants to move into the patient's family, when he doesn't know his place, which is outside. When we speak of the analyst's countertransference, we refer to some such breaching of "class" lines.

TODAY, analysts enjoy so much social prestige, have so much money, and are so pompous that the governess/nurse figure—the analyst as Jane Eyre—seems very figurative indeed. But when the metaphor is applied to Freud of the eighteen-eighties, nineties, and early nineteen-hundreds it is less farfetched. At the time Freud was doing cathartic and then early-analytic therapy, he was such an irregular sort of doctor (according to Peter Swales' recent study "Freud, His Teacher, and the Birth of Psychoanalysis," he was known as "*der Zauberer*," the magician, by the children of Anna von Lieben, a rich patient whom he treated at home in the eighteen-eighties) that it isn't even certain he was always admitted by the front door when he made house calls. From "Studies on Hysteria" (to which Swales' study forms a valuable pendant), we gain a sense not only of the wild, ad-hoc nature of Freud's early therapy but of the marginality of his social position. He was more like one of today's mildly disreputable alternative-medicine men than like a "real" doctor. In the Frau Emmy von N. case, we read of Freud's twice-a-day visits to the sanitarium where his hysterical patient was staying—of his massages, his pacifying hypnotic suggestions, and his nannylike interest in

WE SOLD OUR FIRST J. APPLETON BROWN IN 1935.

Nicknamed "Appleblossom Brown" because of his great predilection for Spring scenes and blossoming apple orchards, J. Appleton Brown was considered one of America's most prominent exponents of the French Barbizon tradition of landscape painting.

Early records show that Brown was working in Boston's Studio Building with George Inness and William Morris Hunt, until the time of his first visit to Paris in 1866. In 1875 the artist returned to France, where he worked at Ville d'Avray, Corot's home. Upon his return to America, Brown found that his work was received with great enthusiasm; local art patrons were eagerly buying works by Barbizon painters and by American artists who emulated their style.

From 1879 until the time of his death in 1902, Brown exhibited annually at Doll and Richards. J. Appleton Brown will be remembered for the unusual vibrancy which he brought to his native American landscape. His ever optimistic work remains as a record of a rare and valuable vision of the nineteenth century.

Now offered, three fine works by J. Appleton Brown. Prices ranging from $8,500-$20,000.

VOSE GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC.
238 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON, MA 02116 • (617) 536-6176

Established 1841 / We count 148 museums in the U.S. among our clients.

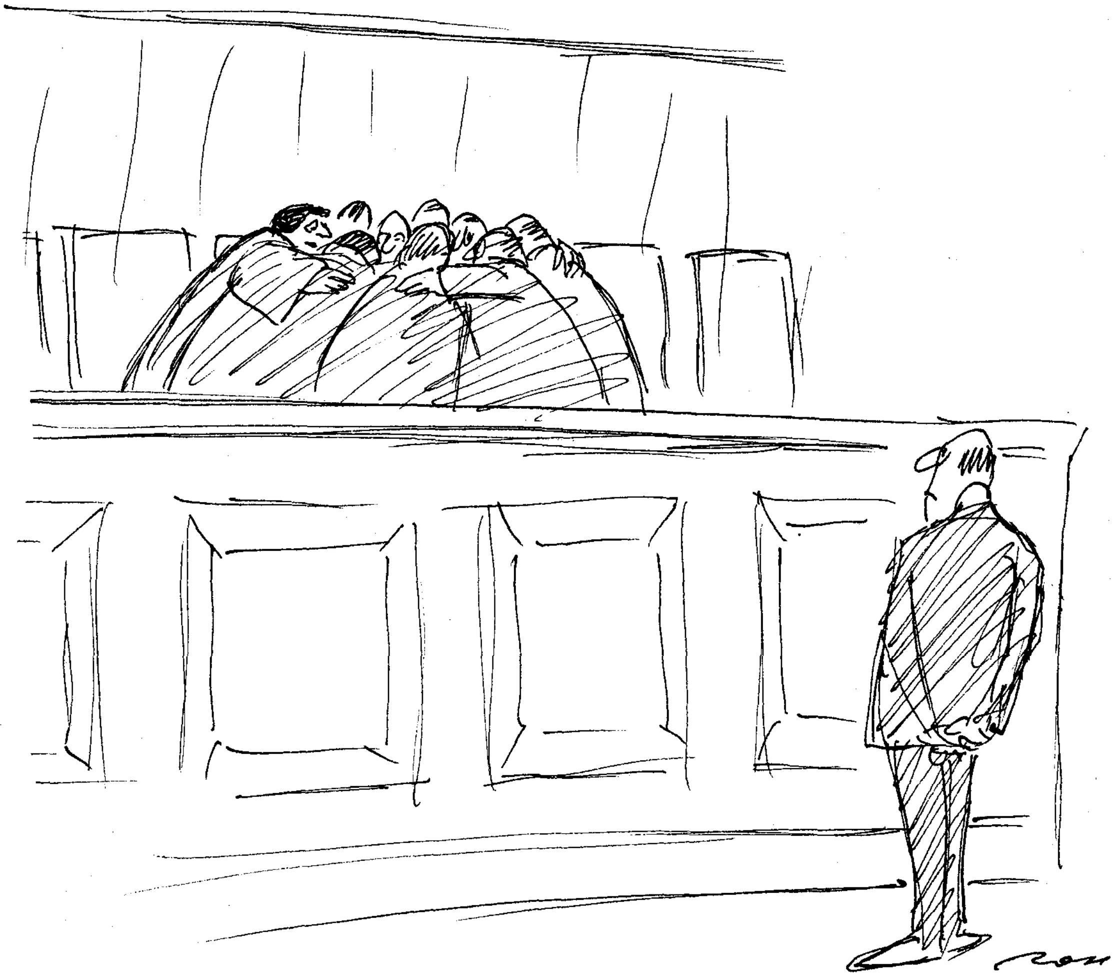
Slip away to a legendary valley.

The carefree and secluded atmosphere of our historic and private valley has been soothing a busy, restless world for 69 years. We've all the relaxation you might need, all the refreshing activity you might crave: ride, hike, swim, shoot, play, soak, or sightsee. Near many Indian pueblos, yet only five minutes from fascinating Santa Fe with museums, galleries, concerts, world-famous opera, unique shops. And, **Mobil Four-Star Rated** means delicious cookery, and finest amenities. Call 505-983-6377, or write.

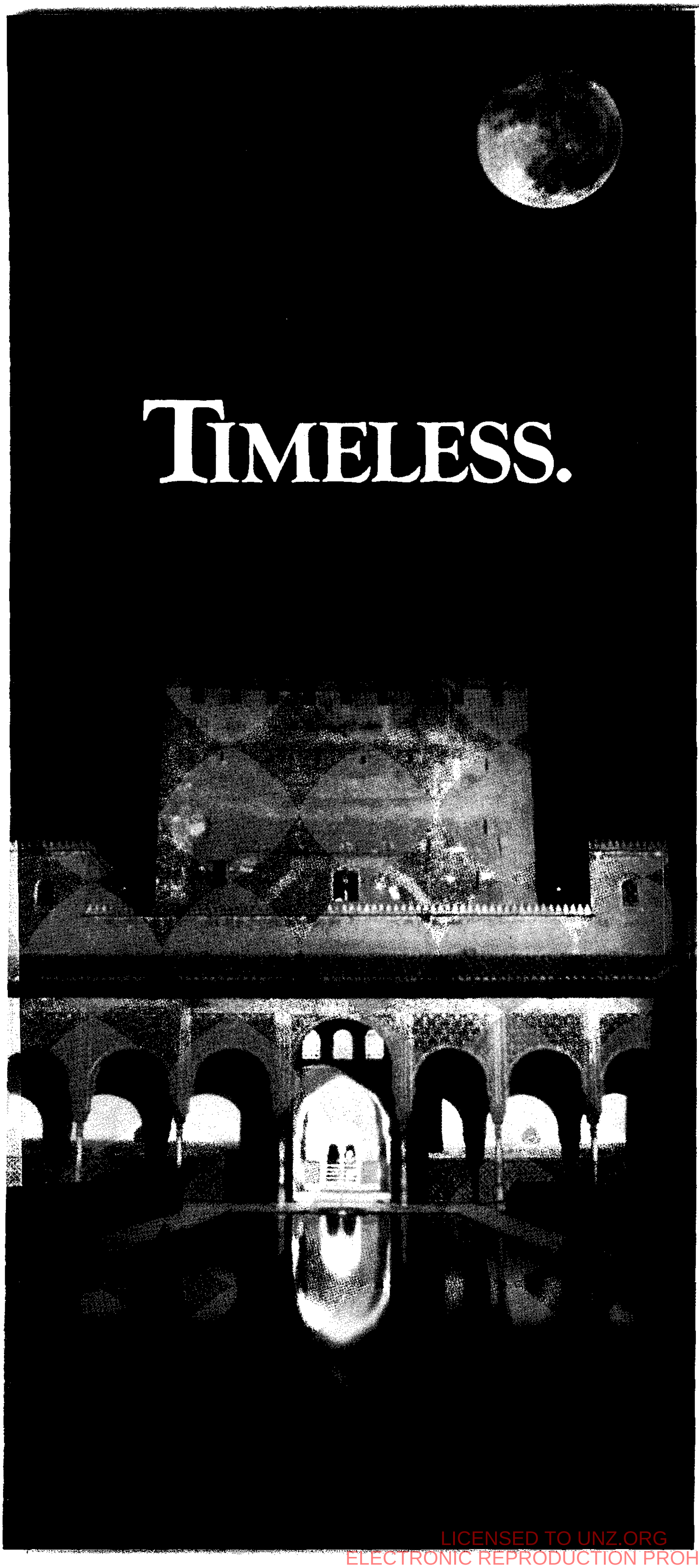
THE BISHOP'S LODGE
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

The Bishop's Lodge
Box 2367 YY, Santa Fe, NM 87504
Please send brochure.
Name
Address
City/state/zip

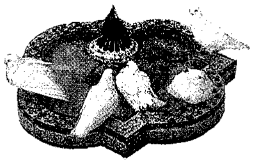
whether she ate her dessert or threw it out the window. Another of his patients—a young Englishwoman, Lucy R.—was actually a governess herself, and one is struck by the tone of cordiality, almost of collegiality, that creeps into Freud's account of his treatment of her. Like *him*, and in marked contrast to the idle rich women like Emmy von N. and Cäcilie M. (as Freud called Anna von Lieben in "Studies"), Lucy R. had to earn her living, and was dependent on the good will, and frequently on the whim, of her employer. (In "Studies," Freud writes with similar friendliness of the eighteen-year-old Katharina, another "service industry" colleague, who waited on table at her mother's mountain inn—Freud stayed there during a vacation—and whose anxiety attacks he traced to an incident of childhood sexual molestation. "I owed her a debt of gratitude for having made it so much easier for me to talk to her than to the prudish ladies of my city practice, who regard whatever is natural as shameful," he wrote.) Lucy R.'s chief hysterical symptom was the loss of her sense of smell, accompanied by a persistent imaginary smell of burnt pudding. Freud traced the latter to a nursery incident in the house where she was working—some pudding had actually burned—and eventually to the fact that she was in love with her employer, the widowed director of a factory in Outer Vienna. Freud writes, "I said to her, 'I cannot think that these are all the reasons for your feelings about the children. I believe that really you are in love with your employer, the Director, though perhaps without being aware of it yourself, and that you have a secret hope of taking their mother's place in actual fact. . . .' She answered in her usual laconic fashion: 'Yes, I think that's true.'—'But if you knew you loved your employer, why didn't you tell me?'—'I didn't know—or rather I didn't want to know. I wanted to drive it out of my head and not think of it again; and I believe latterly I have succeeded.' " In a footnote, Freud remarks of this answer, "I have never managed to give a better description than this of the strange state of mind in which one knows and does not know a thing at the same time . . . that blindness of the seeing eye which is so astonishing in the attitude of mothers to their daughters, husbands to their wives and rulers to their favorites." However, contrary to Freud's expectations, his interpretation did not then and there cure Lucy of her bizarre symptom. In the next few weeks, the smell of burnt pudding gradually receded, only to be replaced by the smell of cigar smoke. "It had been there earlier as well, she thought, but had, as it were, been covered by the smell of the pudding. Now it had emerged by itself." Lucy was one of the first patients on whom Freud tried his "pressure technique," in the place of hypnosis (which he apparently wasn't too adept at), to elicit the desired "forgotten memory;" he would place his hand on the patient's forehead, or take her head in his hands, and say, "You will think of it under the pressure of my hand. At the moment at which I relax my pressure, you will see something in front of you, or something will come into your head. Catch hold of it. It will be what we are looking for." Using this technique, he traced the cigar smoke to a scene at the end of a luncheon at the house of the Director/Mr. Rochester, when the men were smoking cigars and the Director had shouted at a poor accountant for kissing the children. This scene led Freud back to the ur-scene of Lucy's hysteria, a traumatic incident in which the Director, having lashed out at Lucy herself for allowing a visitor to kiss the children on the mouth, had mortifyingly crushed her hopes of his love. This time, the therapy took. Two days later, a radiantly happy Lucy walked into Freud's consultation room. "She was as though transfigured," Freud writes, and continues:



> She was smiling and carried her head high. I thought for a moment that after all I had been wrong about the situation, and that the children's governess had become the Director's fiancée. But she dispelled my notion. "Nothing has happened. It's just that you don't know me. You have only seen me ill and depressed. I'm always cheerful as a rule. When I woke yesterday morning, the weight was no longer on my mind, and since then I have felt well."—"And what do you think of your prospects in the house?"—"I am quite



Spain is filled with ancient wonders. The Alhambra in the city of Granada. Where green pools, golden mosaics and rainbow tiles are colored with history. The city of Toledo. It was both the home and inspiration for El Greco. Santiago de Compostela. A city that is a monument in itself. From its awesome cathedral to a hotel whose foundation was laid in the 15th century.



In Spain you'll also find prehistoric caves, centuries of fine art and three thousand years of folklore. The list of marvels goes on and on. And so will your memories. Because whatever you see in Spain will remain with you forever.

ESPAÑA

Spain. Everything under the sun.

Please send me more information about Spain.

Name______________________________

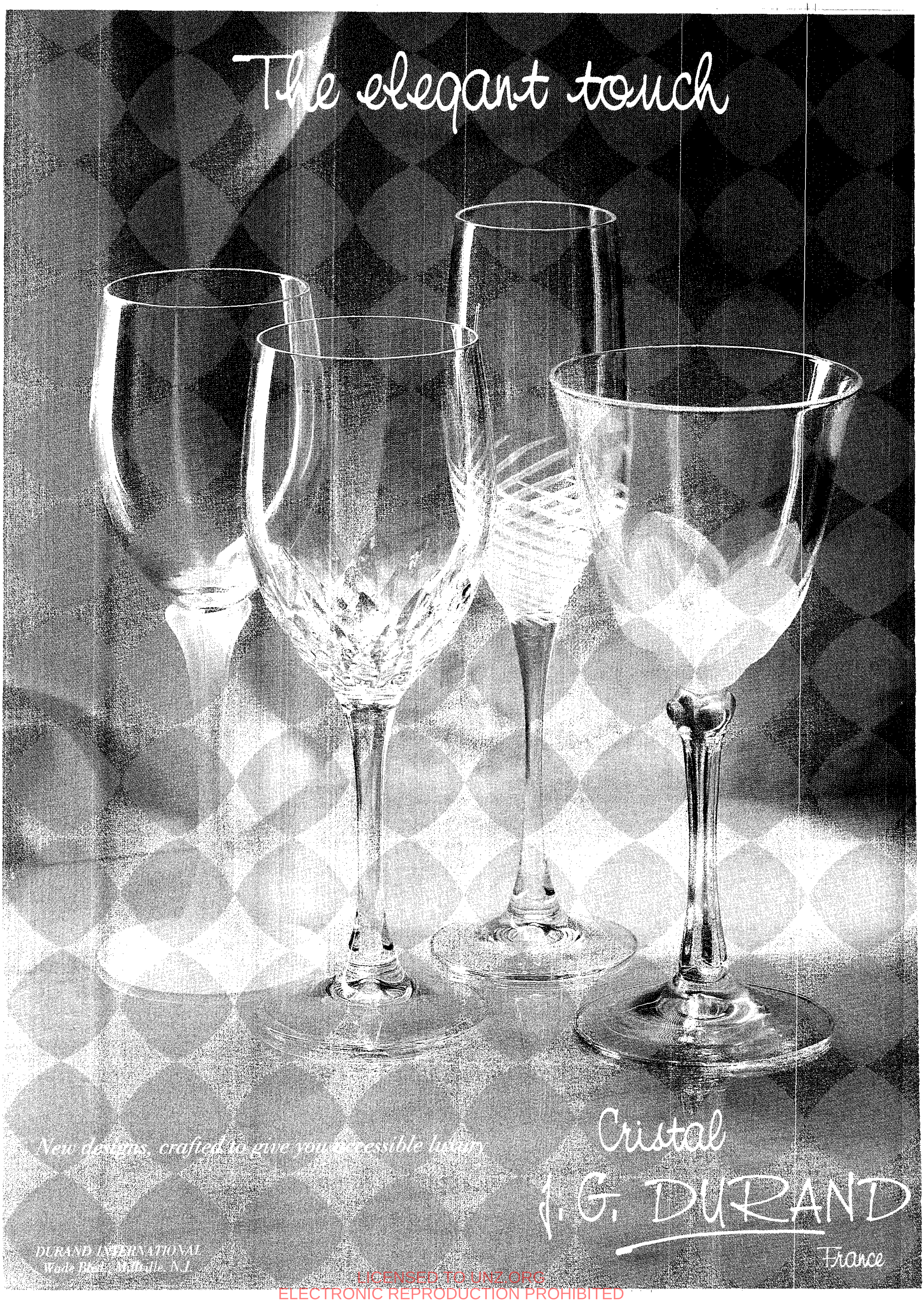
Address____________________________

City__________State______Zip__________

When are you planning to travel?________

Mail to: National Tourist Office of Spain.
665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022; 845 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611; 4800 The Galleria, 5085 Westheimer, Houston, TX 77056; 8383 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 960, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; Hypolita & St. George Sts., St. Augustine, FL 32084.

© 1987 National Tourist Office of Spain.


The elegant touch
New designs, crafted to give you accessible luxury
Cristal
J.G. DURAND
France
DURAND INTERNATIONAL
Wade Blvd., Millville, N.J.

“Oh, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, sir.”

• •

clear on the subject. I know I have none, and I shan’t make myself unhappy over it.” . . . “And are you still in love with your employer?”—“Yes, I certainly am, but that makes no difference. After all, I can have thoughts and feelings to myself.”

As this remarkable passage suggests, Freud’s identification with the governess had become so nearly complete that it is he, the doctor, who articulates the fantasy of the governess who becomes the Director’s fiancée, and she, the patient, who, in a wonderful kind of reversal, has to remind Freud that when hysterical misery has been transformed into common unhappiness (or, as the case may be, stiff-upper-lip cheerfulness) there is reason enough for rejoicing. “Studies on Hysteria” is full of such reversals; the book as a whole could be characterized as the story of the gradual transformation of a naïvely blundering hypnotist into the composed founder of psychoanalysis. The Freud who emerges from the book is startlingly young and tentative; if he already exhibits the intellectual agility of the mature Freud, he has none of the latter’s magisterial, somewhat grumpy manner. The mature Freud was always defending himself against “the opponents of psychoanalysis;” the young Freud could hardly flatter himself on having opponents, since no one had even heard of him, and he didn’t himself yet really know what he was doing. Each of the cases in “Studies” is a humble little progress report on the education of the first psychoanalyst, whose only claim to cleverness was that he didn’t pretend to know more than he did, but knew enough to learn from unexpected sources of knowledge. Readers of the mature Freudian texts will recognize what Neil Hertz calls the pose of “the Impressionable Junior Colleague,” whose credulity is both a shield against vulgar error and a weapon that penetrates to the truth of things. In “On the History of the Psychoanalytic Movement” (where Freud recounts anecdotes about himself vis-à-vis his mentors Charcot and Breuer, thus giving Hertz his tag), Freud looks back on the period of his “ ‘splendid isolation’ ”—“those lonely years, away from the pressures and confusions of today”—when “I was not subject to influence from any quarter; there was nothing to hustle me,” and “I learnt to restrain speculative tendencies and to follow the unforgotten advice of my master, Charcot: to look at the same things again and again until they themselves begin to speak.”

This piece of naïve empiricism cannot itself be taken at face value. Freud knew quite as well as we do that nothing “speaks” but men’s theories; he opens his paper “Instincts and Their Vicissitudes” (1915) with an almost Kuhnian discussion of the relationship of theory to observation in scientific method:

> Even at the stage of description it is not possible to avoid applying certain abstract ideas to the material in hand, ideas derived from somewhere or other but certainly not from the new observations alone. Such ideas—which will later become the basic concepts of the science—are still more indispensable as the material is further worked over. They must at first necessarily possess some degree of indefiniteness; there can be no question of any clear delimitation of their content. So long as they remain in this condition, we come to an understanding about their meaning by making repeated references to the material of observation from which they appear to have been derived, but upon which, in fact, they have been imposed. Thus, strictly speaking, they are in the nature of conventions—although everything depends on their not being arbitrarily chosen but determined by their having significant relations to the empirical material, relations that we seem to sense before we can clearly recognize and demonstrate them.

His insistent depiction of himself as a sort of irrepressible stumbler upon solid scientific fact (“There I go, discovering something again!”) was a kind of necessary alibi for the promoter of a therapy whose most salient feature was its erotic potential. Freud grasped that if psychoanalysis—with its love-affair-like privacy, intimacy, and intensity—wasn’t going to be disreputable it was going to have to be severely depersonalized and firmly relabelled as a science. In their original and underrated book “The Therapeutic Revolution, from Mesmer to Freud,” Léon Chertok and the late Raymond de Saussure trace a line from the “universal fluid” theory of the eighteenth-century magnetists to the Freudian concept of transference, finding the latter a kind of culminating prophylaxis against the sexual temptations of psychotherapy—a sort of duenna that hovers over the therapeutic pair and keeps them from overstepping the bounds of propriety. But long before Freud developed the full-blown concept of transference he was an adept of the “dry” manner of which he speaks in the Dora case. One has only to compare Freud’s cases in “Studies” with Breuer’s case of Anna O. to see the distance that Freud had gone beyond his mentor in learning how to play with fire without burning the house down. That the Anna O. case would end as it did—with the frightened doctor fleeing from the lovesick patient—could have been predicted from the start: Breuer’s fondness for the girl, his loverlike attentivenesses, and his admiration of her person were the mechanisms of cure, and once these were withdrawn she could only fall ill again. Freud clearly realized that such a state of affairs had to be avoided at all costs; his tone toward the women in “Stud-

LUXURY BLANKETS

Llama-Alpaca, Cashmere, Camel Hair, Merino Wool - Nature's Finest Fibers Made in W. Germany - starting $225. For FREE Brochure, Complete and Mail Coupon Below:

NAME __________
STREET __________
CITY __________ STATE _____
ZIP _____

MasterCard VISA Nagold Valley Inc.
Checks Accepted
1 87-3
P.O. Box 1768
Jonesboro, GA 30237

Perfect childhoods

CedarSwing

Built with good solid cedar and a playful spirit.

Free color catalogue

Cedar works
207/236-3183
Route 1, Box 640N
Rockport, Maine 04856

What resort has golf courses designed by Sir Guy Campbell & George Cobb?

The Tides Lodge.

For more answers call
800/446-5660
Irvington, Va. 22480
Virginia 800/248-4337

THE GINGER MAN RESTAURANT
Manhattan
51 West 64th Street • (212) 399-2358

Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland, Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

ies" is consistently and entirely asexual. But it was Freud's genius to presently see (as none of his predecessors had seen) that for sex to be kept at bay in therapy only *one* member of the therapeutic pair—namely, the doctor—has to behave himself. When Freud gave his female patients permission to declare their love for him (and his male patients permission to abuse him), psychoanalysis proper was under way. Before that moment, Freud only obscurely understood the newness and bizarreness of the psychoanalytic relationship, its utter unlikeness—in its antinomies of silence and speech, reticence and abandon, veiledness and nakedness—to any other relationship in life. At the time of "Studies," Freud knew how to behave correctly but didn't yet know how to think analytically; by the time of the Dora case, he was on the verge of becoming a psychoanalyst. He was discovering the devilish complexity of this thing he had "stumbled" upon, and how inadequate the straightforward narrative form of the rudimentary "Studies" cases was for representing cases of more fully developed analysis. "I was trained to employ local diagnoses and electro-prognosis, and it still strikes me myself as strange that the case histories I write should read like short stories and that, as one might say, they lack the serious stamp of science," Freud writes in the Elisabeth von R. case in "Studies." He goes on, "I must console myself with the reflection that the nature of the subject is evidently responsible for this, rather than any preference of my own. The fact is that local diagnosis and electrical reactions lead nowhere in the study of hysteria, whereas a detailed description of mental processes such as we are accustomed to find in the works of imaginative writers enables me, with the use of a few psychological formulas, to obtain at least some kind of insight into the course of that affection." In the Dora case, this pleasant and easy literary formula no longer suffices, and Freud repudiates it thus:

> I must now turn to consider a further complication, to which I should certainly give no space if I were a man of letters engaged upon the creation of a mental state like this for a short story, instead of being a medical man engaged upon its dissection. The element to which I must now allude can only serve to obscure and efface the outlines of the fine poetic conflict which we have been able to ascribe to Dora. This element would rightly fall a sacrifice to the censorship of a writer, for he, after all, simplifies and abstracts when he appears in the character of a psychologist. But in the world of reality, which I am trying to depict here, a complication of motives, an accumulation and conjunction of mental activities—in a word, overdetermination—is the rule.

The complication that was turning Freud's dry Viennese "Liaisons Dangereuses" into a Swiftian nightmare of bed-wetting, thumb-sucking, fellatio, masturbation, venereal disease, vaginal discharge, and gastric pain was Freud's libido theory. Writing of the case of Emmy von N., in the "Studies," Freud recalled that at the time (1889) "I regarded the linking of hysteria with the topic of sexuality as a sort of insult—just as the women patients themselves do." By the time of the Dora case, Freud regarded the linking of hysteria with sexuality as a sine qua non. In the Freud-Fliess letters, we can trace the evolution of Freud's thinking from his idea of the mid-eighteen-nineties—that hysteria could always be traced to an episode or episodes of sexual abuse in early childhood ("the seduction theory")—to his gradual realization that child molesters weren't required for the stunting of a person's psychosexual development; the potential for psychosexual catastrophe lies in wait for us all in the ordinary vicissitudes of infantile life. In the Clark Lectures of 1909, Freud noted, "People are in general not candid over sexual matters. They do not show their sexuality freely, but to conceal it they wear a heavy overcoat woven of a tissue of lies, as though the weather were bad in the world of sexuality." Just how bad this weather was was indicated in "Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality," published in 1905 (the same year the Dora case was published). To accomplish the feat of becoming a "normal" sexually active adult was, in Freud's view, about as probable for most people as winning the lottery. The path from the polymorphous perversity of infancy to the missionary position of adulthood is littered with obstacles; in moving from the oral to the anal and on to the genital stages of infancy (and we are talking here about the mewling, puking, sucking, defecating, rhythmically rocking, touching, stroking infant's *imagination* in relation to these activities and to interferences with them), the individual invariably gets a little or very stuck, and in the genital, or Oedipal, period he or she suffers wounds that never heal. Whether one becomes a pervert or a neurotic depends on constitution and circumstance, and is a kind of six-of-one,

The J. Peterman coat.
Unintentionally very flattering.

Classic horseman's duster protects you, your rump, your saddle and your legs down to the ankles.

Because it's cut very long to do the job, it's unintentionally very flattering. With or without a horse.

High-count natural cotton canvas. Washable. Natural color. Light weight waterproof lining. Nine pockets. Corduroy collar. Heavy duty zippers. Metal snaps permit adjustment of length.

Men's and women's sizes: XXS, XS, M, L, XL, XXL. Include height and weight when you order. I'll advise best size.

Price: $170.

Although I live in horse country, I wear this coat for other reasons. Because they don't make Duesenbergs anymore.

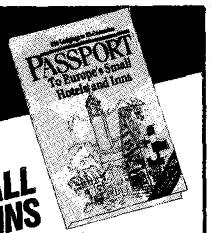
J. Peterman

Call (606) 231-7064 (from Kentucky)
(800) 231-7341 (outside Kentucky)
Visa and MasterCard accepted.
Absolute satisfaction, or your money back.

The J. Peterman Company
257 Midland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky 40507

© 1987 The J. Peterman Company

Europe's Best-Kept Secrets...



PASSPORT TO EUROPE'S SMALL HOTELS AND INNS
New and Updated/by Beverly Beyer
"The best reference of its kind" (L.A. Times) covers 850 grand little hotels in 23 countries. $6.95
At bookstores or call M. Schustack at **212-850-6164.**
JOHN WILEY & SONS
605 Third Ave.,
New York 10158-0012

France . . .

. . . The Quiet Way

Join waterways expert John Liley for an unforgettable week of cruising the canals of Burgundy aboard the luxury barges "SECUNDA" and "LUCIOLE." Gourmet cuisine, fine wines, personal service. $1,425.00 pp/dbl from Paris. For a free color brochure contact McGregor Tours, 33 Lewis St., Greenwich, CT 06830. (203) 622-0055. Toll Free (800) 243-5330.

▪ *PERMANENT PARISIANS* ▪
An Illustrated Guide to the Cemeteries of Paris
by Judi Culbertson and Tom Randall

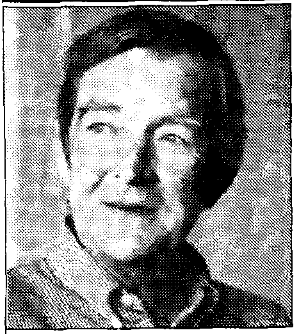
". . . a fascinating perspective on French culture."
NYTBR

240 pp., 12 maps, 80 photographs, over 400 biographies, $15.95 plus $1.50 postage.

CHELSEA GREEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
▪ *P.O. Box 283N, Chelsea, Vt. 05038 (802) 685-3108* ▪

half-a-dozen-of-the-other "choice," according to the "Three Essays." When Freud was treating Dora, he was forming this dour view of sexuality and, most daunting of all, the conviction that this misery-filled aspect of the human condition was its most central fact. He was coming to see that the scenes he worked so hard to elicit from his patients in the "Studies"—the burnt-pudding scene in Lucy R., or the scene in the Elisabeth von R. case in which she comes to her sister's deathbed and has the "pathogenic" (i.e., morally unacceptable) idea that now that her sister is dead her brother-in-law is free to marry her—were not the final destination of the psychoanalytic journey. He understood that he had to go beyond the novelistic plots and characters of the patient's present life and recent past, cross the River Lethe, and penetrate the obscure, inchoate, shade-populated region of infant sorrow where the patient was still haplessly living. In the Wolf Man and the Rat Man cases, Freud makes this crossing; in the writing of both case histories he eliminates almost everything pertaining to the patient's adult biography, and confines himself to the exotic inner world of the Oedipal and pre-Oedipal child. The only fully alive contemporary character in the Wolf Man and Rat Man cases is Freud, the narrator. The patient isn't there; he is like an anesthetized body on which an operation is being performed. The Dora case—where Freud has not yet arrived at his final vision of the psychoanalytic case history and is still rendering the patient as a character in a nineteenth-century novel, and also as the host of a kind of operable cancer—reads like an account of an operation being performed on a fully awake patient. Thus its agony and its horror. Every reader of "Fragment of an Analysis" comes away with the feeling that something awful has been done to the girl. The Dora case is known as the case that illustrates Freud's failure to interpret the transference in time; even more, it illustrates a failure of narration. Freud tells the novelistic story of Dora so well that the psychoanalytic story—the narrative of the analyst's probe into the patient's unconscious being—reads like an assault, almost like a rape; we cannot but feel outraged as Freud describes the girl's desperate attempts to elude him while he obscenely moves in on her. (In the Rat Man and the Wolf Man cases, where we follow the surgeon's movements as he cuts

ALASTAIR
REID



Where-
abouts

Notes on Being a Foreigner

NORTH
POINT
PRESS

Most of the contents of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*

ST. THOMAS, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

POINT PLEASANT

. . . A Unique and Natural Resort

For reservations call
800-645-5306 or 800-524-2300
or see your local travel agent.

HOMEWOOD INN
ON CASCO BAY, YARMOUTH, MAINE
Resort Cottages w/fireplaces for 2, 4 or more in country setting 20 min. from Portland. Hearty country breakfasts, lobster bakes. Housekeeping avail. Pool. Tennis. Season: early June to mid-October. P.O. Box 196Y, Yarmouth, Me. 04096. Phone 207-846-3351 for brochure.

Featured in ***Country Inns and Back Roads***

JOIN
Michael Jackson's
"ALL ABOUT BEER"
Tour of Europe, Sept. 8-27, '87
For info: **COLE Travel Agency DEPT. NY**
P.O. Box 510, 376 N. Main St., Fond du Lac, WI 54935
414-921-1395 Telex 4951145

V·E·R·M·O·N·T

Mountain Top Inn

This warm New England country inn is secluded on a 1,000 acre estate, nestled in the Green Mountains of central Vermont. Spectacular views, fantastic foliage, pristine lake, relaxing atmosphere, and fine dining. Swimming, sailing, golf, fishing, canoeing, horseback riding, tennis, hiking, antiquing, sightseeing, heated pool, sauna & whirlpool.

Special Package Rates Available.

Call **TOLL FREE 800-445-2100**. In VT and Canada, call collect (802)483-2311. Or write Mountain Top Inn, Box 446, Chittenden, VT 05737

Your first love letter. A newspaper article that moved you to tears. The book that made a difference. Experience the power and pleasure of words.

Read.

American Library Association

Waterford also looks good on bookshelves.

Our full-color catalogue beautifully illustrates why Waterford® is a best-seller. Send $6.00 plus 50¢ shipping and handling to Waterford Crystal Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10010.

DISCOVER BARBADOS AT DISCOVERY BAY

Beautiful grand plantation house resort directly on the beach. Call your travel agent, or **212-832-2277**; toll free **800-223-6510.**

into a small area of flesh surrounded by surgical drapery, we feel no such outrage.)

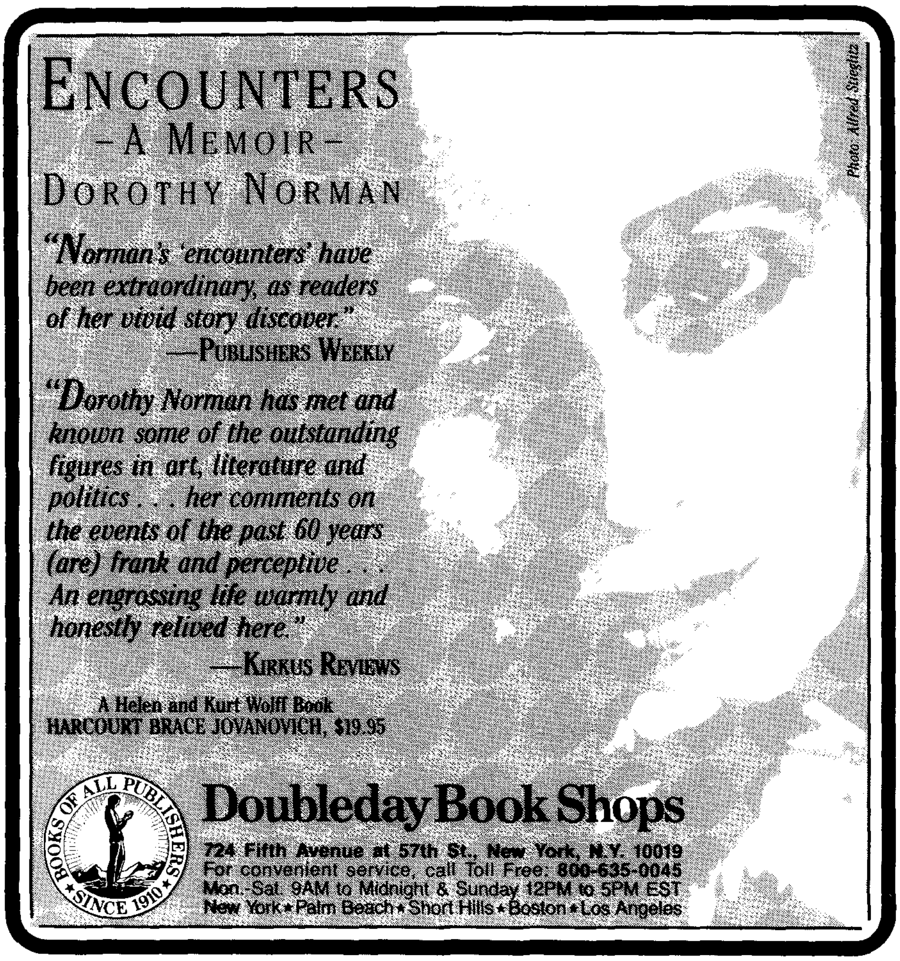
Moreover, and paradoxically, the superlative telling of the novelistic story of Dora has made Freud more vulnerable to the charges of misogyny and sexism that are regularly levelled at him than he might have been if he had been a less gifted writer. In the standard feminist version of the Dora case, the attractive, spirited, intellectually precocious eighteen-year-old hysterical girl is a victim both of a society that gives women no opportunities to use their minds and of a particularly nasty family constellation—a "charmless circle," as Philip Rieff has memorably described it, of "a sick daughter, [who] has a sick father, who has a sick mistress, who has a sick husband, who proposes himself to the sick daughter as her lover." Dora's father and Herr K., the mistress's husband, have a sinister unspoken pact whereby Dora is to be handed over to Herr K. in exchange for his toleration of the father's affair with Frau K. When Dora refuses to play the game, and slaps Herr K.'s face in answer to a proposition he makes her during a walk beside a lake, Herr K. and the father attempt to browbeat her into admitting that the proposition was never made but was a product of her sexually overheated fancy. Freud is enlisted by the father as an ally in the subduing of the rebellious daughter; the girl is handed over (Freud's term in both cases) to him for indoctrination. Though Freud's natural tendency is to side with respectable grown men against irritating hysterical girls, he is obliged to see that in this instance it is the girl who is telling the truth and the men who are lying to save their reputations. He reluctantly declines to be part of the male plot against the girl.

This gynophilic account, as it happens, is also Freud's own account of Dora's life situation—and, indeed, it is the *only* account of it we have. But such are Freud's narrative powers, and so compelling is the verisimilitude he achieves, that, like the Greek artist Zeuxis, who painted such realistic grapes that birds pecked at them, Freud fools us into believing that we are in the face of unmediated reality. Even a reader as sophisticated as Steven Marcus falls into the trap. Early in his essay, he writes, "It may be helpful for the reader if at the outset I briefly review some of the external facts of the case"—as if such "facts" could be looked up in some archive. But there is no archive. Everything we know about Dora and her father and the K.s is what Freud has chosen to tell us, and everything we think and feel about them is what Freud has directed us to think and feel. The "fact" that Herr K. propositioned Dora and then lied is Freud's "fact." Before writing the case history, Freud had made up his mind that the scene by the lake was not a fantasy, and his "fair-minded" account ("I had resolved from the first to suspend my judgment of the true state of affairs") was written under and shaped by this conviction. For all we know, however, the actual, historical Dora may have invented the scene by the lake, and the actual, historical Herr K. may have been telling the truth. Another writer could have made the episode an illustration of how hysterical, lying women can bring trouble upon innocent, respectable men. But as Freud structured his account of it, the truth and goodness of the girl and the falsity and badness of the father and Herr K. are as unarguable as are the traits of princesses and ogres in fairy stories. The feminists who innocently peck at Freud's grapes (I am not talking about the savvy feminist writers of "In Dora's Case")—who charge Freud with insufficient understanding of and sympathy for the beleaguered girl's plight at the hands of the creepy men around her—should understand the extent to which their own understanding of and sympathy for the girl are artifacts of Freud's rhetoric.

STANLEY FISH, in his beguiling essay "Withholding the Missing Portion: Power, Meaning, and Persuasion in Freud's 'The Wolf-Man' " (*Times Literary Supplement*, August 29, 1986), characterizes the Wolf Man case as a dazzling rhetorical exercise, and Freud as the most exquisitely artful of persuaders, who is able to palm off on the reader, as he was evidently able to palm off on the patient, a mad, weird story about a neurosis based on a one-and-a-half-year-old child's witnessing of parental intercourse "*a tergo*"—a story that has nothing "out there" to support it, and is fuelled only by the power of Freud's "continual need to control, to convince, and to seduce, in endless vacillation with the equally powerful need to disclaim any trace of influence, and to present himself as the passive conduit of forces that exist independently of him." Far from being critical of

Freud's spurious positivism, Fish believes that "were we to fault him . . . and accuse him of bad faith we would be committing a deep philosophical mistake, the mistake of thinking that our convictions can and *should* be shaken by the knowledge that they are unsupported by anything external to themselves." Fish's discussion is part of—lies in the most nihilistic corner of—the larger debate on the nature of knowing, which touches every field of discourse today; and in its own rhetorical incandescence it powerfully illuminates the deconstructive epistemology. But it is riddled by a problem of logic, a paradox—namely, that in persuading us of the daftness and preposterousness of Freud's narrative Fish defeats his own claim that Freud is persuasive. If Freud is so persuasive, why does Fish remain unpersuaded? Why does he retell Freud's story of the Wolf Man's infantile neurosis with the irony of a skeptic rather than with the credulity of one on whom rhetoric has done its work? Is it possible, then, that Fish is mistaken, and that "The Wolf Man" is *not*, after all, a great masterpiece of rhetoric?

It has long been my own belief that Freud's three major case histories (I omit "Little Hans" and "Schreber," because they are not about patients whom Freud saw himself) are indeed rhetorically ineffectual—neither great literature nor great psychoanalysis but a kind of doomed literary experiment in a genre whose center cannot hold. Freud himself understood the impossibility of the task he had set himself, and began each case with a disclaimer. "Analyses such as this are not published in order to produce conviction in the minds of those whose attitude has hitherto been recusant and skeptical," he writes in the Wolf Man case, adding, "The intention is only to bring forward some new facts for investigators who have already been convinced by their own clinical experiences." In the Dora case, Freud warns the reader who is not familiar with his theory of dream interpretation that he will find "only bewilderment in these pages instead of the enlightenment he is in search of, and . . . will certainly be inclined to project the cause of his bewilderment onto the author and to pronounce his views fantastic." In the Rat Man case, Freud apologizes for his "disconnected statements of an aphoristic character" and the mere "crumbs of knowledge" he offers instead of a full, coherent narrative. After 1918, Freud stopped writing full-



ENCOUNTERS
–A MEMOIR–
DOROTHY NORMAN

"Norman's 'encounters' have been extraordinary, as readers of her vivid story discover."
—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

"Dorothy Norman has met and known some of the outstanding figures in art, literature and politics . . . her comments on the events of the past 60 years (are) frank and perceptive . . . An engrossing life warmly and honestly relived here."
—KIRKUS REVIEWS

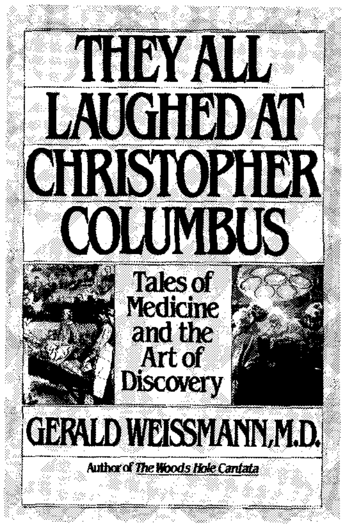
A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book
HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH, $19.95

Photo: Alfred Stieglitz

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS ★ SINCE 1910 ★

Doubleday Book Shops
724 Fifth Avenue at 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019
For convenient service, call Toll Free: 800-635-0045
Mon.-Sat. 9AM to Midnight & Sunday 12PM to 5PM EST
New York • Palm Beach • Short Hills • Boston • Los Angeles

What Columbus really discovered in the new world.



THEY ALL LAUGHED AT CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
Tales of Medicine and the Art of Discovery
GERALD WEISSMANN, M.D.
Author of The Woods Hole Cantata

Besides the Americas, according to Dr. Gerald Weissmann, Columbus also encountered a rare disease that greatly debilitated him and may have changed the course of human history. From the acclaimed author of *The Woods Hole Cantata*, "a book filled with graceful and generous themes, written in a spirit of caring that defines medicine in the fullest sense."
(*The New York Times Book Review*)

Published by
Times BOOKS
A Random House, Inc. Company

"I'm charmed to meet you."

At Cobblers Cove we've earned the distinction of being one of the most prestigious hotels in all Barbados.

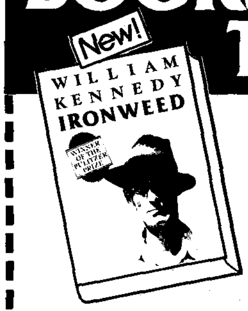
You'll enjoy our gracious, personal hospitality all year 'round. This summer we are offering you the incomparable value of the Platinum Club. So, call us in Barbados, toll free... we'll be charmed to hear from you. Or see your travel agent.

1-800-542-5551

COBBLERS COVE

The Elegant Resorts of BARBADOS

BOOKS ON TAPE™



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

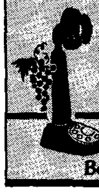
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92660

(800) 626-3333

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Are you driving between Paris and Florence or wanting to savour the delights of Provence and the Riviera? Then we invite you to stay on our secluded 260-acre estate owned by a hospitable Anglo-American family. Five comfortable private apartments, pool, informal dining patios with splendid views only half hour from Cannes. Brochure available from La Collette St-Pierre P.O. Box 7543 St. Petersburg, FLA 33734; or call France direct: (94)76•96•79.

Exclusive Vacation Home Rentals

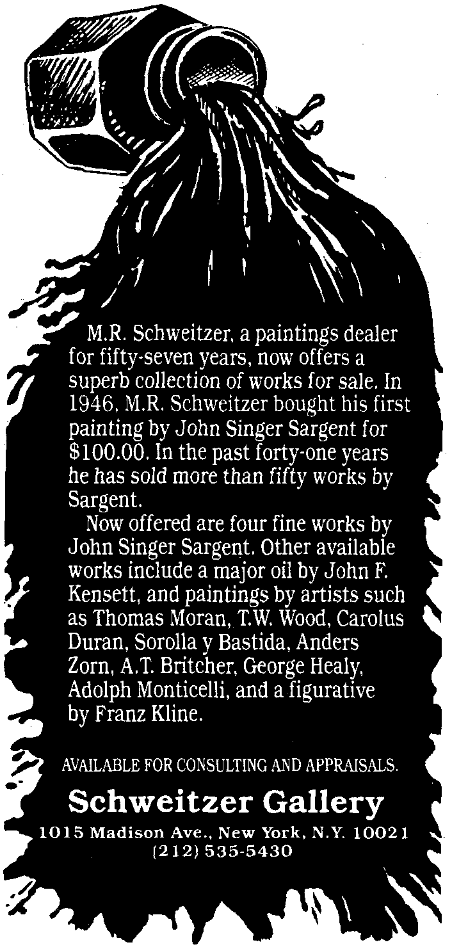


Martha's Vineyard Vacation Rentals

617 693-4111

Box 1769N, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568

scale case histories, and later analysts have not revived the form. However, in recent years the major Freudian case histories have taken on a new life as sorts of "found objects" of the literary academy. Removed from their own contexts and placed in that of literary modernism, they have undergone the transformation that patchwork quilts, Shaker chairs, Yale locks, and other vernacular and folk-art forms underwent when removed from their context and scrutinized in the light of twentieth-century Functionalism. As these objects took on a beauty that their makers never intended them to have, and that was not apparent to their original users, so the Wolf Man, the Rat Man, and the Dora cases have acquired a kind of poetry they did not have when they were read only by bored candidates at psychoanalytic institutes. Today, they are rich, mysterious, wild, infinitely ambiguous texts, which seem to restore to dull, medicalized, suburbanized American psychoanalysis some of its original radical strangeness—which appear to cut through the antiseptic blandness of ego psychology and penetrate to the hard, sharp, bleeding core of (as Lacan called it) "*la chose Freudienne*" itself. But in fact the core of the Freudian thing lies elsewhere. In his prefatory remarks to the Dora case, Freud explains that he has deliberately excluded from his account almost all *mention* of what he calls "the technique of the analytic work." We now know, as Freud was on the verge of knowing, how crucial this excluded portion is. It is in the particular, idiosyncratic, ineffable encounter between patient and analyst that the "story" of an analysis is lodged. The Rat Man's transferential wanderings around the consultation room and Freud's countertransferential "dry" manner with Dora are what constitute the "plot" of an analysis, and it is in his papers on technique—"The Dynamics of Transference" (1912), "Recommendations to Physicians Practising Psychoanalysis" (1912), "On Beginning the Treatment" (1913), "Remembering, Repeating, and Working-Through" (1914), and "Observations on Transference Love" (1915)—that Freud codifies the clinical theory he has hitherto scattered piecemeal through his writings. The technical papers are the poetics (as well as the nursing manual) of psychoanalysis. A reading of these laconic, deceptively straightforward essays quickly dispels the misconception that Marcus, among



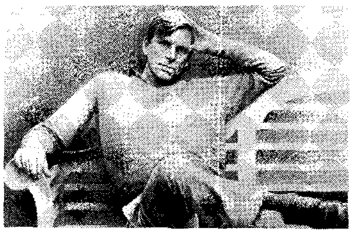
M.R. Schweitzer, a paintings dealer for fifty-seven years, now offers a superb collection of works for sale. In 1946, M.R. Schweitzer bought his first painting by John Singer Sargent for $100.00. In the past forty-one years he has sold more than fifty works by Sargent.

Now offered are four fine works by John Singer Sargent. Other available works include a major oil by John F. Kensett, and paintings by artists such as Thomas Moran, T.W. Wood, Carolus Duran, Sorolla y Bastida, Anders Zorn, A.T. Britcher, George Healy, Adolph Monticelli, and a figurative by Franz Kline.

AVAILABLE FOR CONSULTING AND APPRAISALS.

Schweitzer Gallery

1015 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 535-5430



Who Will Paint Your Portrait?

We represent today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors. Visit our exhibition gallery and commission the artist of your choice or send $1 for our new color brochure.

PORTRAITS, INC.

985 Park Avenue, New York 10028
(212) 879-5560
Portrait Center of America, since 1942

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA.

Retire to the midst of a 625 acre farm full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, belted galloway cows, shops, a country inn, and families of all ages.

Free brochure.
Call 800-334-5475.
Box 111N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

FEARRINGTON

TERRYCLOTH TURBAN

PROTECTS YOUR BEAUTIFUL HAIR

THE SPORTSWRAP

FASHIONABLE, SPORTS TERRYCLOTH TURBAN HEADGEAR FOR LEISURE, SPORTS; EXERCISE, SPAS. WHITE, PINK, OR BLUE. ORDER SEVERAL. $4.90 EACH, POSTPAID CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

ASSETS ACCESSORIES
P.O. BOX 299, DEPT N
CHURCH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10008-0299

other literary Freudians, has given currency to—that psychoanalysis is a sort of cure by narrative. Peter Brooks, in his book "Reading for the Plot; Design and Intention in Narrative," writes:

> There is in Freud's case histories an underlying assumption that psychic health corresponds to a coherent narrative account of one's life. As Steven Marcus notes in his discussion of the case history of Dora, "Human life is, ideally, a connected and coherent story, with all the details in explanatory place, and with everything (or as close to everything as is practically possible) accounted for, in its proper causal or other sequence. And inversely illness amounts at least in part to suffering from an incoherent story or an inadequate narrative account of oneself."

But this "underlying assumption" is nowhere to be found in Freud's writings. Quite on the contrary, as we have seen in the footnote in the Rat Man case, Freud distinguishes between narrative closure and therapeutic benefit. Moreover—as both Brooks and Marcus refuse to notice—the protagonist of the Freudian case history is not an analytic patient trying to make a narrative of his life but a small child struggling (and tragically failing) to fathom the actions of his parents. Brooks trivially but seriously misreads Freud when he writes, "The modernist thirst for myth, for explanatory and justificatory masterplots, which we find not only in Joyce, Mann, Faulkner, but also in Yeats, Eliot, Gide, Kafka, Giraudoux, and so many others, is suggested in Freud's comment that a person 'catches hold of this phylogenetic experience where his own experience fails him. He fills in the gaps in individual truth with prehistoric truth.' " For what Freud wrote in the Wolf Man case was not that a person but that a *child* catches hold of this phylogenetic experience—in this instance, a one-and-a-half-year-old infant. These powerful, magical stories that we as infants tell ourselves are never outlived or forgotten. They remain in unconscious life, and they cause us poignant suffering throughout our conscious lives. Psychoanalysis seeks to mitigate our sufferings by loosening the hold of these stories on us—by convincing us, through the transference, that they are stories, and not the way things "are." At the same time—and this is why psychoanalysis has never recommended itself to certain precise and orderly minds and will always appeal to poets and other mentally lax types—these stories are not dismissed, dispatched,

"Stevenson touches on the color-filled moments of childhood."*

"Perfect for family sharing," said *Publishers Weekly* of James Stevenson's first charming reminiscence of his 1930s childhood, *When I Was Nine*. Now, once again, his distinctive, unaffected watercolors offer a beguiling child's-eye view of the small but significant events that shape young lives—and live on as cherished memories in older hearts.

HIGHER ON THE DOOR
James Stevenson

Greenwillow Books
105 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

*Publishers Weekly

Fiction Beyond Fashion

Virago Modern Classics
Elizabeth Taylor
The Blush

Elizabeth Taylor
The Blush
"Like Jane Austen, like Barbara Pym, like Elizabeth Bowen, Taylor made it her business to explore the quirky underside of so-called civilization." —Anne Tyler $6.95

M.J. Farrell (Molly Keane)
Full House
"M.J. Farrell has a delicate sense of landscape; she is robust about sinful human nature and the intrigues of the heart, a moralist well-weathered in the realism and evasions of Irish life."—V.S. Pritchett $6.95

Gamel Woolsey
One Way of Love
Suppressed in 1932 because of its sexual explicitness, this probing novel of a woman's quest for fulfillment is now published for the first time. $6.95

Also available:
Barbara Comyns
Sisters by a River $5.95
Who Was Changed and Who Was Dead $5.95
The Skin Chairs $6.95

Portions of *The Blush* first appeared in *The New Yorker*

VIRAGO MODERN CLASSICS

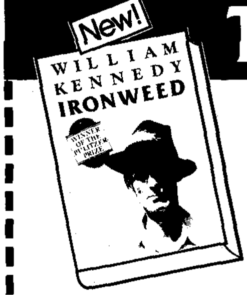
For the best in paperbacks, look for the PENGUIN.

"A distinguished collection"*
TEMPORARY SHELTER
short stories by
MARY GORDON
*Publishers Weekly

TEMPORARY SHELTER
SHORT STORIES BY MARY GORDON
Photo: Fay Godwin

Now at
your bookstore
Random House

BOOKS ON TAPE™
New!



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92660
(800) 626-3333

Trapp Family Lodge
Please call for brochure
1-800-826-7000
or write Stowe, Vermont 05672
(In Vermont 802-253-8511)

The perfect first ...
or second honeymoon!
mill harbour
Estate Golden Rock, Christiansted
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands 00820
Reservations: 1-800-524-2008 Ext. 202

destroyed. They are regarded with awe. In Freud's metaphor of wearing away, there is tacit recognition of the durability of neurosis and the modesty of the program of psychotherapy. As Freud realized that neurosis was the human condition—that the people with florid symptoms who came to him for treatment were only a little further along a continuum—he came to understand that every analysis is a failure. It has to be. A "successful" analysis would be monstrous. In "On Transference Love," Freud writes of the female patient's need to "acquire the extra piece of mental freedom which distinguishes conscious mental activity—in the systematic sense—from unconscious" in order to overcome her obsessive, desperate, crazy, sick love for her male analyst. But, as the paper acknowledges, there is no difference between the patient's love for the analyst and anyone else's love for anyone—it is the nature of passionate love to be obsessive, desperate, crazy, sick. Freud, after admonishing the novice analyst to stand firm, and not let the patient "bring him down to the level of a lover," concedes that "sexual love is undoubtedly one of the chief things in life, and . . . when a women sues for love, to reject and refuse is a distressing part for a man to play; and, in spite of neurosis and resistance, there is an incomparable fascination in a woman of high principles who confesses her passion." Freud's understanding of the flickering and fleeting bulb life of "the extra piece of mental freedom" from which reason and autonomy derive gives his writings their tension and irony. That post-structuralist literary theorists should find prefigurations of their weltanschauung in Freud's texts is not surprising, and if, in the fading light of the end-of-the-century Freudian dusk, they are sometimes misled into calling a dog a cat—well, *c'est la vie.*

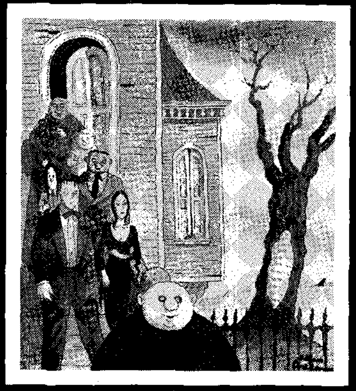
—JANET MALCOLM

•

NOTE: Plans that meet the requirements for "Plans not required to file" and have filed a Form 5500-C or 5500-R in previous years and have not received a Package 5500EZ for 1986 should check the box "Not required to file" at the top of the Form 5500EZ. After you check this box, complete only 1a, 1b, and 2c, sign the return and file it with the appropriate Internal Revenue Service Center indicated under "Where to File."—*Instructions for Form 5500EZ, distributed by the Internal Revenue Service.*

Then go have yourself a good stiff drink.

THE ART OF
THE NEW YORKER
A 60 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE



"We're On Our Way To The New Yorker Art Show"

February 20th through April 26th
Detroit Institute of Arts

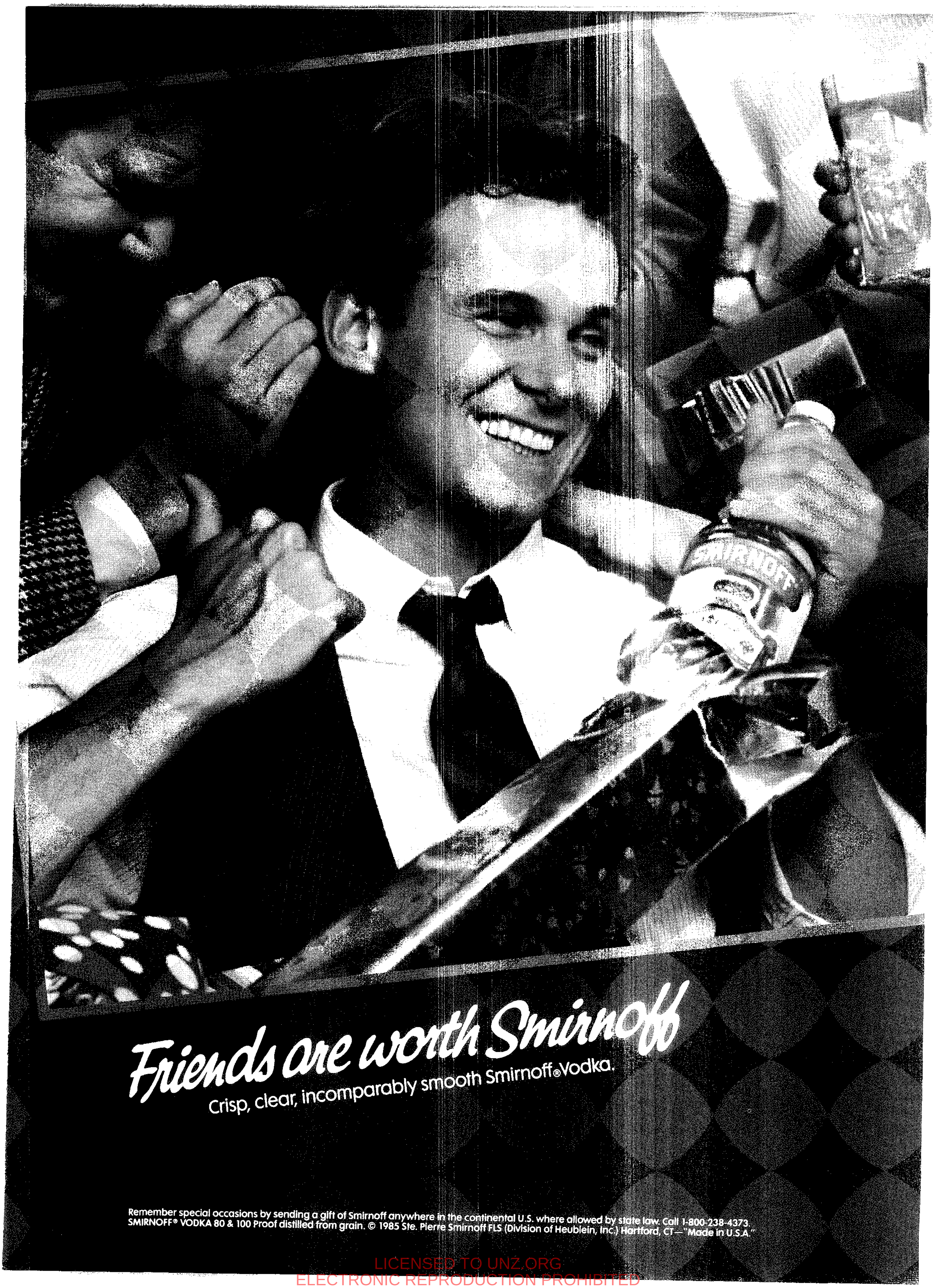
NEW YORK DETROIT
BOSTON
ATLANTA CHICAGO
WASHINGTON

ANGLIAN FOCUS
EXPLORE THE OLD KINGDOM
OF EAST ANGLIA

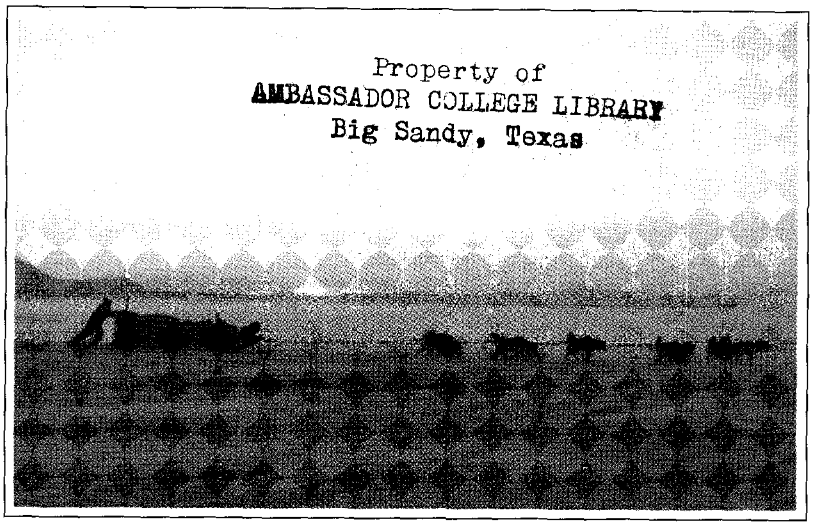
Leisure learning
Theme & special interest holidays
Small groups
Expert guides
Quality hotels
Send for our brochure to:
Don Venvell, Anglian Focus Limited, Mile Barn
Knapton, Norfolk NR28 0RY, England.

MAINE & CANADIAN RIVERS
Northern whitewater, wild and remote, with Maine's foremost guides & outfitters. 4-10 day expeditions. May-October, incl. Quebec, Labrador, and the Yukon. 20 years experience. Excellent instruction, *fishing, food & company. Corporate &* group arrangements available. Catalog:
SUNRISE COUNTY CANOE EXPEDITIONS INC.
GROVE POST, MAINE 04638 (207) 454-7708

GOOD USED BOOKS
Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.
EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412


SMIRNOFF
Friends are worth Smirnoff
Crisp, clear, incomparably smooth Smirnoff® Vodka.

Remember special occasions by sending a gift of Smirnoff anywhere in the continental U.S. where allowed by state law. Call 1-800-238-4373.
SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 Proof distilled from grain. © 1985 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—"Made in U.S.A."



Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

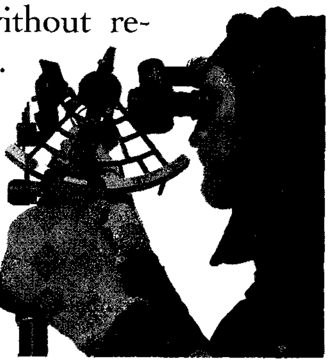
To the perilous North Pole by dogsled, sextant, and Rolex chronometer.

A red sun rises over the Arctic horizon. Seven men and one woman launch an epic 57-day adventure. The Steger International Polar Expedition.

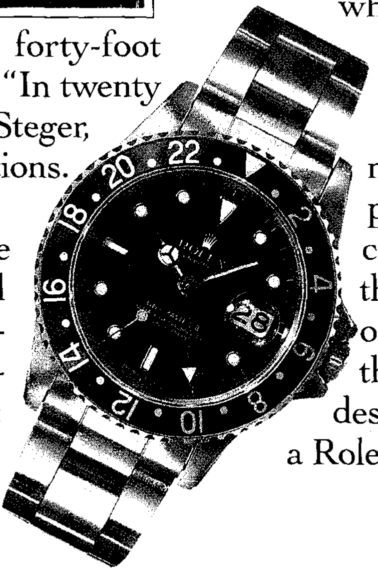
During two grueling months of exhaustion and exhilaration, of terror and triumph, human and instrument best one of the world's most unforgiving climates and inhospitable terrains.

Under the co-leadership of Will Steger and Paul Schurke, the team triumphs over paralyzing seventy-degree-below-zero temperatures, blinding whiteouts of wind-driven snow, treacherous gaps of fog-enshrouded water, and forty-foot ridges caused by shifting ice. "In twenty years of experience," said Steger, "I've never seen such conditions. It was brutal."

The injured and spent are airlifted out. Five men and one woman reach the forbidding and mesmerizing geographic North Pole. The first confirmed conquest of the earth's summit without re-supply is achieved.



In the course of its journey, the Steger Expedition shatters another precedent. Member Ann Bancroft becomes the first woman to trek to the point where all longitudinal lines meet.



Will Steger and Paul Schurke know better than most what endurance is demanded of equipment in the perilous polar wastes. Their choices were proved correct by the precise performance of the only instruments used to guide the expedition to its remote destination: a sextant and a Rolex chronometer.

ROLEX

GMT-Master II Oyster Perpetual Chronometer in stainless steel.
Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 257, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022-5383.
© 1986 Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc.

GMT-Master II, Oyster Perpetual are trademarks.